

One Little Slip

Barenaked Ladies

It was a recipe for disaster
A four-course meal of no-sirree
It seemed that happily ever after
Was happy everyone was after me
It was a cup of good intentions
A tablespoon of one big mess
A dash of overreaction
I assume you know the rest
One little slip, one little slip
It was a fusion of confusion
With a few confounding things
I guess I probably took the wrong direction
Well, I admit I might have missed a sign or two
I ran a light past your affection
At Humiliation Avenue
I took a right turn at confusion
A left when I should have gone straight on through
I ran ahead with my assumptions
And we all know what that can do
One little slip, one little slip
It was a fusion of confusion
With a few confounding things
I get the feeling in this town, I'll never live til I live down
The one mistake that seems to follow me around
They'll forget about the sky when they all realize
This guy's about to try to learn to fly or hit the ground
It was a cup of good intentions
A tablespoon of one big mess
A dash of overreaction
And I assume you know the rest
One little slip, one little slip
It was a humble little stumble
With a big ungraceful
One little slip, one little slip
It was a fusion of confusion
With a few confounding things

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