

Mama Frog

Ambrosia

The clock gets to be such a bore
What'cha livin' for

Though I can't explain, being sane's
Just a dreary chore
I'd like to go fly past mountains
See Mama Frog at her fountain

She'll be there in her golden frog
Sequined uniform
Golden chair, three trained human clowns
Who will soon perform
Balancing books with their heads
Trying to recall what they've said

Past the gate you will soon be in
A garden paradise
Don't be late there, the shining jewels
Sparkle in your eyes
All waiting there for your pleasure
What's keeping you from this treasure?

Narration of "Jabberwock" from "Alice In Wonderland"

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; A
ll mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that ca
tch ?Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand: Long time the manxome foe he sought
?So rested he by the Tumtum tree, And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame
, Came whiffing through the tulgey wood, And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through The vorpal blade went sni
cker-
snack! He left it dead, and with its head He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" He chortled in his joy.

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