

I'm In A Cage

Tim Minchin

Yeah, I'm in a cage
Yeah, can you see me?
I'm here, in this... cage.

I'm in a cage
I'm in a cage
I'm in a cage, motherfucker, cage, motherfucker
Csn you see me?
I'm in a cage

I'm in a cage
I've just come to the stage
Where I can't be persuaded to set foot on stage
Until some punk has paid for a cage
Because a cage is all the rage in this day and age
For the proper famous

It's outrageous
I'ts taken me ages
To come to the stage where I'm arriving on stages in cages
There's probably subtext, are you picking it up?
It's a metaphor for... who gives a fuck?

I'm in a cage (You're in a fucking cage dude)
I'm in a cage

I could've swung in on a swing
Done the Britney and Pink thing
And then I could have linked it to the ups and downs of existence
I could've flown in in a 'copter
Rode in on a chopper
Drop down on a wire
Emerge from a fire
There's only one place for the genuine stars
And that's hanging out in bars

Nothing ruins comedy like arenas
That is a well-established fact
But your enjoyment is not as important as my self-esteem is
My ego's the only thing you can see clearly from the back

But I'm quite famous now, so suck my balls
I've sold my tickets, my job is done, fuck you all
Who cares about quality? This is not about you, this is all about me
And my tiny little penis, and flogging DVDs

So bring it on, bring it on
Fuck the punters, bring it on
I am a rockstar, motherfucker
And I won't be one for long

So bring it on, bring it on
You gotta make hay in the shining sun
You gotta rock all the way up
'Cause the only place to go from here is down

But I'm trapped for now

And the fact for now
Is there's no escaping this
I'm wearing baseball caps to hide my face
So the paps don't snap my kids
All I ever wanted was to sing my little songs
But now I'm pregnant in Hello Magazine
And I'm overweight in Cosmopolitan

So bring it on
Before too long my wife and kids will be gone, gone, gone
And I'll have wanked myself to death
In the penthouse suite of the Four Seasons
So bring it on, bring it on
Phone the hookers, stoke the bong
I am a rockstar, I've got my own orchestra
I can do what I fucking want

I thought fame would make me happy
But she's a fickle, cheap romance
No one even listens to my lyrics
They just wanna see me dance

I'm in a cage (all the real stars are hanging out in bars)
I'm in a cage (hanging out in bars)
I'm in a cage (all the real stars are hanging out in bars)
I'm in a cage (hanging out in bars, bars, bars...)