

Tin Man

Shakey Graves

Once upon your favorite dream
Things were different but familiar
Straw was stickin' out your seat
Everything was technicolor
Isn't it sad to be back in black-and-white?
No yellow road, no witch to fight?
Too bad there's no place like home

You ain't dead yet
Twenty-seven came and went
Now you live to fight another day
As the hero of the carpool lane
Day by day, if the posted limit you obey
Then the biggest shot in your life
Will be dressed with salt and lime

Once upon a terrible dream
You couldn't move a muscle
Can't even pick an apple off of a tree
Without gettin' into trouble
Isn't it good to be back in black-and-white?
No yellow road, no witch inside?
Thank God there's no place like home

Scarecrow ain't got nothin' on me
I'm thinkin', I'm blinkin', I'm blinkin' today
The lie never was cowardly
'Cause I'm shrinkin', I'm shrinkin', I'm shrinkin' away
The tin man ain't got nothin' on you
Your heart is beatin', beatin' 'cause...

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