

One Day My Best Friend Barbara Turned Into a Frog

by Barry Louis Polisar

One day my best friend Barbara turned into a frog,
A hopping' and a jumpin' on every rock and log;
Now she stays at home all day and all she wants to do
Is go swimming in the river and in her bathtub, too.
And it's ribitt in the morning, ribitt every night,
Ribitt when it's dark outside, ribitt when it's light.

Her clothes don't fit her anymore, though she was always short.
No babysitter will sit for her; they're afraid of getting warts.
She doesn't eat her breakfast, she says she'd rather die;
Instead she goes out to catch gnats and bees and flies.
And it's ribitt in the morning, ribitt every night,
Ribitt when it's dark outside, ribitt when it's light.

She's got a voice that's kind of scratchy. She's got lots of funny bumps.
But you should see her play basketball; you should see the way she jumps.
Now she sits in school and while the other kids make jokes,
My best friend Barbara sits on the desk and croaks...
And it's ribitt in the morning, ribitt every night,
Ribitt when it's dark outside, ribitt when it's light.