

# Stuck

Norah Jones

You shove your way, through the room from the street  
And finally to me  
Ya ask me what I'm drinking  
My friend johnny, tugging on my sleeve  
Asks if I wanna leave  
But what I'm really thinking is

Why can't it be easy, easy  
Why don't you leave, leave me, leave me be

I can see you swaying  
I can't hear what you're saying

I'm sitting here stuck  
And plastered to my seat  
I think up a reason to leave  
When you finally stop speaking

I'll take a a long slow  
Walked down Washington Street  
Half asleep on my feet  
Half aware if I'm dreaming

I'll go home alone  
A sinking stone  
A switched-off telephone  
I'll go on and be free  
A frozen breeze  
A fallen down factory

But I still see you swaying  
And I can't hear what you're saying

I just lost the plot  
Got a little caught  
In a little knot  
I just hit a wall  
Had a little fall  
Felt a swinging wrecking ball

And why should that be  
Why don't you tell me  
Why don't you tell me

I'm sure you'll tell me  
Why don't you tell me  
I guess you'll tell me  
Tell me