

# plateau

## ponal

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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