

# 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.