

Frog On My Toe

[Tori Amos](#)

Poppa, I know there's a frog on my toe
Maybe I'll call him Jethro, maybe I'll grow up to be
A wise as good as he
And maybe I'll come back after you're long gone
And Poppa, I'm sure the worms have eaten you now
And Jethro's been on some Frenchy's plate long ago
And now I'm pretty sure that I listen to every word
'Cause I still hear you telling me, still
Slap them boys when they're naughty
Make them crawl, make you haughty
Make you strong, little girl
You paint them toes, the reddish color
And you know one day
You're gonna be bigger than a flea
You're gonna be bigger than
That old poison ivy tree
Now I'm pretty sure that I think you'd come and visit
And talk sometimes kind of like gidget and
A funny little chance like an Indian brave
He said "We all grew fat when the white man came"
But one day girl, you gotta learn to make them crawl
Make them grow tall but have the grace
To be a lady with disgrace and you fry them 'taters
And you make them with ladies hands
I know you're my pappy's, baby

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