

Paolo Nutini, Tricks Of The Trade

Was it love or recognition that has
healed this man's condition
I'm hoping and I'm wishing that
this bird won't fly away
We can see life hand in hand,
the green, the blue, the rough, the sand
And in our time and in our land
we'll savor everyday
And oh, how our glory may fade,
at least we've learned
some things along the way
You took me from my bubble
knowing my defense was weak
And you sat there and you listened
any time I chose to speak
you gathered from my pleas to
you that I am but a clown
And I fear only a hero can defeat
these demons now
And oh, how our glory may fade,
at least we've learned some
tricks of trade
And as time shall inevitably move on,
oh well, at least we'll have four strong
legs to stand on
To keep us alive...