

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