



WHEN BULLFROGS CROAK

✧ zak
morgan





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* * *
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HEN BULLFROGS CROAK

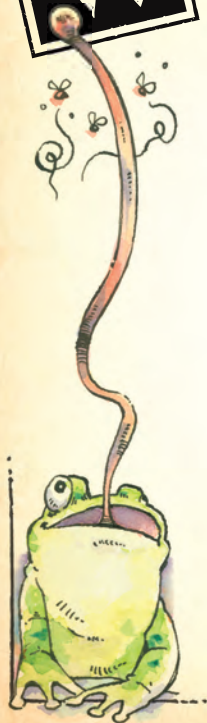


Once upon a time there was tiny tadpole
Who slithered to the surface of a tiny mud hole.
Legless and armless, defenseless and harmless,
Swimmin' with the fishes, he was vulnerable.

But then he sprouted webbed limbs and a couple of lungs,
'Til there was nothin' but a bottom
where his tail had once hung.
An amphibious leaper with insidious peepers
Bulgin' at a target for a very fast tongue.

A bullfrog's tongue is wound like a whip
With a big hot dab of sticky glue on the tip.
If you're an insect who's flyin', watch out who's spyin',
He's a patient tongue slinger who shoots from the lip.

A bullfrog croaks with the coming of spring,
But it isn't like a birdie when you hear a frog sing.
Though it sounds like he's retching,
frogettes find it fetching,
They can't resist the pull of his mysterious ring.



When bullfrogs croak, the sound will travel.
When bullfrogs croak, all the frogettes have to see.
When bullfrogs croak, with guttural gravel,
It's Mother Nature's way, I'm sure you'll agree.

A full grown bullfrog's a marvelous sight
When he's sittin' by a pond on a warm summer night.
He croaks without stopping and frogettes come hopping
From lily pad to lily pad beneath the moonlight!

• CHORUS •

At the end of the gig, when he's far up the creek,
There's a smile on his face and a fly in his cheek.
He lived 'til he was old, but when his body's cold,
He's gonna hitch a ride to heaven
in an old buzzard's beak.

When bullfrogs croak,
The smell will travel.
When bullfrogs croak,
It finishes the circle, you see.
When bullfrogs croak,
With guts in the gravel,
It's Mother Nature's way,
I'm sure you'll agree.





HE CRIBLING ✱

Before my parents' new invention,
Life was as it should be, I got all of the attention.
And there was never any quibbling
Before the bomb from Dad and Mom,
a stingy little sibling.

If he's "ga-ga-ing" and "goo-goo-ing,"
Don't be fooled, he's probably got
something stinky stewing.
He'll be a screaming little cribling.
Woe is me, I'm bound to be
the long forgotten sibling.

My mother hugs him more than me.
Your mother still loves you.
It's my brother they love and adore,
can't you see?
Both of them love you, too.

Now I'm falling forlornly.
Why in the world didn't somebody warn me?
They love him, but me, they're forsaking.
I'm sure I can feel my heart breaking!

♦ CHORUS ♦

That was many years ago.
Now he is friend to me,
but how was I to know,
When he was still a little bibling
In his high chair with peas in hair,
I'd come to love my sibling?

♦ CHORUS ♦

The moral of the story is
it's hard to have a brother
Or a sister who is hogging
the attention of your mother
And your father. It's annoying,
and sometimes it's hard to do,
But you love your little siblings,
and your parents love you.

♦ CHORUS ♦





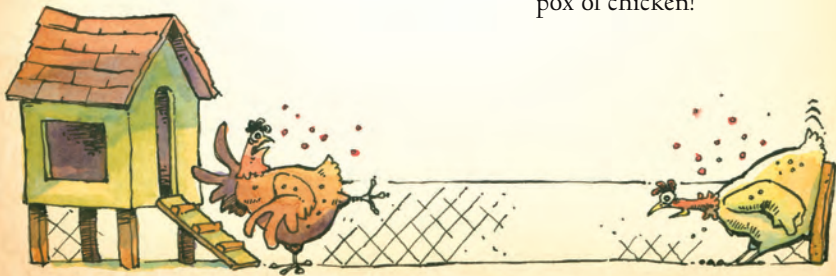
He pox of chicken ✱



It's a reddish rash that rapidly gets redder,
A nasty, scratchy birdie, but it won't make you grow feathers.
Although once you've been infected,
you'll think feathers would be better,
You'll wish that you had skin made out of leather!

