

Lambert Hendricks & Ross "Cottontail"

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Way back in my childhood,
I heard a story so true
of a funny bunny stealin' some root from a guy that he
knew.

His mamma got worried
She told the bunny one day
Better watch for the farmer, heed what I say or he'll
blow you away.

(Oh..) He knew his mamma is right.
So why don't he do what she say?
Maybe he just don't dig it
Or maybe a habit, or 'cause he's a rabbit.

Count the crop, (better stop?)
You better stop and hop away.

Out of the garden where carrots are dense, I found a
hole in the fence.
Every mornin' when things are still, crawl through the
hole and eat my fill.

The other rabbits say I'm taking dares, and maybe I'm
wrong but who cares?
I'm a hooked rabbit! Yeah I got to cure a habit.

[Count the crop] Yeah everyday I'm tryin' to avoid it.
[Count the crop] What do I do, I know that I enjoy it.
Really and true, I'm beggin' momma's pardon
All the time I'm headin' for the garden.

Wee! Everything is sweet when the farmer's nappin'
Every little carrot is a stolen delight
and I keep forgetten' that the thing ain't right

So one day when I was deep in the meal
that farmer pulled a big "creep and steal"
came at me with a big shot gun, and did I runnn!

I hustled really swiftly,
Yeah split from there without a second to spare

I could hear the bullets fly' through the air.

Now I knew what mamma told me, now I knew that she
would scold me.

She knew what I'd soon be feeling
If I didn't stop my stealin'

The farmer he really had sense.
He plugged up the hole in the fence.
Had me runnin' madly through the garden
looking for a hole to crawl in.
Hey, hey. You pick up what I say?
Hot head rabbit, if you keep your habit.
Your mamma told ya when you hop, that if you stop you
count the crop.
He gets his beets and guns for you
because carrots and you make a very fine stew.

Son, he'll catch you on the run so you gotta find a quiet
little corner where the farmer never comes.
You got plenty patches so you snuggle in between
them,
dig what I mean, I gotta tell you that'll keep you eatin

Run ya rabbit run. Now you had your fun.
Run before you feel the shot gun, run on, run.

Well now while you're in a panic you're forgettin' the
garden gate. All you got to do around is lay around and
wait.
Right now the farmer thinks he gotcha. He really is
itchin' to seal your fate.

Don't ya see him? By the hole in the fence? You can
beat him, it's a natural sense.
While he's over by the fence a while away, keep on
running 'til you're outta that gate.

Now the farmer he was pantin to death.
He never figured he was out gunnin'
That a while that he was catching his breath
He woulda needed it to out run him

Maybe you remember what you're mom told ya.
Maybe take a beating, let your Pa scold ya.
So hit the gate better be ready to wail
And when you do, you show the man your tail.

[Wi Woo] Hurry up before you change your plan.

[Wi Woo] Better run from the farmer man.

[Wi Woo] Ooo you best make tracks.

[Wi Woo] You dog-gone pesky hare.
[Wi Woo] Head for home, bro
[Wi Woo] You got away with showing your tail
[Wi Woo] Weee! Dont' ever roam, ready to go home

Now you're goin' home to Mommsy and Popsy, and
your little brothers Flopsie and Mopsie.
Now you're gonna do what Momma intended. Now you
know your carrot stealin' has ended.

I've heard the old story
One rabbit's foot will bring luck.
But they're much more lucky, luckier, natch, if that
rabbit's attached!

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