

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