

# Elton John, Cage The Songbird

Sober in the morning light  
Things look so much different  
To how they looked last night  
A pale face pressed to an unmade bed  
Like flags of many nations flying high above her head

The cellophane still on the flowers  
The telegram still in her hand  
As whispers circulate all day  
Their back-stage baby princess passed away

And you can cage the songbird  
But you can't make her sing  
And you can trap the free bird  
But you'll have to clip her wings  
'Cause she'll soar like a hawk when she flies  
But she'll dive like an eagle when she dies

Promises of no more lies  
Fell flat upon an empty stage  
Before the audience arrived  
A return in time to the cheaper seats  
She never knew what lay beneath  
Just a dated handbill they found between the sheets

Let down before the final curtain  
A shallow heart that left her cold  
She left in rouge upon the mirror  
A circled kiss to the faithful who'd miss her