

# Caged Bird

[Abbey Lincoln](#)

The birds who live in cages  
never spread their wings  
They sit with ruffled feathers  
upon their tiny swings  
and speculate the birdseed  
and while away the day  
tuck their heads in feathers  
of colorful arrays I know why the caged bird sings  
a sweet and soulful song  
I know why the caged bird sings  
when everything seems wrong  
I know why the caged bird sings  
and flaps his tethered wings  
birds were made to fly away  
and birds were made to sing The birds who live in cages  
feel the morning sun  
shining through the window  
where the captain lives by gun  
and stretches forth his body  
and warbles for the day  
moves his head from side to side  
and listens for the way I know why the caged bird sings  
a sweet and soulful song  
I know why the caged bird sings  
when everything seems wrong  
I know why the caged bird sings  
and flaps his tethered wings  
birds were made to fly away  
and birds were made to sing

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