The more you scratch, the more the spread will quicken.
Spots pop up, and that is when the plot begins to thicken.
You'll go cuckoo, knowing every single
tock your clock is tickin'

Is bringin' on the nasty
pox of chicken!



Chicken pox!
Bock, bock, bock!
You're covered in the itchy chicken pox!
Chicken pox!
Bock, bock, bock!
You're absolutely smothered in the itchy chicken pox.

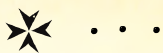
Those dot-of-polka chicken fly in flocks,
You have to scratch the newly-hatched
unless you're locked in stocks.
You'll be scratchin' and a pickin',
and the scabs you will be flickin'
If you're stricken with the itchy chicken pox!

♦ CHORUS ♦





THE UNICORN



A long time ago, when the earth was green
And there was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen,
And they run around free while the earth was bein' born,
And the loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

There was green alligators and long-neck geese.
There was humpy bumpy camels and chimpanzees.
There was catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born
The loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

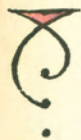
But the Lord seen some sinnin', and it caused him pain.
He says, "Stand back, I'm gonna make it rain."
He says, "Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell ya whatcha do.
Go and build me a floatin' zoo.

And you take two alligators, and a couple of geese,
Two humpy bumpy camels and two chimpanzees,
Take two catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born
Noah, don't you forget my Unicorn."

Now Noah was there, and he answered the callin',
And he finished up the ark just as the rain started fallin'.
He marched in the animals two by two,
And he called out as they went through,

"Hey Lord, I got your two alligators and your couple of geese,
Your humpy bumpy camels and your two chimpanzees.
Got your catsandratsandelephants—but Lord, I'm so forlorn
'Cause I just don't see no Unicorn."





Ol' Noah looked out through the drivin' rain,
But the unicorns were hidin' and playin' silly games.
They were kickin' and splashin' in the misty morn',
Oh them silly Unicorn.

Then the goat started goatin', and the snake started snakin',
The elephant started elephantin', and the boat started shakin'.
The mouse started squeakin', and the lion started roarin',
And everyone's aboard but the Unicorn."

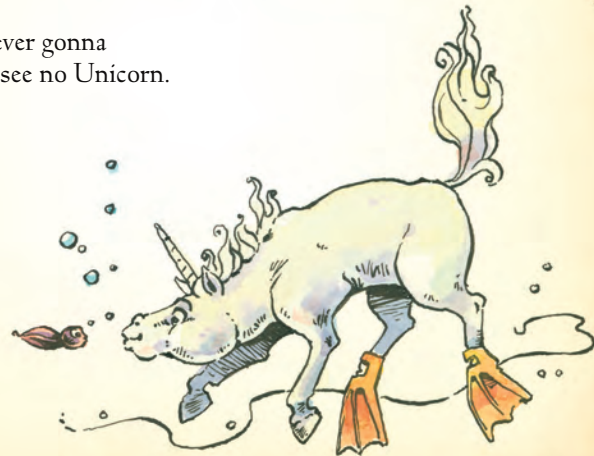
I mean the green alligators and the long-neck geese,
The humpy bumpy camels and the chimpanzees.
Noah cried, "Close the door 'cause the rain is pourin'—
And we just can't wait for them Unicorn."

Then the ark started movin', and it drifted with the tide,
And the Unicorns looked up from the rock and cried.
And the water come up and sort of floated them away—
That's why you've never seen a Unicorn to this day.

You'll see a lot of alligators and a whole mess of geese.
You'll see humpy bumpy camels and lots of chimpanzees.
You'll see catsandratsandelephants,
but as sure as you're born...



...You're never gonna
see no Unicorn.





