

Grab your buoys and your bells  
Warm the warbler in her cell  
Maybe not a hollow knell  
Maybe not freedom as well

But hear her sing and sing along  
Add a chorus to her song  
Sweet as honey in the throng  
What can sting can still be stung

Is this all in vain?  
Do we only serve to entertain?

All day long we sit around  
And watch the wicked take their crowns  
Drink their wine and stumble down  
While our ship goes down and down  
All day long we ask ourselves  
Should our arrows see the shelf?  
Should we even be so bold  
To tell a story that's so old?

(Grab your buoys and your bells)  
(Warm the warbler in her cell)