

STONE SOUP

Words and Music by Linda Arnold

Stone soup, you really ought to try it!
Stone soup, you just can't buy it
You won't find it on the shelf
'Cause it's the kind of soup
That you make yourself

It's fresh as a lemon, spicy as chili
Sweet as apple pie
Salty as the ocean, sour as a pickle
And when it goes down
It sure does tickle

Stone soup, you really ought to try it!
Stone soup, you just can't buy it
You won't find it on the shelf
'Cause it's the kind of soup
That you make yourself

Just get yourself a stone
A crocodile bone
A carrot or two, a smelly old shoe
A glass of wine, a porcupine
The juice of a lemon, and Frankenstein

Green beans, blue jeans, jellybeans too
Cupcakes, rattlesnakes, leftover stew
Mud pies, french fries
Frogs wearing bow ties
Any old thing will do

Stone soup, you really ought to try it!
Stone soup, you just can't buy it
All you need for your creation
Is a pinch of imagination
Stone soup, stone soup
Make some today