

# Tim Minchin, I'm In A Cage

Yeah, yeah!  
I'm in a cage  
Can you see me?  
I'm up here, in this cage...  
Yeah  
Shit!

I'm in a cage  
I'm in a cage  
I'm in a cage, motherfucker  
Cage, motherfucker  
Can 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  
It's taken me ages  
To come to the stage  
Where I'm arriving on stages in cages  
It'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  
Dropped down on a wire  
Emerged 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...)