

Norah Jones, Strange Transmissions

I believe, you say
Don't think, we stay
Drawn through the ebb
Lost in the flower

Beneath my breath, I confess
My world, loved less
The devil held the proof for me to know

I could only fight for the longest while
But with the truth out baby
I belong to you

I stoop, to find
My place, entwined
I took it to the bottom one more time

I could only fight for the longest while
But with the truth out baby
I belong to you

I could trip and I want you to know
Very time I think that I think I should go
I receive strange transmissions