

Paolo Nutini, Chamber Music

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.