

Norah Jones, Not Too Late

Tell me how you've been,
Tell what you've seen,
Tell me that you'd like to see me too.

'cause my heart is full of no blood,
My cup is full of no love,
Couldn't take another sip even if I wanted.

But it's not too late,
Not too late for love.

My lungs are out of air,
Yours are holding smoke,
And it's been like that for so long.

I've seen people try to change,
And I know it isn't easy,
But nothin' worth the time ever is.

And it's not too late,
It's not too late for love,
For love,
For love,
For love.