

Chamber Music

Paolo Nutini

Sweet little Rosie, my softest machine
Bounces with me on my big trampoline
Childish and silly, we're part of a team
Me and my Rose on my big trampoline
I was a shadow, I'd smoke and I'd sleep
Till you came and I opened like a flower to the heat
And now Rosie, she tells me of things that she's seen
With flowers in her hair on my big trampoline

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