Plateau

Meat Puppets

Many a hand has scaled the grand old face of the plateau
Some belong to strangers and some to folks you know
Holy ghosts and talk show hosts are planted in the sand
To beautify the foothills and shake the many handsThere's nothing on the top but a bucket and a mop
And an illustrated book about birds
You see a lot up there but don't be scared
Who needs action when you got wordsWhen you're finished with the mop then you can stop
And look at what you've done
The plateau's clean, no dirt to be seen
And the work it took was funWell the many hands began to scan around for the next plateau
Some said it was Greenland and some say Mexico
Others decided in was nowhere except for where they stood
But those were all just guesses, wouldn't help you if they could

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/