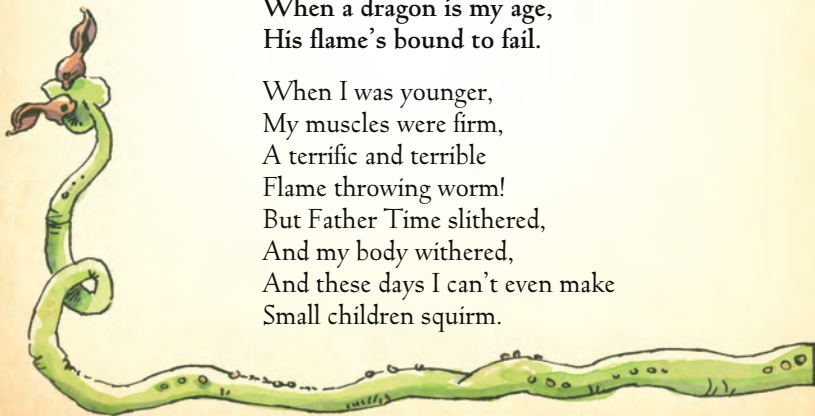
t's a DRAG to be a



DRAGON

It's a drag to be a dragon
Who's draggin' his tail.
This harmless old creature
Was once tough as nails.
So come and have pity,
I hope you're half-witty,
When a dragon is my age,
His flame's bound to fail.

When I was younger,
My muscles were firm,
A terrific and terrible
Flame throwing worm!
But Father Time slithered,
And my body withered,
And these days I can't even make
Small children squirm.

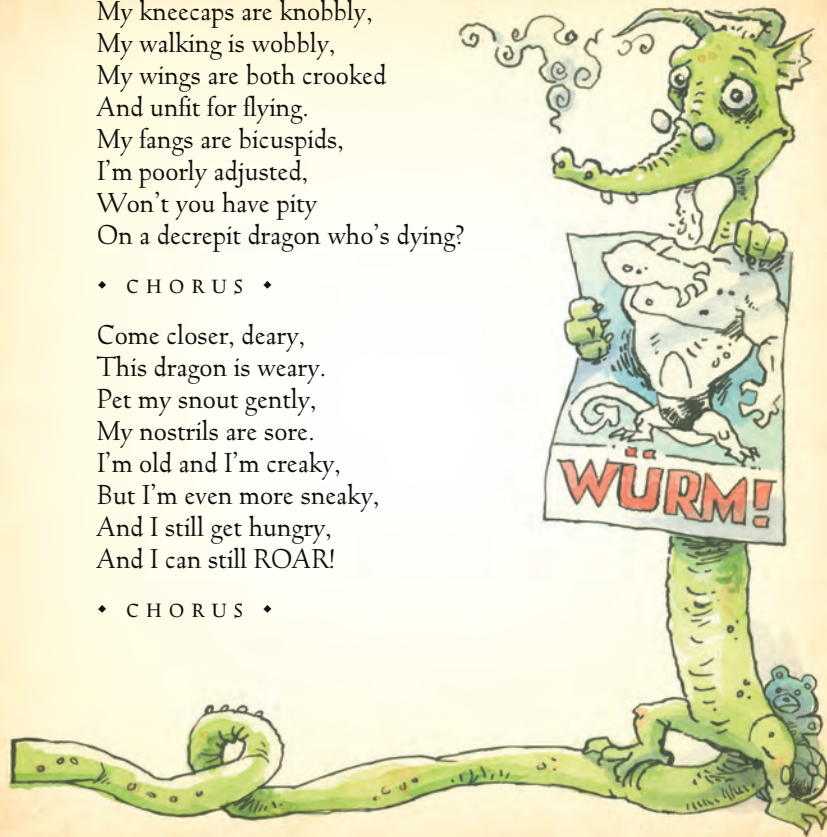


My kneecaps are knobbly,
My walking is wobbly,
My wings are both crooked
And unfit for flying.
My fangs are bicuspid,
I'm poorly adjusted,
Won't you have pity
On a decrepit dragon who's dying?

• CHORUS •

Come closer, deary,
This dragon is weary.
Pet my snout gently,
My nostrils are sore.
I'm old and I'm creaky,
But I'm even more sneaky,
And I still get hungry,
And I can still ROAR!

• CHORUS •





He king of fruits



Well, the apple is The King of Fruits, its story will amaze ya;
There was a point in time when all the apples lived in Asia.
Then on to Rome and Europe, and across the sea they spread,
And here they met a man who wore a pot upon his head!

