

Book Of Rules

Inner Circle

Isn't it strange how princesses and kings
Can clown their capers in sawdust rings, just like
Poor people like you and me
Will be builders for eternity
Each is given a bag of tools
Shapeless lives and a book of rules

Each must make his life as flowing ink
Tumbling back on a stepping stone, just like
Poor people like you and me
Will be builders for eternity
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Pow wa pow pow, pow wa pa pa pow pow
Wa pa pa pow pow, wa pow pa pow pow pow

And I say small people like you and me
Will be builders for eternity
Each is given a bag of tools
Shapeless lives and a book of rules (note 1)

Look where the rain is fallen from the sky
I know the sun will be only missing for awhile
And I say small people like you and me
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