

Tragedy

Norah Jones

It's a tragedy,
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He was only twenty five,
had an open heart and tender mind,
he sang through all the hymns he knew,
he was searching for a higher sign,
when his water was turned to wine,
all the darkness became light.

Babies and a patient wife,
they just wouldn't have to keep him high,
so he gave them up just to fill his cup,
every sip would make him feel alive,
no bones in his body were dry.

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Now he's finally come around,
he's got wrinkles and a crooked friend,
he holds back tears thinking of the years,
that the bottle had a long time down,
so he'd sit have another round,
singing hallelujah 'till it drowns.

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