

The Bird in the Cage

The Bird in the Cage
(Ruthie Gorton)

My bird is learning how to fly
Soaring on the wings of her song
If sometimes she flies a bit too high
It's 'cause she was in my cage for so long

And I kept her in my cage, and I fed her every day
I said, Little bird if you watch me, I'll show you the way
I'll teach you how to fly so high, I'll teach you how to sing
But if you want to be like me I've got to clip your wings

She said, I see you have the wisdom that must come with age
It must be 'cause you love me that you keep me in this cage
Then one day my bird awoke and found her song was gone
She asked me, What can it be, did I do something wrong?

Well I got very angry and I said, Bird, hang your head
You're not singing like you should, you cry all day instead
How can you behave so, after all I've done for you
And the more she tried, the more she cried, and wondered what to do

I've seen her tears of anguish turn to tears of rage
She said, How can I learn to fly when you keep me in this cage?
Now I know that if I stay, I'll never learn to sing
So I am going far away, you can't teach me a thing

You know my freedom is not something you can give to me
Well I must take it for myself if I want to be free
I've got to trust my own wings if I want to learn to fly
In this cage I'll never sing, I've got to find the sky

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