

Flipside

Norah Jones

I tried to get high, but you wanted me low
Good things are happening, but happening slow
It's some kind of mystery from long ago

I finally know who I'm supposed to be
My mind was locked but I found the key
Hope it don't all slip away from me

Hard times, fine lines
Moments pass by and I cry
Rewind, step behind
It's hard to find the flipside

I can't stand when you tell me to get back
If we're all free, then why does it seem we can't just be?

You saw your reflection all over the news
Your temperature's well past a hundred and two
Put the guns away, or we'll all gonna lose

Stand by, or take flight
Eat or throw your peace pie
Walk on, or be mine
Moments fly by and I cry

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