

Broken

Norah Jones

C G Dm F (2x)

C G Dmi F
He's got a broken voice and a twisted smile,
C G Dmi F
Guess he's been that way now for quite a while,
C G Dmi F
He's got blood on his shoes and mud on his brim,
C G Dmi F
Did he do it to himself or was it done to him?

C G Dm F (2x)

And people think he don't look well,
But all he needs from what I can tell,
Is someone to help wash away all the paint,
From his purple hands before it gets too late.

I saw him stand alone under a broken street light,
So sincere, singing silent night,
But the trees, they were full and the grass was green,
It was the sweetest thing I had ever seen.

He may move slow,
But that don't mean he's going nowhere,
He may be moving slow,
But that don't mean he's going nowhere.