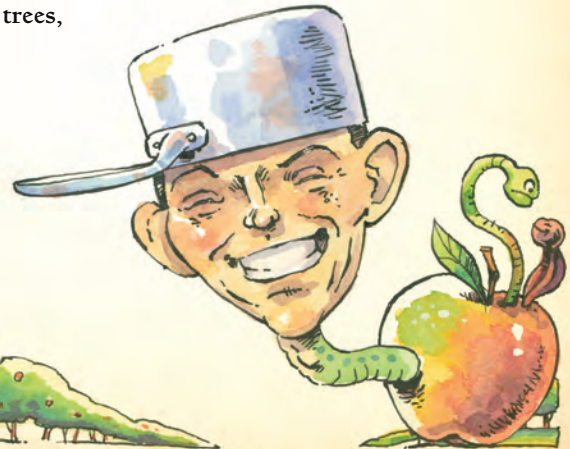
We call him Johnny Appleseed, his real name was John Chapman.
He knew in winter pioneers could not rely on trappin'.
Before the land was settled and before we all had fridges,
John Chapman planted apple trees on plains and mountain ridges.

So if you're fond of apples, and if you like bein' free,
I hope that you will clap your hands and sing along with me:
Johnny Appleseed planting apple trees
All across the land with his own two hands.
Johnny Appleseed planting apple trees,
I love apples, I love bein' free.



Well, the pioneers all wandered west before the plains were fruited.
They walked and rode in wagons long before the choo-choos tooted.
Food was hard to find, and though we all take it for granted,
We'd have no apple pie without the seeds that Johnny planted.

So if you're fond of apples, and if you like bein' free,
I hope that you will clap your hands and sing along with me:
Johnny Appleseed planting apple trees
All across the land
with his own two hands.
Johnny Appleseed
planting apple trees,
I love apples,
I love bein'
free.





Insect city



Things aren't pretty inside Insect City,
The people are covered in mesh.
It sure is a pity those six-legged critty
Are so very fond of our Flesh!

While catchin' cold cod with my new fishing rod,
I was found by a one-fanged wing-flapper.
My footsies were shod, so she bit my left quad
Before I could wind up and slap her.
But a singe vexed the bod of that hinged hexapod
When I turned on my turbo bug zapper!

♦ CHORUS ♦



Now there's a bug in my jug with a frown on her mug,
The name of this bug is Miss Keeter.
It's my quad her fang dug for her big chug-a-lug,
You would think there was no nectar sweeter!
But I won't set her free to go chewing on me,
'Cause my body is NOT a bug feeder!

♦ CHORUS ♦

They buzz all around and their eyes are compound,
With a body that's covered in chitin.
An abdomen, thorax, and head can be found,
And six legs that don't look invitin'.
So don't make a sound, they drink blood by the pound.
Here's hopin' it's us they're not bitin'!

♦ CHORUS ♦





CONNIPTIONS



Deep in the darkness, a soul is dripping globs of ghastly goo.
It lurks inside the wizard who we call “You Know Who.”
And I won’t say his name – it gives my friends conniptions –
But I don’t see what harm could come from this benign description:

His eyes are sunken in and colored bloody red.
His skin’s so white and pasty that he looks already dead.
But far from dead he is, he is the wickedest of wizards...
Voldemort’s the wizard with the name that we all dread.

You never say his name! The foul, repulsive rotter!
And who could say for certain who he’s sizing up to slaughter?
But if the lightning scar upon your forehead’s getting hotter...
He’s got his eyes on you, the one and only Harry Potter!

His fishy flesh is festered, his fangs have gotten yellow,
But the freakiest of features on this reeky, rotten fellow
Are the nostrils on that wizard – they’re slitted like a lizard...
Blood runs cold inside his veins, he turns our knees to Jell-o!

His moves, they’re quick and sneaky, the one we never name.
He oozes where he’s leaky, and it would be a shame
If you became the target of the one with moldy warts...
That fermentifying fungus who I don’t call Voldemort!

• C H O R U S •

When you were but a baby, he tried to fulgurate you,
But when you failed to fizzle, he truly came to hate you.
In defeat he disappeared for eleven lovely years,
But something tells me Voldemort still wants to fulminate you!

• C H O R U S •



When Cordelia played

Cordelia was smart with a sweet little heart,
A beautiful, delicate, live work of art.
But folks didn't like her free spirit,
And they told their kids not to go near it.
So when her miraculous music would start,
There was no one around who could hear it.

