

Two Small Birds

From the album "Pocket Change" by Berkley Hart
Written by Calman Hart

Two small birds in a cage
One feels trapped
One feels safe
One is happy just to be warm & dry
One is crying out to spread her wings & fly

Two small birds side by side
Heard about another world outside
One's content to never know
One can't bear the mystery anymore

Two small birds fell in love
A long a time ago it was enough
Now one is dying from despair
One sits on his perch and doesn't care

One is pleading with the other
She knows there must be more
And if they worked on it together
They could pry open the door
But he sits there like a statue
Leaving well enough alone
He can't see past the bars
And the safety of his home

Two small birds growing old
The silence in the cage is dark and cold
They used to sing and swing back & forth
But there isn't much to sing about anymore