

In The Morning

Norah Jones

I can't stop myself from calling
calling out your name
I can't stop myself from falling
falling back again
in the morning,
Baby, in the afternoon Dark like the shady corner
inside a violin
Hot like to burn my lips
I know I can't win
in the morning
Baby, in the afternoon I try to quit you but I'm too weak
waking up without you
I can hardly speak at all My girlfriend tried to help me
get you off my mind
She tried a little tea and sympathy
to help me to unwind
in the morning
Baby, in the afternoon Funny how my favorite shirt
smells more like you than me
Bitter traces left behind
in stains no one can see
in the morning
Baby, in the afternoon You're gonna put me in an early grave
I know I'm your slave whenever you call I can't stop myself from calling
calling out your name
I can't stop myself from falling
falling back again
falling back again
in the morning
Baby, in the afternoon

Songwriters

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