

Harry Chapin "Pretzel Man"

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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 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

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

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