

Flipside

Norah Jones

Trying to get high, but you wanted me low
Good things are happening, but happen slow
Some kind of mystery from long ago I finally know who I'm supposed to be
My mind was locked but I found the key
Hope it don't ever slip away from me Raw times, fun lines
Moments pass by and I cry
Rewind, step behind
It's hard to find the flipside
I can't stand when you tell me to get back
We're all free, why don't you see we can't just be I saw your reflection all over on the news
Your temperature's well past a hundred and two
Put the guns away, or we'll all lose Stand by, or take flight
Eat or throw your piece by
Walk on, or be mine
Moments fly by and I cry
I can't stand when you tell me to get back
We're free, why don't you see we can't just be
I can't stand when you tell me to get back
We're free, why don't you see we can't just be

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