

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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