Cordelia had grown used to being alone,
The loneliest child the world's ever known.
But the orphan without friends or kin
Found a place she could nestle her chin.
And she always found solace when her spirit shone
Through the strings of her old violin.

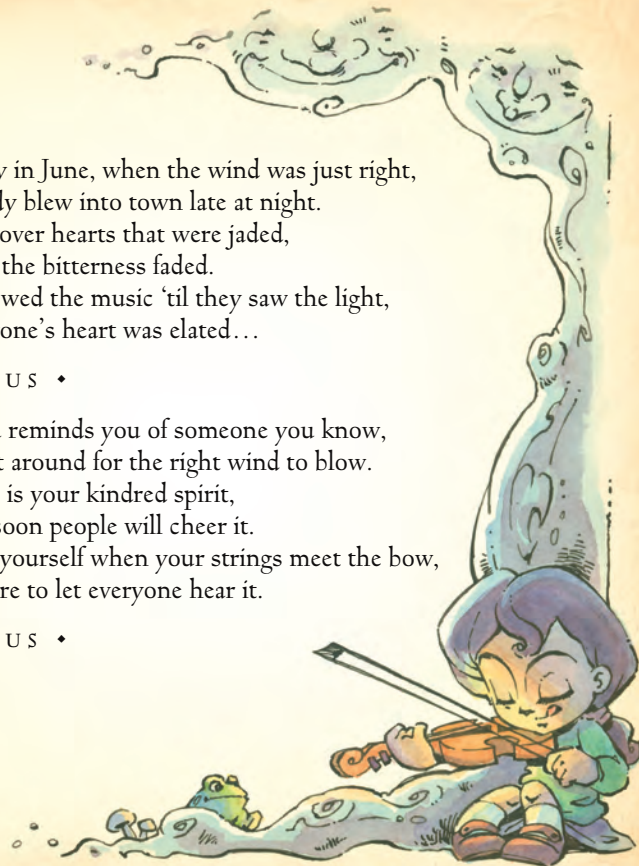
When Cordelia played,
She saw her spirit soar.
When Cordelia played,
She wasn't lonely anymore.
When Cordelia played.
When Cordelia played.

Then early in June, when the wind was just right,
Her melody blew into town late at night.
It washed over hearts that were jaded,
And all of the bitterness faded.
They followed the music 'til they saw the light,
And everyone's heart was elated...

• CHORUS •

If Cordelia reminds you of someone you know,
Don't wait around for the right wind to blow.
And if she is your kindred spirit,
Someday soon people will cheer it.
Believe in yourself when your strings meet the bow,
And be sure to let everyone hear it.

• CHORUS •



zakLAND's unabridged dictionary

• WORDS •

Abdomen The rear section of an insect's body containing organs for digesting and reproducing.

Amphibious Able to live on both land and water.

Asia A continent bordered by Europe and the Arctic, Indian, and Pacific oceans. If you have a globe, see if you can find it. It's fun!

Benign Not dangerous to one's health.

Bibling *Zakism*. A small, sloppy creature that wears a bib to catch all of the food that dribbles out of its mouth while it eats.

Bicuspid A double-pointed tooth that tears and grinds food. Humans have eight of these, but they're nowhere near as scary or useful as fangs.

Buzzard 1. Hawk. 2. Vulture, or scavenger. Vultures eat dead and decaying animal flesh, which helps prevent disease.

Chitin An insect's outer skeleton, or *exoskeleton*, is made up of chitin and several

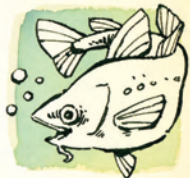
other substances. The insect's exoskeleton is like a suit of armor.

Cod An important fish used for food, found in the North Atlantic. It is usually about three feet long and weighs from 10 to 25 pounds. After writing *Insect City*, it dawned on me that it is highly unlikely to be bitten by a

mosquito while fishing in the icy North Atlantic. But that's why God gave us imaginations. It was probably one of those endangered Arctic Mosquitos.

Connptions An hysterical fit in which you raise up your hands, stick out your tongue, and shake your head around like you're loony. To learn more about connptions, find the hidden track, pry open the CD tray, and look in the mirror.

