

Oh, from which all life didst spring  
It is for you this song I sing.  
Water-- liquid, gas, or ice  
In all three states you're rather nice.

But Oregon, another state  
Lately does not think you're great  
For hesitance in circulation  
What we need's precipitation!

None among us wants to drown  
But can't you see, our grass is brown!  
Our resevoirs will soon go dry  
'Cuz nothin's falling from the sky!

No television; milk will sour  
Without our precious hydropower.  
There will we be no swimmin'-pooling  
Til them clouds resume their drooling.

Only you can help us out--  
Quench our thirst and stave off drought.  
How we miss our greenery!  
So Water, quit your meanery!

You're loved where there are things to wash,  
Or puddles begging for a slosh,  
A bottled message one might send  
Across the ocean to a friend.

Ubiquitous on planet Earth  
Our salty tears at death, at birth.  
You're in the very air we breathe,  
The blood we bleed, the snot we sneeze.

The fish adore you down below,  
And skaters on the top, you know  
All winter long, they sing your praise  
That you're less dense in solid phase.

Oh Water, how we need you so  
Our cups to fill, our gardens grow.  
Lest we should know our greatest fear...  
A world where there can be no beer.