

Barenaked Ladies, This Is It

There was fresh butter melting on a waffle,
Sky so blue that the clouds felt awful,
Beavers swimming around their hut,
And someone was building a mini putt.
La la la la la la (repeated)
There was a river rippled like a chip,
We went in for a skinny dip (hey, come on now!)
Fish jumping for a flippety flip, oh,
What is life? this is it, this is it, this is it, oh, this is it.