

Twelve hours since the exodus...
Streets are running red three blocks away.
They strapped the TV to the car.
They packed the microwave...

The DVDs, the fish cakes and the beer...
Knives and forks, garden shears...
But left me here...

Still I'll sing for you...sing for you
So pretty in my cage...
I will sing for you...I'll sing for you...
Be patient, it's a sad song...

When Captain Thunder claps his hands,
It's time for us to flee.
It doesn't matter what you're doing.
Never mind what's on TV.

Father spoke these words of wisdom
And we listened patiently.
But when it happened...

No one noticed me!

Still I'll sing for you...sing for you...
So pretty in this cage...
I will sing for you...I'll sing for you...
Be patient, it's a sad song...

Sing for you...sing for you
So precious in my cage...
I will sing for you...I'll sing for you
Be patient, it's a sad song...

Swear I heard the striking of a match, the rustle of a
plastic bag
And wondered: Did they think of me? Were they back?
But here it's empty...only little me...neighbor's
cat...

But I'll sing for you...sing for you...
So pretty in my cage...
I will sing for you...I'll sing for you...
Be patient, it's a sad song!

Sing for you...sing for you...
So precious in this cage...
I will sing for you...I'll sing for you...
Be patient, it's a sad song!