

# Strange Transmissions

Norah Jones

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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