

The free
bird leaps on the back of the
floats downstream till the current
his wings in the orange sun rays and
his narrow cage can seldom see through his
so he opened his throat to sing.
that stalks down
and his feet are tied
trill of the things unknown but longed for still and his tune is heard on the
sings of freedom. The free bird thinks of another breeze and the trade winds
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn and he names the sky
stands on the grave of his dreams his shadow shouts on a nightmare
scream his wings are clipped and his feet are tied so he opens his throat to sing. The caged bird
sings with a fearful trill of things unknown but longed for still and his tune is heard on the distant
hill for the gaged bird sings of freedom. The free bird leaps on the back of the wind and
floats till the current ends and dips his wings in the orange sun rays and dares to claim
the sky. But a bird that stalks down his narrow cage can seldom see through
his bars of rage his wings are clipped and his wings are tied so he opens
his throat to sing. The caged bird sings with fearful trill of the things
unknown but longed for still and his tune is heard on the
distant hill for the caged bird sings of freedom. The free
bird thinks of another breeze and the tread winds
soft tthrough the singing trees and the
fat worms on a dawn bright lawn and he
names the sky his own. But a gaged bird
stands on the grave of dreams his shadow
shouts on a nightmare scream his wings are
clipped and his feet are tied so he opens his
throat to sing. The caged bird sings with a fear
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