

# Sandy Denny, The Way I Feel

The way I feel is like a robin,  
Whoses birds 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 branches, you'll find her nesting  
When the nights are cool, she is warm and dry.

In leaves of green they will protect her,  
Her wings will grow, your love will too  
But all too soon your mighty branches  
Will fail to hold her, she'll fly from you.

(repeat first verse)