Stuck

Norah Jones

You shove your way
Through the room from the street
And finally to me
You ask me what I'm drinking
My friend Johnny
Tugging on my sleeve
Asks if I wanna leave
But what I'm really thinking is
Why can't it be easy, easy?
Why don't you leave
Leave me, leave me be?
I can see you swaying
I can't hear what you're saying
I'm sitting here stuck
And plastered to my seat
I think up a reason to leave
When you finally stop speaking
I'll take a long slow
Walk down Washington Street

Half asleep on my feet
Half aware if I'm dreaming
I'll go home alone, a sinking stone
A switched off telephone
I'll go on, be free, a frozen breeze
A fallen down factory
But I still see you swaying
And I can't hear what you're saying
I just lost the plot, got a little caught
In a little knot
I just hit a wall had a little fall
Felt the swinging wrecking ball
And why should that be?
Why don't you tell me?
Why don't you tell me?
I'm sure you'll tell me
Why don't you tell me?
I guess you'll tell me, tell me

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