

# In the Cage

## Antonio Torrini Avicenne Jazz Project

I got sunshine in my stomach  
Like I just rocked my baby to sleep  
I got sunshine in my stomach  
But I can't keep me from creeping sleep  
Sleep, deep in the deepRock face moves to press my skin  
White liquid turn sour within  
Turn fast, turn sour  
Turn sweat, turn sour  
Must tell myself that I'm not here  
I'm drowning in a liquid fear  
Bottled in a strong compression  
My distortion shows obsessionIn the cave  
Get me out of this cave!If I keep my self-control  
I'll be safe in my soul  
And the childhood belief  
Brings a moment's relief  
But my cynic soon returns  
And the lifeboat burns  
My spirit just never learnsStalactites, stalagmites  
Shut me in, lock me tight  
Lips are dry, throat is dry  
Feel like burning, stomach churning  
I'm dressed up in a white costume  
Padding out leftover room  
Body stretching, feel the retchingIn the cage  
Get me out of the cageIn the glare of a light  
I see a strange kind of sight  
Of cages joined to form a star  
Each person can't go very far  
All tied to their things  
They're netted by their strings  
Free to flutter in memories of their wasted wingsOutside the cage I see my brother, John  
He turns his head so slowly 'round  
I cry out, 'Help" before he can be gone  
And he looks at me without a sound  
And I shout out, "John, please help me!"  
But he does not even want to try to speak  
I'm helpless in my violent rage  
And a silent tear of blood dribbles down his cheek

And I watch him turn away and leave the cage  
My little runaway Raindrops keep falling on my head  
They keep falling on my  
Raindrops keep falling on my head  
They keep falling on my  
Raindrops keep falling on my head, feel a trap  
Holding still, pinned for kill  
Chances narrow that I'll make it  
In the cushioned straight-jacket  
Just like 22nd Street  
They got me by my neck and feet  
Pressures building, can't take more  
My headaches charge, earaches roar In this pain  
Get me out of this pain If I could change to liquid  
I could fill the cracks up in the rocks  
I know that I am solid  
And I am my own bad luck  
Outside John disappears and my cage dissolves  
And without any reason my body revolves Keep on turning  
Keep on turning  
Keep on turning  
Keep on turning  
Turning around  
Just spinning around Round  
Round  
Round  
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