

Mama Frog

Ambrosia

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The clock gets to be such a bore
Whatcha livin for
Though I cant explain being sane
Just a dreary choreId like to go fly past mountains
See mama frog at her fountainShell be there in her golden frog
Sequined uniform
Golden chair, three trained human clowns
Who will soon performBalancing books with their heads
Trying to recall what theyve saidPast the gate you will soon be in
A garden paradise
Dont be late there, the shining jewels
Sparkle in your eyesAll waiting there for your pleasure
Whats keeping you from this treasure?Twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre
And gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabeBeware the jabberwock, my son
The jaws that bite, claws that catch
Beware the jubjub bird
And shun the frumious bander snatchHe took his vorpal sword in hand
Long time the manxome foe he sought
So rested he by the tum tum tree
And stood awhile in thoughtAnd as in uffish thought he stood
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame
Whiffling through the tulgey wood
And burbled as it cameOne, two, one, two and through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker snack
He left it dead and with its head
Went galumphing backAnd hast thou slain the jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! Callay
He chortled in his joyTwas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre
And gimble in the wabe

All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabeThe clock gets to be such a bore
Whatcha livin for
Though I cant explain being sane
Just a dreary choreId like to go fly past mountains
See mama frog at her fountain

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