

The Soapmakers

Clutch

Behind The Cliffside Inn,
I Heard A Fiddle And A Mandolin,
Keeping Rhythm On An Old Washboard
And Stomping On The Floor.
Saw People Of All Sorts
Dancing 'Round In Twos And Fours,
Caroling About Days Of Old,
And What The Future Holds.

In The Middle Was A Big Cauldron
That They Were Stirring, Stirring,
And There Were Trees Around
That They Kept Burning, Burning.
I Asked A Toothless Man
Who All These People Were, And
He Said, "The Soapmakers,
And We Are Working, Working."

As They Stirred Heaven And Earth, They Combined To One,
And Everything Was Everyone And Each One Was All.
As They Stirred I Heard A Trumpet Call,
And Everything Was Everyone And Each One Was All.

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