

# Norah Jones, Flipside

I tried to get high, but you wanted me low  
Good things are happening, but happening slow  
It's 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 all slip away from me

Hard 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  
If we're all free, then why does it seem we can't just be?

You saw your reflection all over the news  
Your temperature's well past a hundred and two  
Put the guns away, or we'll all gonna lose

Stand by, or take flight  
Eat or throw your piece pie  
Walk on, or be mine  
Moments fly by and I cry

I can't stand when you tell me to get back  
If we're all free, then why does it seem we can't just be?  
I can't stand when you tell me to get back  
If we're all free, then why does it seem we can't just be?