

While Eagles Dare

"The tinman cometh"

Visit "[The tinman cometh](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Point the wheel to the north
You've gotta steer us true
We'll ride this beast of rotting wood and rusted metal
through
The winding hills and relentless head on winds
What do you do when the only thing holding this
together is hope?
And it will never be enough
No, it will never be enough
Waiting for the next blow out
Waiting for the next catastrophe
When this road splits wide open
To swallow another champion heart
Stake another cross into the side of the road
Every cloud the casts a shadow
Cutting through with rain
All the words uttered in anger
Every ounce of pain
Every time the dust blows hard
Stinging our eyes and lungs
Is another reason to push forward
Till this journeys done
I didn't come this far to turn back now
Torn between that open road
And open arms welcoming me home

Visit [While Eagles Dare](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.