

Coming of the Frogs

(Sing to the tune of: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Mine eyes have seen the horror
Of the coming of the Frogs.
They are sneaking through the swamps,
They are lurking under logs.
You can hear their mournful croaking
Through the early morning fog.
The frogs keep hopping on.

(Chorus)

Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, croak, croak,
Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, croak, croak
Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, croak, croak
The frogs keep hopping on.

The frogs have grown in numbers,
And their croaking fills the air.
There's no place to escape to
'Cause the frogs are everywhere.
They've eaten all the flies and
Now they're hungry as a bear.
The frogs keep hoping on.

(Chorus)

I used to like the bullfrogs,
Liked to feel their slimy skin.
Liked to put them in the teacher's desk
And take them home again.
Now they're knocking at the front door,
I can't let those frogs come in.
The frogs keep hopping on.

(Chorus)

They have hopped into the living room
And headed down the hall.
They have trapped me in the corner
And my back's against the wall.
And when I open up my mouth
To yell out a desperate call,
Oh, this is all that's heard:

(Chorus)