

Wabbits

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They call it a plague, I don't know why	D	Em
Down-under has mice, we've got rabbits	D	G
Not very many, If you ask me	Em	A
I wonder if calling, it a plague	G	A
<i>is just a habit</i>	<i>Bm</i>	

They're in my garden, like a cottontail  
 But they're gone feral, and mostly brown  
 Munching the leaves, of my rhubarb  
 Eating my vegetables, makes me frown

I worked on a farm, raising rabbits  
 The bit and screamed, weren't a bit cuddly  
 I learned to skin, and tan their hides  
 Rabbit for dinner, once a week

That was long ago,  
 freezer stocked for winter  
 Springtime now, I look out  
 There's rabbits there, I think of dinner

<i>I know you won't approve</i>	<i>Bm</i>	
<i>even if it's just rabbit stew, but</i>	<i>Bm</i>	
<i>Rabbit legs are mighty fine</i>	<i>Em</i>	<i>A</i>
<i>you could join me while I dine</i>	<i>Em</i>	<i>A</i>

I like rabbits from, afar  
 Cannot think of them as pets  
 Learned to butcher and to skin 'em  
 Eating rabbit is as good as it gets.