Cordelia A girl's name meaning "heart." When *Cordelia Played* was inspired by the book *Anne of Green Gables*, by L.M. Montgomery.



cod

Cribbling *Zakism*. A creature who isn't potty-trained and who sleeps in a bed that looks like a cage.

Critty *Zakism*. Critters, or small animals and insects. I had to alter the word slightly to make it rhyme with city. Altering words is fun when you are rhyming. (See *fermentifying* and *knobbly*.)

Croak 1. To utter a low, hoarse cry, like a frog. 2. *Slang*. To die.

Cuckoo 1. A bird whose call sounds like its name. 2. A cuckoo clock has a little toy bird that pops out and cuckoos once or twice an hour.

Decrepit Weakened by old age. Feeble.

Elated Feeling great delight and joy. In high spirits.

Europe A continent on the west part of the land mass between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, separated from Asia by the Ural Mountains. If you have a globe, see if you can find it. It's fun, I tell ya!

Fermenting 1. The process by which living organisms, such as bacteria and mold, cause fermentation. 2. A state of uneasiness and usually resentment brewing to an eventual explosion.

Fermentifying *Zakism*. This is a word I invented based on the word *fermenting*. Sometimes, if you need an extra syllable in a poem or song, you can just slip in one or two of your own. In this case, I think adding "ify" to *fermenting* actually improves the sound of the word. (See *knobbly* and *critty*.)

Festered Full of pus.

Fetching Charming; enchanting.

Fizzle Hiss, sputter, and die out weakly.

Flesh 1. The soft substance on mammals made up of muscle and fat. 2. The name of the public library in Piqua, Ohio, for which I wrote *Insect City*.

Forlornly
Hopelessly.
Despairingly.
Miserably.

Forsaking Deserting or abandoning.

Frogettes Female frogs.

Fulgurate Destroy by electricity.

Fulminate Explode with a loud noise.

Fungus A spongy, abnormal growth.

Ghastly Shocking and horrible.



frogettes

Gig 1. A professional engagement. In *When Bullfrogs Croak*, gig is a metaphor for life.
2. A spear with a long, thick handle used for catching frogs.

Globs Lumps of moldable substance.

Goo *Informal*. A thick or sticky substance.

Gravel 1. Harsh and grating. 2. A mixture of small stones, pebbles, and sand.

Guttural Harsh; throaty.

Half-witty If you are half witty, you are half amusing and clever. But if you are half-witty (notice the hyphen), you are a feeble-minded, foolish dunderhead. The dragon uses this word play in an effort to fool his would-be dinner. You weren't fooled, were you?

Hexapod 1. Insect. 2. Six-footed. *Hex* is the Greek word for six, and *pod* is the Greek word for foot.

Insidious Stealthily treacherous.

Jaded Worn out, cynical, pessimistic.

Knobbly *Zakism*. This is a word I invented based on the word *knobby*, which means full of knobs, like the trunk of a tree. Sometimes when you change a word, it becomes funnier and fits more smoothly in a rhyme scheme. (See *fermentifying* and *critt*.)

Lurks Slinks in concealment.

Mesh Tightly woven, sheer (see-through) net that insects cannot penetrate.

Moldy Covered with mold, or a fungi fur coat. Fungi fur coats are much more humane than mink and skunk fur coats.

Mug *Slang*. Face.

Nectar The life-giving drink of the gods.

Nestle To settle snugly.

Noah 1. The man whom God told to make an ark to save himself, his family, and a pair of each kind of animal from the Flood. 2. The guy who croaks on *When Bullfrogs Croak*.

One-fanged wing-flapper *Zakism*. Mosquito.

Peepers 1. *Slang*. Eyes. 2. Any of several frogs having a peeping call, such as the leopard frog and the spring peeper.

Pioneers One of the first to enter or settle an area and make it inhabitable for others.

Polarization A state in which rays of light exhibit different properties in different locations.



m u g

Quad Short for *quadriceps*, the large muscle on the front of the leg between the knee and the hip.

Quibbling Arguments about silly or petty things, such as whether or not you should be nice to your little sibling.

Reeky Stinky.

Repulsive Extremely unpleasant to the senses.

Retching Making efforts to vomit (barf, puke, hurl, upchuck, regurgitate, ralph. But you knew that).

