

## Bunny

Jillette Johnson

Sign me away, everything I own  
Wrap it up in plastic and take it from my home  
Give it to the government, give it to the church  
Whenever they're done with it, feed it to the birds

Sign me away, write it in pen  
Get it laminated and then dip it in cement  
Hang it in the lobby just above a rubber tree  
The official copy of a factory of me

When the world is over and the robot army comes  
Filing down the mountain with their supersonic guns  
I'll be free  
'Cause you can have my body but you can't have me

Somebody had got it in my head  
I was gonna be the biggest star they ever met  
I wasn't Madonna in the naissance of her prime  
Like an anaconda slowly wrapping around a prize

Ripe for the feast, eyes on the kill  
Hungry, very hungry for the rapid blood to spill  
Beady little eyes are burning holes in my back  
Everyone's a voyeur here but no one will react

When the world is over and the robot army comes  
Filing down the mountain with their supersonic guns  
I'll be free  
'Cause you can have my body but you can't have me

I don't think you really care  
Long as there's a paper with your name on it somewhere  
Giving you a piece of what someone might be someday  
But you don't believe in anybody anyway

When the world is over and the robot army comes  
Filing down the mountain with their supersonic guns  
I'll be free  
Floating on a sunbeam lost at sea  
You can have my body but you can't have me