

# The Ballad Of Aslan

Marcy Playground

High up on a mountain in a mountain tree  
A joyful little frog does alchemy  
And he makes liquid light and color

When I was on the mountain in the mountain tree  
I drank a funky potion that the frog made me  
As he was singin' a song about Aslan and he was singin'

Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o  
Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o  
Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o

Giant birds of ancient, over-head in motion  
They called to the mountain wood and troubled the ocean  
Then out tumbled the Narnian children

I reeled with the dragons and their funny colored knights  
'Til my eyes exploded into diamond lights  
Electric lights in sapphire blue and they were singin'

Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o  
Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o  
Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o

When the moon a lapis blue was up and tipping, dripping light  
Upon the spatial spectral electrical warm and windy night  
I was leaning on the sycamore dreaming

Abby, dabbly, skiddaly, be, be, bop, be, diddaly, dee  
Now high up on the mountain in my own tree  
You'll find me singin' to "The Ballad Of Aslan" and I'll be singin'

Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o  
Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o  
Hey-o, he comes from the eastern sky-o