

## **Paolo Nutini**

### **"Hidden Track"**

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I have returned to the northern skies,  
Where the summer had not touched  
The clouds that pass above.  
Oh, and I have returned to the somber grace  
Of the days too early to come and too early to stay.  
And I have left a million stars,  
And an ocean so lightly, so clearly blue.  
And I have left the warmth of the sun  
And a million adventures not yet begun.  
The great sense of passing through,  
The great sense of passing through,  
The great sense of passing through.  
Oh, for once there was beauty here for me  
Under these white, northern skies.  
I felt the green was blacker  
And the blue was darker still.  
My roots are lying deeper than I ever think they will  
again.  
Heartache and poverty under these northern skies.  
The great sense of passing through,  
The great sense of passing through,  
The great sense of passing through

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