

## America "Tin Man"

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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  
Soapsud green like bubbles

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So please, believe in me

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