

# The Soapmakers

## Clutch

Behind the Cliffside Inn  
I heard a fiddle and a mandolin  
Keeping rhythm on an old washboard  
And stomping on the floorSaw people of all sorts  
Dancing 'round in twos and fours  
Caroling about days of old  
And what the future holdsIn the middle was a big cauldron  
That they were stirring, stirring  
And there were trees around  
That they kept burning, burningI asked a toothless man  
Who all these people were  
He said, The Soapmakers  
And we are working, workingAs they stirred Heaven, Earth  
They combined to one  
And everything was everyone  
And each one was allAs they stirred, I heard a trumpet call  
And everything was everyone  
And each one was allAs they stirred Heaven, Earth  
They combined to one  
And everything was everyone  
And each one was allAs they stirred, I heard a trumpet call  
And everything was everyone  
And each one was all

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