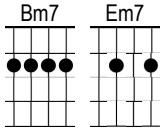


# The Way I Feel

Gordon Lightfoot



**Em7** **Bm7** x4

**Em7** The way I **Bm7** feel, is like a **Em7** robin  
Whose babes have **Bm7** flown, to come no **Em7** more  
Like a tall oak **Bm7** tree, alone and **Em7** cryin'  
When the birds have **Bm7** flown, and the nest is **Em7** bare

Now a woman **Bm7** Lord, is like a **Em7** young bird  
And the tall oak **Bm7** tree, is a young man's **Em7** heart  
Among its **Bm7** boughs, you'll find her **Em7** nestin'  
When the nights are **Bm7** cool, she's warm and **Em7** dry

Your coat of **Bm7** green, it will pro**Em7**tect her  
Her wings will **Bm7** grow, your love will, **Em7** too  
But all too **Bm7** soon, your mighty **Em7** branches  
Will cease to **Bm7** hold her, she'll fly from **Em7** you

**Bm7** **Em7** x4

**Em7** Now the way I **Bm7** feel, is like a **Em7** robin  
Whose babes have **Bm7** flown, to come no **Em7** more  
Like a tall oak **Bm7** tree, alone and **Em7** cryin'  
When the birds have **Bm7** flown, and the nest is **Em7** bare

When the birds have **Bm7** flown, and the nest is **Em7** bare **Bm7**  $\frac{1}{2}$ **Em7**

**Em7** ↓