

Abney Park, The Change Cage

I take a steam train to work
Just like the one my father took
And I pass over the walls
I see the people as I look

I see there's the block
For folks with yellow skin
There's the block for folks who have no chin
There's the block for me & all my kin
And over there's the change cage where we throw the rebels in

I work the change cage
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall

Walls of iron bolted with steel
Two miles high that should hide how we feel
And in the city we've walled off each block
This should work to segregate any racial melting pot

Long ago we learned of the trouble
When a man steps out of his life's plastic bubble
So we walled off the city, caged thoughts that were free
And now our lives are safe from any change that
Could have come between you & me

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They say an artist from block 616
Revived some old art just for his own kicks
They say his pictures were lude
They say his women were nude
So we throw them inside

Well now that artist can run, he can hide
But sooner or later we'll throw him inside
I don't think the people should see
Well that's not art to me
So we'll throw them inside

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