

# All The Children Sing

Todd Rundgren

See Ms. Malone  
She spends another quiet evening alone  
Sits in her study and stares at the phone  
And a bell in her head will ring

All the children sing  
All the dancers start to sway in time  
The orchestra begins to play  
Somebody pours the wine  
The sun and moon collide  
Isn't gravity a funny thing  
The universe explodes apart  
All the children sing

Of Mr. Malloy  
He's always seen himself as one of the boys  
He thinks that men are tough and women are toys  
But a bell in his head will ring

All the children sing  
All the birds are chirping harmony  
The scent of love is in the air  
Sunset on the sea  
The angel of the lord  
Just declared we aren't worth a thing  
The galaxy is null and void  
All the children sing

Crawled across a thousand miles of desert sand  
Looking from an answer from a holy man  
And this is what he told me with a wave of his hand  
He said, "A bell in your head will ring"

Here's to the Chinaman, wise and old  
Here's to the Eskimo, brave and cold  
Here's to the Jew in the holy land  
Here's to the Arab in his caravan  
Here's to the African, strong and proud  
Here's to the redneck, good and loud  
Here's one to you and there's one more thing  
A bell in your head will ring