

Missy Higgins

"Tricks"

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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 over myself
I'm hanging up these whistles and bells
Cause I can tell:

[Chorus]

That none 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

[Chorus]

But none 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.
Ohhh
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

[Chorus]

Cause none 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 tricks work?
Why don't all my tricks work?
Why don't my tricks work on you?
Cause you're the only one I wanna fool.

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