

Jonathon Brandmeier

"Party Animals"

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Well it's hard to believe it's happening there
Farmers walking 'round with clubs in the air
Saying, "Hey bunny, bunny come out a your hole and
I'll crush your skull."

Now the rabbits say,
"Johnny, it's always been the same
We would get up in the morning
Chew on the farmers' grain
Yeah, we never worried
We never felt pain of something sticking in our head
We should'a stayed in bed."

CHORUS

Why is the snow red
In Mudd Lake, Idaho?
They're huring little rabbits again
Don't ya know
It makes the farmers' garden grow
Hoe, hoe, hoe, hoe, hoe, hoe
Well the farm boys say,
"Hey this ain't no great time but we got the world's
largest receding hare
line.

The rabbits keep backing away
When we chase them every Saturday."
Oh, what's the fuss?
They can't understand
They want them rabbits to get off their land
They want to, help 'em off
They want to, give 'em aa hand yeah
Across the neck
Oh, what the heck

CHORUS

Bunny, this isn't funny
You're costing farmers money
You flunked another E.P.T.
Another pregnancy
Oh no
the more babies you make
The more bunnies will die
You've got to knock it off
I know you can try

Attack Jimmy Carter
But stop multiplying
You got Bugs Bunny crying
Please stop dying
CHORUS

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