

Tori Amos

"Frog On My Toe"

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Poppa I know
There's a frog on my toe
Maybe I'll call him Jethro
Maybe I'll grow up to be
As wise and as good as he
And maybe I'll come back
After you're long gone

Poppa I'm sure
The worms have eaten you now
And Jethro's been on some Frenchy's plate
Long ago
Now I'm pretty sure
That I listen to every word
'Cause you're still here
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 colour
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're gonna 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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