

Stuck

Norah Jones

You shove your way, through the room from the street
And finally to me
Ya ask me what I'm drinking
My friend johnny, tugging on my sleeve
Asks if I wanna leave
But what I'm really thinking is

Why can't it be easy, easy
Why don't you leave, leave me, leave me be

I can see you swaying
I can't hear what you're saying

I'm sitting here stuck
And plastered to my seat
I think up a reason to leave
When you finally stop speaking

I'll take a a long slow
Walked down Washington Street
Half asleep on my feet
Half aware if I'm dreaming

I'll go home alone
A sinking stone
A switched-off telephone
I'll go on and be free
A frozen breeze
A fallen down factory

But I still see you swaying
And I can't hear what you're saying

I just lost the plot
Got a little caught
In a little knot
I just hit a wall
Had a little fall
Felt a swinging wrecking ball

And why should that be
Why don't you tell me
Why don't you tell me

I'm sure you'll tell me
Why don't you tell me
I guess you'll tell me
Tell me