

## Norah Jones "Stuck"

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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

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