

Plateau

Meat Puppets

Many a hand has scaled the grand old face of the plateau
Some belong to strangers and some to folks you know
Holy ghosts and talk show hosts are planted in the sand
To beautify the foothills and shake the many hands

There's nothing on the top but a bucket and a mop
And an illustrated book about birds
You see a lot up there but don't be scared
Who needs actions when you got words

When you're 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 took was fun

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Well the many hands began to scan around for the next plateau
Some said it was Greenland and some said Mexico
Some decided it was nowhere except for where they stood
But those were all just guesses, wouldn't help you if they could