

# Norah Jones, The Worst

Well I said from the first  
That I, I'm the worst kind of guy  
For you to be around  
Tear me apart  
Including this old heart  
That is true  
And never ever let you down

You should'nt stick with me  
You trust me too much, you see  
Take all the pain  
It's yours anyway  
Get out kid

Oh put the blame on me  
You ought to pass, you see  
Oh somewhere outside  
I threw  
Love aside  
And now  
It's a tragedy

I said from the first  
That I, I'm the worst kind of guy  
For you to be around