

# Tokyo Rose, The Tin Man Gets His Heart

You hold your head in your hands  
Your pregnant sighs are fully loaded  
You hold your breath like a gun  
Or just like a grenade before you throw it  
Into the first place that you belong  
Straight at the first face you can count on  
You couldn't be more wrong  
Not if you said the world was flat  
And were the only one  
You're scared they'll lead you on  
But if you just leat your guard down  
You'll find you're one of them  
That bitter taste in your mouth  
Shows you're still reeling from rejection  
That cautious pace with which you walk  
Shows just how quick you'll change direction  
Out of the first place that you belong  
Away from faces you can count on  
Your hollow chest will rust  
Or maybe cave in from lack of trust  
You're grasping out at straws  
You think everybody's out to pick at your flaws  
You couldn't be more wrong  
Because you're just like all of them