

King Missile "The Bunny Who Wanted To Be A Rat"

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Once there was an adorable little bunny that hopped
and bopped through the cotton fields eating carrots all
day long.

The people loved him and thought he was so fucking
cute and sweet and good,
And he hated that.

He liked to eat the carrots, but that was about it.
He had seen this movie Willard about a bunch of rats
who eat Ernest Bordenine and a bunch of other people,
who are Mean to Willard,
Then they eat Willard because he tried to poison them.
The adorable little bunny thought this was so cool.
The bunny was tired of being cute and cuddly in the
cotton field.

The bunny wanted to go north, to the big city,
And play in the garbage and scare people by slithering
around in the subways and on the streets.
Bunny bunny wanted a rat tail, not a bushy cotton tail.
Bunny bunny wanted to screech, like a rat, instead of a
bunny.

Bunny wanted to stop hopping; it was undignified and
adorable.

And bunny wanted to be more omnivorous.
Carrots were ok but it would be so cool to eat stuff that
other people would throw away.
"It would be like recycling.

It would be better for the environment." bunny would
rationalize.

"People can eat carrots; I'll eat what the people throw
away

I'll live inside walls and screech and if anyone ever
tries to pat me again,

I'll bite them and, hopefully, give them rabies.

Oh! What a wonderful life it would be,

To just be a rat!"

"There is one thing that really bugs me about this
dream, however." said bunny bunny

"It's how formulaic and pedestrian this story is. I mean,
it's completely obvious that I'm going to meet some
magical wizard, or find some occult book, or some rat
dust, or be captured by scientists who are working on

some bunny to rat gene splicing experiment or something like that. At any rate, there is no question that I will get my wish and get to live in the big city, scare some people, eat and play in that garbage, run around in the subways, till one day, I accidentally eat rat poison or get caught in a glue trap and either decide it was all worth it anyway because my dream finally did come true or otherwise feel cheated because it wasn't as much fun as I thought it was going to be. But no matter what, the rest of my life is entirely predetermined. I don't see how I can go on or how I could possibly enjoy being a rat for a single second when I have already worked out my destiny in my little bunny head. I can't think of a single reason for continuing with this charade for another second. I'm getting out now. Fuck this. Find some other bunny stooch to be your rat for the day. I'm hopping the fuck out of here, right now."

In fact, let me finish this story for you, you pathetic pedestrian hack.

Bunny bunny hopped off in a great big huff, ate 100 carrots in a row, and died of vitamin A poisoning.

The end.

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