

My Brother Threw Up On My Stuffed Toy Bunny

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My brother threw up on my stuffed toy bunny
You better not laugh 'cause it really isn't funny
It was lying in my bed while I was sound asleep
But it could have been worse--it could have been me

My bunny's name was Bill and he was pink and white
His eyes were purple and they glowed at night
His ears were ragged and his nose was red
He was soft as my pillow from his paws to his head

My Dad tried to help when I started to scream
He threw my bunny in the washing machine

But my bunny, Bill, still smelled so bad;
I lost the best friend that I ever had

So bunny now sits on my shelf at home
Next to my smelly toy telephone
And the dirty old bear with the stains and the spots
'Cause my little brother throws up a lot

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