

Norah Jones, One Flight Down

One flight down
There's a song on low
And your mind just picked up on the sound
Now you know you're wrong
Because it drifts like smoke
And it's been there playing all along
Now you know
Now you know

The reeds and brass have been weaving
Leading into a single note

In this place
Where your arms unfold
Here at last you see your ancient face
Now you know
Now you know

The cadence rolls in broken
Plays it over and then goes

One flight down
There's a song on low
And it's been there playing all along
Now you know
Now you know