

Shooter Jennings, Alligator Chomp (The Ballad Of

A long time ago in a swamp far, far away...
Where Louisiana meets Texas and the snakes fall off the tree
The critters are gettin' restless, gettin' greedy and mean
The frogs all hate the toads, crocks all hate the gators
Ain't nobody gettin' along, they ain't teams, man, they just players
(Oh no) They all hatin'
They don't know
They all gonna get it!
(Oh no) They all hatin'
They all green, they don't see
They all gonna get it!
Trees fell in the river, cuttin' off the water to the swamp
But the critters didn't feel the tremor, chasin' tails around the stump
Birds flyin' by could spot it from the sky but only one froggy knew
That a gator with them big ol' teeth could chew down trees like a piece of meat
But the frog stood on up and used a little froggy voice
Y'all don't see we gotta get it together, right now we gotta make a choice!
Before the frog got his next word out all anybody saw was a gator mouth
Swallowin' the froggy whole, while the toads and the crocks all cheered about
(Oh no) They all hatin'
Swamps dryin' out, they don't know
They all gonna get it!
(Oh no) They all hatin'
They don't see
They all gonna get it!