

Plateau (unplugged)

Nirvana

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 in Greenland and some in Mexico

Others decided it was nowhere except for where they stood

But those were all just guesses, wouldn't help you if they could

Songwriters

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