

The Bird Lady

*Brown is the colour of her feather-textured hair
and she sits there with her birds upon a cage beside the chair.
And her voice sings out for freedom like a Nightingale on stage
but like her birds we'll spend most of our lives inside a cage.*

*Sing a song of anything and her heart is flying free;
four and twenty Blackbirds wouldn't sound as sweet to me.*

*Her heart is multicoloured like the plumage of her birds,
and her fingers clutch the steel bars that capture all her words,
and her voice goes on the airwaves and the taxis they all dance.
We all want to fly to freedom but we seldom get the chance.*

*Sing a song of anything and her heart is flying free;
four and twenty Blackbirds wouldn't sound as sweet to me.*

*Bird Lady, I've listened to your words
and maybe I've realised the freedom we deserve,*

*'Cause the windows never open and the keys they never turn,
and despite the many lessons how to fly, we never learn.*

*If flying free means loneliness we'll often chose to stay;
are we strong enough to cope with all that freedom anyway?*

*Sing a song of anything and her heart is flying free;
four and twenty Blackbirds wouldn't sound as sweet to me.*