

Holly B. Bunny's Kitchen Blues

Ch Holly B. Bunny was a shy little hare;
she lived in a cottage, didn't go nowhere.
She stayed in her kitchen, her little nose twitching,
Baking those bewitchin' honey bun buns!

1. And she'd be talking-to herself as she bustled through the room.
And she'd be saying-to herself, in the middle of her daily gloom,
Oh, I'm just not a special hare-who'd want to be with me?
I'm alone today, to my dismay, I'm lonesome as can be.

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2. And she'd be baking-by herself, as the world outside went by,
And she'd be thinking-to herself, till her so sad thoughts made her cry & cry,
And she'd be wishing-she had some gift that she could call her own.
If she could dance or sing, just anything, then she would not be alone.

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3. And that's the story of Holly B., who didn't know who she was,
An allegory for all of us, that who one is ain't what one does!
And as for Holly, this is not the end; her story will be told.
It's hers and ours-and a million flowers-when we let ourselves unfold.

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