

Tin Man

America

Sometimes late when things are real
And the people share the gift of gab between themselves
Some are quick to take the bait
And catch the perfect prize that waits among the shelves But Oz never did give nothing to the
Tin-man
That he didn't, didn't already have
And 'cause never was the reason for the evenin'
Or the tropic of Sir Galahad So please, believe in me
When I say I'm spinning round, round, round, round
Smoke glass stain'd bright colors
Image going down, down, down, down
Soap sud green like bubbles
Oz never did give nothing to the Tin-man
That he didn't, didn't already have
And 'cause never was the reason for the evenin'
Or the tropic of Sir Galahad So please, believe in me
When I say I'm spinning round, round, round, round
Smoke glass stain'd bright colors
Image going down, down, down, down
Soapsud green like bubbles
No, Oz never did give nothing to the Tin-man
That he didn't, didn't already have
And 'cause never was the reason for the evenin'
Or the tropic of Sir Galahad So please, believe in me

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>