

# Norah Jones, Sinkin' Soon

We're an oyster cracker on the stew,  
And the honey in the tea,  
We're the sugar cubes, one lump or two,  
In the black coffee,  
The golden crust on an apple pie,  
That shines in the sun at noon,  
We're a wheel of cheese high in the sky,  
But we're gonna be sinkin' soon.

In a boat that's built of sticks and hay,  
We drifted from the shore,  
With a captain who's too proud to say,  
That he dropped the oar,  
Now a tiny hole has sprung a leak,  
In this cheap pontoon,  
Now the hull has started growing weak,  
And we're gonna be sinkin' soon.

We're gonna be  
Sinkin' soon,  
We're gonna be  
Sinkin' soon,  
Everybody hold your breath 'cause,  
We're gonna be sinkin' soon

We're gonna be  
Sinkin' soon,  
We're gonna be  
Sinkin' soon,  
Everybody hold your breath 'cause,  
Down and down we go.

Like the oyster cracker on the stew,  
The honey in the tea  
The sugar cubes, one lump or two?  
No thank you none for me.  
We're the golden crust on an apple pie,  
That shines in the sun at noon,  
Like the wheel of cheese high in the sky  
Well ... we're gonna be sinkin' soon.