

Norah Jones & The Peter Malick Group

"Strange Transmissions"

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I believe, you say
Don't think, we'll stay
Drawn through the ebb
Lost in the flow

Beneath my breath, I confess
My world, loved less
The devil held the proof
For me to know

I could only fight
For the longest while
But with the truth out, baby
I belong to you

I stoop to find
My place, entwined
I took it to the bottom
One more time

I could only fight
For the longest while
But with the truth out, baby
I belong to you

I could trip and I want you to know
That every time I think
That I think I should go
I receive strange transmissions

I could trip and I want you to know
That every time I think
That I think I should go
I receive strange transmissions

I could only fight
For the longest while
But with the truth out, baby
I belong to you

I could trip and I want you to know
That every time I think

That I think I should go
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