Turn Me On

Norah Jones

Like a flower waiting to bloom
Like a light bulb in a dark room
I'm just sitting here waiting for you
To come on home and turn me onLike the desert waiting for the rain
Like a school-kid waiting for the spring
I'm just sitting here waiting for you
To come on home and turn me onMy poor heart, it's been so dark
Since you've been gone
After all, you're the one who turns me off
You're the only one who can turn me back onMy hi-fi is waiting for a new tune
My glass is waiting for some fresh ice cubes
I'm just sitting here waiting for you
To come on home and turn me on, turn me on

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