

House of Diamonds

Bowerbirds

One morning you wake to find
you are shackled to your bed
and bound and gagged
Oh my, what a predicament

And further, further on
the day grows long
Your sister marries a nice young man
and they build a house of diamonds

But the sun is snuffed by the curtains
Can't someone come untie you?
But there is too much work to do
Yes, they all admire you

You are free
You are already free
You are already free

You are free from the greed of your culture
You are free from the lust for the luster
of the diamond houses in the city's cluster
From your own ego, from your own blunder

Yes, you own the stars, you own the thunder
But you have to share
Yes, you own the stars, you own the thunder
But you have to share it all

You are free
You are already free
You are already free