

The Prettiest Thing

[Norah Jones](#)

Prettiest thing I ever did see
Was lightning from the top of a cloud
Moving through the dark a million miles an hour
With somewhere to be So why does it seem like a picture
Just hangin' up on someone else's wall?
Lately I just haven't been myself at all
It's heavy on my mind Now I'm dreamin' again like I've always been
Way down low I still know that the prettiest thing I ever did see
Was dusty as the handle on the door
Rusty as a nail stuck in the ol' pine floor
Looks like home to me Now I'm dreamin' again like I've always been
Way down low, thinking of the prettiest thing

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