

2 Frogs

Five for Fighting

I sing above my vision, I sing above my face
A fat old amphibian speaker for the dead
Now gather round ye animals, gather round this lake
And take upon your vigil wallow in the wake
It was glorious of glories, a maple April day
With a pocket full of horseflies and eyes as bright as rays
They say, "Walk away, walk away if you can"
Oh, but one leap out the village and our caravan began
Traveled to a forest, nestled in the sky
And he ran beside the buffalo, wrestled with the lions
Every day a Saturday, a summer waking morn
His skin burned golden ember due the shine that toad had born
While riding back an eagle, laughing with the sun
He spied an old hairy fairy man upon the river Young
And Sol said, "Fly away, fly away if you can" Yeah
But he settled next to the oarsman
And said, "I'm my own man, and this is my life"
It's my life
Head above my meter, head above my fate
Can't go back again
I got a reason to be fevered, summer waking morn
Back back when the poor poor boy was born
Now cross into his fortune, while enchanted by the queen
A lone shady shelter stood beckoning his lean
And in the time it takes a pillow to figure out a face
Out from in the white tree she rose to take its place
And the battle for his spirit then cause him to remain
And he fought a thousand Visigoths and cursed the night in vain
She said, "Run away, run away if you can"
But last he heard a voice of "I'm my own man and this is my life"
He said, This is my life
"Off to in her castle, laid upon the stairs
She showered him with daffodils, and tied ribbons in his hair
He woke bare for a moment, but she wouldn't let him weep
With lips of only roses, she kissed him down to sleep
So royal loyal subjects now let your ears unbend
For here ye this traveled tail must sadly meet it's end
What's fate done to our hero, well I cannot reply
The last that I saw him, a reflection in her eye

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