

# 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>