

The Change Cage

Abney Park

I take a steam train to work
Just like the one my father took
And I pass over the walls
I see the people as I look

I see--there's the block
For folks with yellow skin;
There's the block for folks who have no chin;
There's the block for me and all my kin;
And over there is the change cage where we throw the rebels in.

I work the change cage
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.

Walls of iron bolted with steel
Two miles high, that should hide how we feel.
And in the city we've walled off each block
This should work to segregate any racial melting pot.

Long ago we learned of the trouble
When a man steps out of his life's plastic bubble
So we walled off the city, caged thoughts that were free
And now our lives are safe from any change that
Could have come between you and me.

I work the change cage
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.

I work the change cage
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.

They say an artist from block 616
Revived some old art just for his own kicks.
They say his pictures were lewd,
They say his women were nude,
So we throw them inside.

Well, now, that artist can run, he can hide
But sooner or later we'll throw him inside.
I don't think the people should see,
Well that's not art to me,
So we'll throw them inside.

I work the change cage
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall.
Here on our side of the wall
And I will hold the key until the day they say the cage will fall...