

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