

Ambrosia

"Mama Frog"

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The clock gets to be such a bore
What?cha livin? for
Though I can?t explain being sane
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?

?Twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre
And gimble in the wabe
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe

Beware the jabberwock, my son
The jaws that bite, claws that catch
Beware the jubjub bird
And shun the frumious bander snatch

He took his vorpal sword in hand
Long time the manxome foe he sought
So rested he by the tum tum tree
And stood awhile in thought

And as in uffish thought he stood
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame
Whiffling through the tulgey wood

And burbled as it came

One, two, one, two and through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker snack
He left it dead and with it's head
Went galumphing back

And hast thou slain the jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! Callay
He chortled in his joy

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