

The Way I Feel

Gordon Lightfoot

The way I feel is like a robin
Whose babes have flown to come no more
Like a tall oak tree alone and cryin'
When the birds have flown and the nest is bare
Now a woman Lord, is like a young bird
And the tall oak tree is a young man's heart
Among its boughs you find her nesting
When the nights are cool, she's warm and dry
Your coat of green, it will protect her
Her wings will grow, your love will too
But all too soon, your mighty branches
Will cease to hold her and she'll fly from you
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