

A Globe of Frogs

Robyn Hitchcock

And when she feeds the flowers
Up they rise their pretty little heads
And when she waters them
They glow and smirk and smile in their beds
And in a globe of frogs, they're making love and
looking on
And in a globe of frogs, they're making love and moving
on
And when she walks across the floorboards
How they creak and ooze and moan(I want you)
And when she walks across the floorboards
They're so glad she's on her own
And in a globe of frogs, we lie on sack and moving on?
And in a globe of frogs, we lie on dark and saying
"Mrs. Watson, all your children have been certified
insane,
And I want you."
And when the night comes down
The houses close their doors and dream of her
Their shuttered eyes are closed
Inside their curtains wrap around her form
And in a globe of frogs, we're linking tongues and
moving on
And in a globe of frogs, you know what's right, you
know it
"Mrs. Watson, you've been certified as good as gold,
And I want you
Yeah, I want you."
Ain't you never seen a disembodied soul before?
Ain't you never seen a soul seeking incarnation in
formation?
And when she feeds the fish
They flip and jerk and wriggle in the pond (I want you)
And when she hands them things
They all perk up and nibble on her thumb
And in a globe of frogs, the moth unfurls its moistened
wings
And in a globe of frogs, a soul appears, the word made
flesh