

# Tin Man

The Avett Brothers

You can't be like me  
But be happy that you can't  
I see pain but I don't feel it  
I am like the old tin man

I'm as warm as a stone  
I keep it steady as I can  
I see pain but I don't feel it  
I am like the old tin man

I miss that, I miss that, oh, I miss that feeling of feeling

I used to feel the sky around  
With happiness and joy  
I had news to give the wind  
To keep my cells and heart employed

I felt people move around me  
I felt loneliness and shame  
Back then every day was different  
Now each moment is the same

I miss that, I miss that, oh, I miss that feeling of feeling  
I miss that, I miss that, oh, I miss that feeling of feeling  
The feeling of feeling

The wind above my face  
And carrying what it brings this way  
The feeling of feeling  
The minutes pass away  
And carrying what I do with them (Oh)  
Maybe bring me love or something else

And so it goes, a man grows cold  
Some would say a man grows strong  
They say life only grows short  
I say the road only grows long

But as long as there's a road  
My feet will never touch the ground  
And if you won't give my heart back  
I've no need to stick around

I miss that, I miss that, oh, I miss that feeling of feeling (Yeah!)  
I miss that, I miss that, oh, I miss that feeling of feeling  
The feeling of feeling  
The feeling of feeling