

Plateau

Black Coal

Many a hand scaled the grand old face of the plateau
Some belonged to strangers and some to folks you know
Holy ghosts and talk show hosts are planted in the sand
To beautify the foothills, shake the many hands Nothing on top but a bucket and a mop
And an illustrated book about birds
See a lot up there but don't be scared
Who needs action when you got words? When you've 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 was fun Nothing on top but a bucket and a mop
And an illustrated book about birds
See a lot up there but don't be scared
Who needs action when you got words? Many a hands began to scan around for the next plateau
Some say it was Greenland and some say Mexico
Others decided it was nowhere except for where they stood
Those were all just guesses, wouldn't help you if they could

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