

Many a hand has scaled the grand old face of 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 shape the many hands

The 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 action when you got words

When you've finished with the mop then you can't stop
And look at what you've done
The plateau's clean no dirt to be seen
And the work it took was fun

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