



BackBeat Bunny
Lyrics and music by Ben Hassenger
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Well now BackBeat Bunny was the hippest of hops
On his ukulele had the chippest of chops
But the the thing he really wanted to do was dance
But with two left feet, he didn't have a chance

On the two and four, he'd uke in the groove
But his feet just shuffled in those dancing shoes
He didn't know where to start, or how to begin
Until the answer to this dancer came waltzing in

Now, Downbeat Dora, despite her name
Was number one, she was on her game
She got him going, with that initial beat
And this bad bunny was on his feet

He was cutting the rug, he could boogie down
He was shaking a leg all over town
Like John Travolta or MC Hammer
The boss of bop, a whammer-jammer

He could do the watusi, the hustle and jerk
In the conga line he'd go beserk
Hula, belly dance, even ballet
He was a dance machine, all night and day

Now listen to the bunny, if you've lost your soul
And you gotta get out of that rabbit hole
At the very beginning, take your very first steps
One-two-three-four, It's not complex
Just hit the one, and go from there
Soon you'll dance through life without a care

A hip hop
Flippity flop
Bippity bop
Chippity chop
Plipptiy plop
Drippity drop . . .