Rome The ancient capital of the Roman Empire in Italy. Can you find it on a globe? Did I mention that looking up places on the globe is fun?

Rotter *British slang*. A thoroughly bad, worthless person.

Scabs The incrustations that form over sores or wounds while they are healing. If the scab is ready for flicking, you are as good as new.

Scythe Rhymes with *writhe*. A curved cutting blade used to harvest grain and hay.

Shod Covered by shoes.

Shone Beamed, radiated.

Siblings Brothers and sisters.

Singe A superficial burn.

Slaughter To kill savagely.

Smothered 1. Completely defeated.
2. Suffocated.

Solace Comfort in a time of grief or pain.

Soul The animating force within living beings.

Stewing Cooking slowly.

Stocks Wooden frameworks with holes for the ankles and/or wrists. In the olden days, they used to lock naughty people in stocks in the town square. The naughty person had to sit there while people walked by and jeered. The one good thing about stocks is that they prevent you from scratching.

Stricken Afflicted (distressed with mental or bodily pain), as with disease.

Thorax The middle section of an insect's body to which the legs are attached.

Tide The rise and fall of the ocean waters caused by the attraction of the moon. The tide changes every twelve hours or so.



thorax

Trappin' In the days of the pioneers, hunters used traps to catch animals for food. It was very difficult to catch animals in the winter-time, and the apple trees planted by Johnny Appleseed helped save people from starvation. (See *King of Fruits* under *Phrases*.)



Vexed Irritated.

vexed

Weary 1. Physically or mentally exhausted by hard work. 2. Growing impatient and irksome. Which definition do you think applies in *It's a Drag to Be a Dragon*?

Withered Shriveled and decayed.

Woe An exclamation of grief or distress.

Worm Slang. Dragon. I first heard a dragon called a worm in J.R.R. Tolkien's wonderful book, *The Hobbit*, based on Bilbo Baggins' *There and Back Again*. If you haven't read it yet, you should do so immediately.

• PHRASES •

Before the plains were fruited Before fruits and vegetables grew in open fields.

The circle A reference to the circle of life, encompassing birth, reproduction, and death.

Dot-of-polka *Zakism*. 1. Polka dot or scattered dots.

Eyes are compound Compound eyes have many tiny lenses close together. Many species of insects can see ultraviolet light as a distinct color, and some insects, like ants and bees, can actually detect the plane of polarization in polarized light (see *polarization*). This allows them to navigate by using the sun, because the polarization of sunlight varies according to the sun's position in the sky. Isn't that cool? I love looking up words because I find out incredible things.

Father Time Time personified, usually as a bald and bearded old man carrying a scythe and an hourglass. (See *scythe*.)

Free spirit A person who follows his or her heart. Free spirits aren't afraid to be themselves.

Kindred spirit Having the same belief, attitude, or feeling.

King of Fruits The apple is known as The King of Fruits due to its hardness and versatility. It flourishes over more of the earth and in more climates than any other fruit. Since the apple stays fresh for months in cool storage (unlike tropical fruits), it gave American pioneers their only dependable winter fruit supply before refrigerators were invented. The apple can be turned into many delicious things, such as apple sauce, caramel apples, and the American classic, apple pie. The apple can also be turned into apple vinegar, which can be used to preserve food. Johnny Appleseed was spreading appleseeds in an effort to save lives, and that is one of the reasons he is an American folk hero.

Mother Nature Nature personified as the mother of all things except those made by man.

Poorly adjusted 1. A spine that is out of alignment. 2. Slightly crazy and dangerous. Which definition do you think better describes the so-called "decrepit" dragon?

Shoots from the lip A play on the phrase "shoots from the hip," which is what gunslingers (gunfighters) do. Todd Kearby, also known as *Slimbini the Deceptor*, helped with this play on words.

Tongue slinger A play on the term *gunslinger*, which is slang for gunfighter.

Tough as nails Really, really tough.

Up the creek Slang. A shortened form of "up the creek without a paddle," which means "in an unpleasant and dangerous situation."



up the creek

Webbed limbs Having fingers or toes connected by membrane, or thin tissue.



