

Little Lou, Ugly Jack, Prophet John

Norah Jones

What a waste, I could've been your lover
What a waste, I could've been your friend
Perfect love is like a blossom that fades so quick
When it's blowing up a storm in May

Travel south until your skin turns warmer
Travel south until your skin turns brown
Put a language in your head and get on a train
And then come back to the one you love

Yeah you're great, you're just part of this lifetime of dreamin
g
That extends to the heart of this long summer feeling

Quiet night, you see the tv's glowing
Quiet night, you hear the walls are awake
Being you I'm getting out of a party crowd
Can I see what's underneath your bed?

Can I stay until the milkman's working?
Can I stay until the café awakes?

Do you hate me in the light?
Did you get a fright?
When you looked across from where you lay

Yeah you're great, you're just part of this lifetime of dreamin
g
That extends to the heart of this long summer feeling
All the history of wars I invent in my head
Little Lou, Ugly Jack, Prophet John
All the history of wars I invent in my head
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