

Flappie

Todd Rundgren

It was Christmas morning, 1961
I recall the empty pen where my rabbit pet belonged
And my mother told me don't go in the shed
And if I'd just behave then I'd get something yummy later on
She also didn't know where Flappie was
And said she's ask my dad who was busy in the shed
So I searched for Flappie for an hour or so
All around the lawn and garden and underneath my bed

But I was sure I locked my rabbit pen
Just like I did every night
And I checked three times just yesterday
When I felt something wasn't right
And I stared at the pen just as if I knew what I know now

It was Christmas morning, 1961
Everybody searched for Flappie and my dad, daddy searched as well
By the trees and the water but never in the shed
Because he couldn't be in there so I shook my head
We searched together then we took a break for coffee
Everybody drinking coffee but I didn't have a drop
I thought of Flappie and how cold it was at Christmas
And then I started crying and I couldn't make it stop

'Cause I was sure I locked my rabbit pen
Just like I did every night
And I checked three times just yesterday
Because something didn't seem right
And I stared at the pen as if I knew what I know now

It was the first day of Christmas, 1961
Everyone ate so loudly but I didn't care
I could only think of Flappie, my dear little Flappie
And my appetite for food just wasn't there
After the soup, the main course would arrive
And my father laughed and pointed, "Look, it's Flappie in the pan!"
I still see the silver bowl and him lying in three pieces
And I realize my dad is such an evil man

I left the table screaming and stamping
And I cried on my bed for hours and hours
And I stood cursing loud at the top of the stairs
Yelling "Flappie wasn't yours!"
I stared out the window with the empty rabbit pen on my mind

It was the second day of Christmas, 1961
Mom remembers when she woke, daddy was gone
And I told her not to go into the shed
And if she'd just behave she'd get something yummy later on