

Norah Jones, More Than This

I could feel at the time
There was no way of knowing
Fallen leaves in the night
Who can say where they're blowing
As free as the wind
And hopefully learning
Why the sea on the tide
Has no way of turning
More than this
There is nothing
Oh more than this
You tell me one thing
More than this
You know there's nothing
It was fun for a while
There was no way of knowing
Like a dream in the night
Who can say where we're going
No care in the world
And maybe I'm learning
Why the sea on the tide
It has no way of turning
More than this
You know there is nothing
Oh more than this
You tell me one thing
More than this
There is nothing
Nothing
More than this
You know there is nothing
Much more than this
You tell me one thing
More than this
There is nothing
More than