Tin Man (Live In London) [feat. Carleen Anderson]

Incognito

Sometimes late when things are real
And people share the gift of gab between themselves
Some are quick to take the bait
And catch the perfect prize that waits among the shelvesBut 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 evening
Or the tropic of Sir GalahadSo please believe in me
When I say I'm spinning round, round, round, round
Smoke glass, stain bright color
Image going down, down, down, down
Soapsuds green like bubbles, oh, oh noOh, Oz never did give nothing to the Tin man
That he didn't, didn't already have
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Songwriters
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