

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  
Each is given a bag of tools  
Shapeless lives and a book of rules

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  
Will be builders for eternity  
Each is given a bag of tools  
Shapeless lives and a book of rules

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)

Pow wa pow pow, pow wa pa pa pow pow  
Wa pa pa pow pow, wa pow pa pow pow pow  
Pow wa pow pow, pow wa pa pa pow pow  
Wa pa pa pow pow, wa pow pa pow pow pow  
Pow wa pow pow, pow wa pa pa pow pow  
Wa pa pa pow pow, wa pow pa pow pow pow  
Pow wa pow pow, pow wa pa pa pow pow  
Wa pa pa pow pow, wa pow pa pow pow pow