

# Meat Puppets, Plateau

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

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 stop  
And look at what you've done  
The plateau's clean, no dirt to be seen  
And the work it was fun

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Many hands began to scan around for the next plateau  
Some say it was Greenland and some say Mexico  
Others decided it was nowhere except for where they stood  
But those were all just guesses, wouldn't help you if they could