

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 shelves  
But 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 Galahad  
So 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 no  
Oh, 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 Galahad  
So 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 no  
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 Galahad  
So 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, oh, oh