

Bullfrog

Bobby Darin

I was sittin' by the bank on a hollow stump
When I thought I heard me a bullfrog jump
Turned around and sure enough there he sat
He said excuse me, buddy, but I've been readin' your news
And I'm sorry to say that I'm a little confused
You bein' human, well you'd know where it's at.

He said I read where this old world's gonna fold
And all on account of a think called gold
And that's somethin' hard for us frogs to understand
Now you're lookin' at me like I'm kinda funny
But where I live we don't have no money
So we want to be hip to the happ'nin's here on land.

Now I thought I was stoned so I started walkin'
I mean whoever heard of a bullfrog talkin'
But then I realized I hadn't been grazin' in no grain
So I figured I'd tell him just what I thought
'bout how gold was sold and how gold was bought
And he'd understand our world when I explained.

I said it all started a long time ago
When the people first learned to reap and sow
They got all the things they needed right out of the earth
Like how many leaves and how many trees
Would it take to cover up the anatomies
And that's how you figured how much a suit of clothes was worth.

Well then man he learned how to milk a cow
And how to till the soil with a stone blade plow
And he kept so busy he never had time to do you harm
Then he'd take his produce and all that milk
And go into town and trade them for silk
So his woman she'd look sharp down at the farm.

Well the bullfrog let out a belly croak
Like I'd told him some kind of a joke
And he said I think you're jivin' me my man
(what me?)
I said I know it sounds kinda mystifyin'
But the truth of the matter is I ain't lyin'
I mean I ain't talkin' no bullfrog, you understand?

He said now don't get upset I'm not agin' you
You just go ahead, go ahead and continue
And I'll be quiet and try to understand
He said I know about trees and leaves and plants
And milk and silk and the farmer's romance
But what's this thing the call supply and demand?

I said well I grow cotton and you grow corn
And you find your dungarees are all worn
And me well I got to have somethin' to eat
You see? So I make you some brand new threads
And now you bake me some fresh corn bread
Pretty soon we'll have shops across the street.

Well this didn't work, or so we've been told
And at that time they didn't know about gold
So they all agreed they'd measure their goods in salt
Well that idea had an early endin'
'cause they were eatin' more than they were spendin'
And besides, whoever heard of keepin' salt in a vault.

Well folks said gold was the thing to use
To pay for stuff like from ships to shoes
But it weighed too much and it looked too good to spend
So round about sixteen hundred and ninety
Somebody started usin' foldin' money
And that's the tale, my friend, from end to end.

Well I thought it was a damn good explanation
I mean a real attempt at communication
And I only had me schoolin' up until the time I was ten
But the bullfrog right before he hopped away
Well I could have sworn I heard him say
Your world is still in the tadpole stage, my friend.