

# Shooter Jennings

## "Alligator Chomp (Ballad of Martin Luther Frog JR)"

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A long time ago in a swamp far, far away  
Where Louisiana meets Texas  
And the snakes fall off the tree  
The critters are getting restless  
Getting greedy and mean  
The frogs all hate the toads  
Crocks all hate the gators  
Ain't nobody getting along  
They ain't teams, man, they just players

(Oh, no) they all hating  
They don't know  
They all gonna get it  
(Oh, no) they all hating  
They all green  
They don't see  
They all gonna get it

Trees fell in the river, cutting off the water to the  
swamp  
But the critters didn't feel the tremor, chasing tails  
around the stump  
The birds flying by could spot it from the sky but only  
one froggy knew  
That a gator with them ol teeth could chew down trees  
like a piece of meat  
But the frog stood on up and used a little froggy voice

"Y'all don't see we gotta get it together, right now, we  
gotta make a choice"  
Before the frog got his next word out all anybody saw  
was a gator mouth  
Swallowing the froggy whole, while the toads and the  
crocks all cheered about

(Oh, no) they all hating  
Swamps drying out, they don't know  
They all gonna get it  
(Oh, no) they all hating  
They don't see  
They all gonna get it

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