Turn Me On

Norah Jones

Like a flower, waiting to bloom Like a lightbulb in a dark room I'm just sittin' here Waiting for you To come on home and turn me onLike the desert Waiting for the rain Like a school kid Waiting for the spring I'm just sittin' here Waiting for you To come on home And turn me on My poor heart It's been so dark Since you've been gone After all you're the one who turns me off But you're the only one who can turn me back on My hi-fi is waiting for a new tube My glass is waiting for some fresh ice-cubes I'm just sittin' here Waiting for you To come on home And turn me on Turn me on

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