

## The Way I Feel

The way I feel is like a robin  
whose babes 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 his boughs you'll find her nesting  
when the nights are cool she's warm and dry

Your coat of green it will protect her  
her wings will grow your love will too  
But all too soon your mighty branches  
will cease to hold her and she'll fly from you

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