

Norah Jones, Things You Don't Have To Do

I walk down the diamond studded concrete canyon
Nobody looked me in the eye
Tried to fly to the moon
Only made it to the sky
I was looking, looking for
I couldn't find a friend
Searching for a clear connection
Without a digital send

Ain't it just a little scary sometimes
To find the lies that you know to be true
I'll find you smiling about
Things you don't have to do

Bill doesn't call me anymore
I hear he's found religion
Big haired blonde apprentice beautician
And all the words and gesticulations that came before
Don't seem to mean a thing
You can feel fine to drop a dime
If you're ever hanging by a string

Ain't it just a little scary sometimes
To find the lies that you know to be true
I'll find you smiling about
Things you don't have to do

I hear voices crying out
Echoes on the boulevard
Contentious rambling incantations
Of some senile bard
There's too much going on around here
To keep my head from spinning
And this constant acceleration
Blurs any ties to the beginning

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