

# Sweeney Todd (musical), Green finch and linnet

Green finch and linnet bird,  
nightingale, blackbird,  
how is it you sing?  
How can you jubilate, sitting in cages,  
never taking wing?  
Outside the sky waits, beckoning, beckoning,  
just beyond the bars.  
How can you remain, staring at the rain,  
maddened by the stars?  
How is it you sing anything?  
How is it you sing?  
My cage has many rooms, damask and dark.  
Nothing there sings, not even my lark.  
Larks never will, you know, when they're captive.  
Teach me to be more adaptive.  
Green finch and linnet bird,  
nightingale, blackbird,  
Teach me how to sing.  
If I cannot fly, let me sing.