

Harry Chapin, Pretzel Man

He's the little pretzel man, he's got his twisted pretzel hands
He's got his a pretzel wife, that he's loved all his pretzel life
And he's got himself a pretzel girl, that they both brought into their world
And watch them all twist pretzels by hand, by hand
And if only we all lived in Pretzel Land
Six days a week, when he wakes up
She will fill his coffee cup
Six days a week he is a working man
He wheels his wagon to the park
He sells pretzels 'till it's dark
But that's the only life that he understands
He's his own man
He's the little pretzel man, he's got his twisted pretzel hands
He's got that pretzel wife, that he's loved all his pretzel life
And he's got himself a pretzel girl, that they both brought into their world
But watch them all twist pretzels by hand, by hand
And if only we all lived in Pretzel Land
On Sunday, when they go to church
In the seventh pew they perch
They listen to his sermon and they believe
They're grateful for the food they ate
So they put their money in a plate
They've heard of hungry children and they grieve (they believe)
So we watch them all twist pretzels by hand, by hand
And if only we all lived in Pretzel Land
If only we could all be like that man
If only we all lived in Pretzel , only we all lived in Pretzel, only we all lived in Pretzel ...Land