

Strange Transmissions

Norah Jones, The Peter Malick Group, Peter Malick

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

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