

Animals As Leaders

"Several Drops Of Rain"

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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]

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