

Tricks

Missy Higgins

I'm done with poetry
I'm done with prose
I'm done with dressing up these words in delicate clothes
I'm done with dancing on this here box
like a begging dog

I'm done with smoke screens
and fancy veils
I'm done with all this petty decorating of myself
I'm hanging up these
whistles and bells
'cos I can tell

that none of my tricks work on you
no matter what I do
you seem to see straight through
Why don't they work on you?

I'm done with high heels
ribbons and bows
I'm done with pulling up my skirt so that you rethink saying no
I've got no cards left up my sleeve
I've tried everything to please

But none of my tricks work on you
no matter what I do
you seem to see straight through
Why don't they work on you?

Guess you should want me the way I am
Truth is I want to be more than that

So I'm gonna find me someone to believe
only the versions I show them of me
Yeah I'm gonna find me someone I can
hold in the palm of my hand

Cos none of my tricks work on you
no matter what I do
you seem to see straight through
Why don't they work on you?

Why don't my tricks work
why don't my tricks work
why don't my tricks work on you baby?
Why don't my trick work, why don't all my tricks work
Why don't my tricks work on you?

Cos you're the only one I wanna fool