Tin Man Town

Sahara Smith

There ain't no train could, roll you back where I remain.
White wings and chimney smoke, the thin lips of subway ghosts and,Hey Old World, where'd you put that heart of mine?
Hey Old Jim, leave it back on Texas time.
And I can fly no higher; hands can't break the telephone wire.
When your wheels touch down just, think of me in Tin Man Town.Love was the stolen choice, but it gave back your goodbye voice.
Gave me my ancient dolls and taught them how to cry all night.Hey Old World, where'd you put that heart of mine?
Hey Old Jim, leave it on the railroad line.
And I can fly no higher; hands can't break the telephone wire.
When your wheels touch down just, think of me in Tin Man Town.Can't count the stars we fed to the soft saints of unmade beds
But under my skin you found the yellow lights of Tin Man Town.
Hey Old World, where'd you put that heart of mine?
Hey why'd you leave it so damn far behind.
And I can fly no higher; hands can't break the telephone wire.
When your wheels touch down just, think of me in Tin Man Town.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/