DA!S RA!P

July 4, 1986

Mary Saboski went up in a chair
In White River Junction they was workin' on her hair
They spun her all the way up to the top
She look down upon an awesome drop
And then she had a vision while she was there
A picture of the future that caused her despair
She saw a six-headed frog with a duck in each mouth
And a flock of tarantulas heading on south.
She was puzzled by the dream and she started to scream
When all of a sudden she knew what it mean.

She remembered those boys from the days long ago
And she knew they'd gone to places they were meant to go
They were doctors and lawyers, educational chiefs
But deep inside they were still Albert Piefs
And they yearned for the days when their hearts were still free
And the world opened up with possibility.

But the six-headed frog was swallowing their dreams
And their vision of the future was splitting at the seams
With pollution and collusion by the powers that be
Obscuring their truth and their need to be free.
One was asked to pee in jar
And another got sued and brought to the bar.
Some got gray, or their hair fell out
And all of them were plagued by doubts.
As they got older they discovered life's flaws
And each of them was stuck in the jaws
Of a six-headed frog who was tryin' to swallow
And suck their juices until they was hollow.

Mary kept dreamin' 'bout Bozo in the trees
And that cold cold night when 'lectricity freeze
And all those nights when the gospel was sung
And how the wart did grow on Stella's tongue.
She saw her boys way off in the future
Staying at the farm of the man who did sutures.
Yeah, she saw them all at the Healy-Bopps
With the kids and the sheep and the barn and the crops
She said avoid the pond, boys, don't go swimmin'
'Cause the frogs will eat you and they'll eat your women.

It was a metaphor for all of life's traps
It's the subject of this evening's rap
How the DA!S kept gettin' it on
And how Mary was injured in the beauty salon
She saw the clams explode and she saw Truth Night
And the boys fightin' off that middle age blight.

Now you add it all up and what do you got?
Mary is buried in the parking lot
You know she died so that we could be free
Livin' in the land of the GOP
Doin' our thing and tryin' to excel
But look at our stomachs they're startin' to svell.

We'll rise from the mouth of the six-headed frog
And escape from the muck and the slime and the bog
We'll taste the wine and spit out the dregs
And when we get hungry we'll eat FROGS' LEGS.