

~~Looking~~ looking out the window  
What a sunset, how the smog  
makes it glow  
And Marin County is wonderful yet!  
~~Working on the streets below~~  
~~As a man we all know~~

~~But~~ In the harbor the sails still roll  
But down on the streets below  
Is a man we all know  
No doubt he has a shining soul  
But the tasks he performs  
As ~~so~~ sure lack any in charms  
He's the jackhammer man  
He's got some some sturdy hauls  
He's the leader of his band  
He's the jackhammer man

Hello ~~the~~ street department ~~shin~~  
Memphis Tennessee still there  
In a favor that you can do ~~for~~  
The streets are sufficient in sure you'll agree  
Maybe the parks or the zoo  
Could like a friend of mine  
Teach him how to garden in ~~the~~ <sup>fog or</sup> shine  
Any new trade or skill is fine  
But sure there's a better use of his time

Surely be tomorrow ~~everything~~  
all such work will cease  
~~the road to the~~ quiet days  
Will give way to trees and ~~the~~  
~~the traffic with things to~~  
~~and the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
The ~~at~~ at once all cars will stop  
Drivers leave the keys  
Smiling they will walk away  
Walk in a silent ~~stream~~ stream  
To thank the man <sup>with the quiet</sup> ~~who made the dream~~ <sup>seams</sup>  
How ~~we don't have to stream~~  
Let us praise then he whose dream  
Has given us the space to  
begin the human race  
Chorus

~~and~~ ~~down~~ what he can  
Turns stone to sand

I'm sure he understands  
He's got a million fans