

Avett Brothers, The

"Tin Man"

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you can't be like me
but be happy that you can't
I see pain but I don't feel it
I am like the old tin man

I'm as worn as a stone
I keep it steady as I can
I see pain but I don't feel it
I am like the old tin man

I miss it
I miss it (oh)
I miss that
feeling of feeling

I used to fill the sky around
with happiness and joy
I had news to give the wind
to keep my sails and heart employed

I felt people move around me
I felt loneliness and shame
back then everyday was different
now each moment is the same

I miss it
I miss it (oh)
I miss that feeling of feeling

I miss it
I miss it (oh)
I miss that feeling of feeling

the feeling of feeling

the wind upon my face
and caring what it brings this way
the feeling of feeling
these minutes pass away
and caring what I do with them
baby bring me life or something else

so it goes a man grows cold
some would say a man grows strong
they say life only grows short
I say the road only grows long

as long as there's a road
my feet will never touch the ground
if you won't give my heart back
I've no need to stick around

I miss it
I miss it (oh)
I miss that
feeling of feeling
the feeling of feeling
the feeling of feeling

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