

## Several Drops Of Rain

Animaniacs

Y+W: It's raining; It's pouring  
Don't sing a song that's boring...

Dot: There's a plain up in Maine  
Where there're tiny drops of rain  
Forming ripples in a puddle that they make.  
And that puddle grows beyond  
Into something called a pond  
Spreading outward 'til it turns into a lake.

When that lake springs a leak  
Then it forms a little creek  
Which goes rushing down and turns into a stream.  
And the water keeps on flowing  
So that trees can keep on growing  
In a pattern that is showing nature's scheme.

And every flower, every weed  
Get the water that they need  
From that little tiny stream which trickles by.  
Y+W: And in the swamp it picks up germs  
From bacteria and worms  
And if you drink it you'll get really sick and die.

Dot: Hey, this is my song!

Dot: The stream joins a river  
And goes racing to deliver  
All the water as it rushes to the sea.  
Then it flows into a bay  
Where it's quickly swept away  
To the ocean, filled with motion, swirling free.

Then the sun shines on down  
Putting heat upon the ground  
And evaporating mist into the air.  
And the water starts to rise  
As it lifts into the skies  
And soon there is rain, on that plain, up in Maine.

Y+W: And that rain  
Is a pain  
So why don't they build a drain?

Dot: For water has position  
Which is always in transition  
From the mountains to the oceans to the sky.

Y+W: And it's something you can drink  
Or that you spit into the sink  
If you control the way it goes  
You can shoot it out your nose  
If you try

Dot: And now you both can say goodbye!  
Hyah! [throws something which shatters]