

# 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