

Tragedy

Norah Jones

It's a tragedy
It's a tragedy
It's a tragedy
It's a tragedyHe was only twenty five
Had an open heart and tender mind
He sang through all the hymns he knew
He was searching for a higher sign
When his water was turned to wine
All the darkness became lightBabies and a patient wife
They just wouldn't have to keep him high
So he gave them up just to fill his cup
Every sip would make him feel alive
No bones in his body were dryIt's a tragedy
It's a tragedy
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It's a tragedyNow he's finally come around
He's got wrinkles and a crooked friend
He holds back tears thinking of the years
That the bottle had a long time down
So he'd sit have another round
Singing hallelujah 'til it drownsIt's a tragedy
It's a tragedy
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It's a tragedy
It's a tragedy
It's a tragedy
Mhm, mhm, mhm
Mhm

Songwriters

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