When Bullfrogs Croak (Morgan)

©2003 by Zak Morgan Music/SESAC
Zak Morgan – vocals, acoustic guitar
Ric Hordinski – guitars, lap steel
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
Robbie Fulks – backing vocals, main acoustic guitar
Victoria Williams – bridge vocals
Noah Riemer – croaking



The Cribling (Morgan)

©2003 by Zak Morgan Music/SESAC
Inspired by Miss Millson's 2001 3rd Grade Class
and Judy Blume's *Super Fudge*.
Written for my younger brother, Alex Morgan.
Zak Morgan – vocals, acoustic guitar
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
John Zappa – trumpet
Maddie Hordinski – solo chorus response
Candace Bickel, Nicole Bitter, Keenan Brown,
Crystal Cullom, Jessica Day, Siarra Klette, Destiny
Martin, Chavonne Roland, Angela Schwartz,
and Coty Wade – chorus response

The Pox of Chicken (Morgan)

©2000 by Zak Morgan Music/SESAC
Zak Morgan – vocals, acoustic guitar
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Brian Kelley – drums
Scotty Anderson – electric guitar chicken pickin'
Todd Kearby – assorted chicken noises
Grandma Lucille – sustained soprano bocks
Birdie Farmer – hatchet



The Unicorn

Words and music by Shel Silverstein
TRO – Hollis Music, Inc. -BMI
Zak Morgan – vocals
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
John Zappa – trumpet
Justin Roberts – backing vocals



It's a Drag to Be a Dragon (Morgan/Hordinski)

©2003 by Zak Morgan Music/SESAC
and Monk Ici Music/SESAC
Zak Morgan – vocals
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
Joe Lukasik – clarinet
Paul Paterson – mandolin
Nick Radina – percussion
Karin Bergquist – backing vocals

The King of Fruits (Morgan)

©2003 by Zak Morgan Music/SESAC
Zak Morgan – vocals, acoustic guitar
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
Harold Kennedy – main acoustic guitar
Noah Riemer – harmonica
Alex Morgan – backing vocals



Insect City (Morgan/Hordinski)

©2003 by Zak Morgan Music/SESAC
and Monk Ici Music/SESAC
Written for the Flesh Public Library in Piqua, Ohio
Zak Morgan – vocals
Ric Hordinski – guitars, tambourine
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
Todd Kearby – flazute
Annette Shepherd – backing vocals



Connptions (Morgan)

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Zak Morgan – vocals, electric piano, toy piano,
chain, wratchet, slide whistle, vibraslap, screams
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Brian Kelley – drums
Joe Lukasik – clarinet

When Cordelia Played (Morgan/Hordinski)

©2003 by Zak Morgan Music/SESAC
and Monk Ici Music/SESAC
Zak Morgan – vocals, piano
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
Paul Paterson – violin
Karin Bergquist – backing vocals



Peace Train (Cat Stevens)

Sony/ATV Tunes LLC OBO Cat Music, Ltd.
Zak Morgan – vocals, sampled strings, claps
Ric Hordinski – guitars
David LaBruyere – bass
Josh Seurkamp – drums
David Wilcox – backing vocals
Nance Petit – backing vocals



Sabina (Hordinski)

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Ric Hordinski – guitar

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Curtis Zimmerman and family • and...

you.

When Bullfrogs Croak



Produced, Recorded, and Mixed by Ric Hordinski,
Mersey Beat Studio, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mastered by Richard Dodd, Vital Recordings, Nashville, Tennessee

Ric Hordinski uses D'Addario strings, James Olson acoustic guitars,
and Rick Turner Renaissance Guitars.

When Bullfrogs Croak sound recording ©2003 by Zak Morgan

Front and back cover illustrations by C.F. Payne

Interior booklet illustrations by Chuck Rekow

Booklet design by Chuck Rekow

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When Bullfrogs Croak is dedicated to Sabina Hordinski and Zachary Reinhardt

* No frogs, insects, chickens, or children were gigged, zapped, scratched, or roasted
during the making of *When Bullfrogs Croak*.



1. WHEN BULLFROGS CROAK
2. the CRIBLING
3. the POX of CHICKEN
4. the UNICORN
5. it's a DRAG to BE a DRAGON
6. the KING of fruits
7. INSECT city
8. CONNIPTIONS
9. WHEN CORDELiA pLAYed
10. PEACE train
11. SABiNA

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