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