

Flipside

Norah Jones

I tried to get high, but you wanted me low
Good things are happening, but happening slow
It's some kind of mystery from long ago I finally know who I'm supposed to be
My mind was locked but I found the key
Hope it don't all slip away from me Hard times, fun lines
Moments pass by and I cry
Rewind, step behind
It's hard to find the flip-side I can't stand when you tell me to get back
If we're all free, then why does it seem we can't just be? You saw your reflection all over the news
Your temperature's well past a hundred and two
Put the guns away, or we'll all gonna lose Stand by, or take flight
Eat or throw your piece pie
Walk on, or be mine
Moments fly by and I cry I can't stand when you tell me to get back
If we're all free, then why does it seem we can't just be?
I can't stand when you tell me to get back
If we're all free, then why does it seem we can't just be?

Songwriters

NORAH JONES, PETE REMM Published by

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