

## Tricks of the Trade

Paolo Nutini

Was it love or recognition  
That has healed this man's condition?  
Oh, I'm hoping and wishing  
That this bird won't fly away

And we can see life hand in hand  
The green, the blue, the rock, the sand  
And in our time and in our land  
We'll savor every day

And oh, how our glory may fade  
Fade, well, at least we've learned  
Some things along the way

Oh, you took me from my bubble  
Knowing my defense was weak  
And you sat there and you listened  
Anytime I chose to speak

Oh, and you gather from my pleas to you  
That I am but a clown  
No fear only a hero can defeat  
These demons now

And oh, how our glory may fade  
Fade, well, at least we've learned  
Some tricks of the trade

And as time shall inevitably move on  
Well, at least we'll have four strong legs  
To stand on to keep us alive