

Front Porch Toad
(Maureen Hall)

I came here from L.A. to the scenic Ozark hills,
to escape all the hustle life had been.
It's a good place to raise children, a great place to relax,
and get in touch with Mother Nature again.

I had been here for a season and watched winter turn to spring,
and the weather turn to warm from cold.
Then one evening on the front porch, as the whippoorwill began to sing.
I looked down and saw the front porch toad.

(chorus)

He comes out every night and sits under the front porch light,
and feasts on winged things, friend and foe.
And as I play my guitar, the daytime turns to night.
I jam with the front porch toad.

I had grown quite accustomed to him croaking along,
as I worked out each rhythm and rhyme.
And there was always a comfort in knowing I was never alone,
with his amphibious voice singing along it time.

(repeat chorus)

But then one dreadful night it happened, a toad's greatest fear,
caught by the black snake from the barn down the road.
And I could see his little legs hanging out of her mouth.
So I grabbed here and said "Oh no you don't."

(bridge)

You can eat all the rats. I'd gladly give you a mouse.
I won't even begrudge you an egg or two from the chicken house.
But when it comes to my wart-wearing buddy, sister you better think again.
'Cause you can't have the front porch toad.

(chorus)

Still making music with the front porch toad.