

Whitlams, The "Hollow Log"

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Inside a hollow log a rabbit makes its home
It burrows deep inside it's sheltered from the storm
And when the rain has stopped
The rabbit gets the urge to hop
And hops and hops and hops and hops

He loves the city lights the circus and the sound
He loves the buildings and the holes in the ground
He plays and bounces 'round until he sees
the moon go down
then back home again he hops

Oh hollow log hollow log
He loves his hollow log
Living on his own
No hot water and no telephone

Now two years later he has a family
He and his pretty wife a sprout of thirty three
They're all gathered 'round
Listening to the sound
Of the rain falling on their...

Hollow log hollow log
They love their hollow log
Living in harmony
Ma and pa and - 1 2 3 4 5 6 - thirty three

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