

Norah Jones, New York City

I can't remember what I planned tomorrow
I can't remember when it's time to go
When I look in the mirror
Tracing lines with a pencil
I remember what came before

I wanted to think there was endless love
Until I saw the light dim in your eyes
In the dead of the night I found out
Sometimes there's love that won't survive

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Such a beautiful disease
New York City
Such a beautiful,
Such a beautiful disease

Laura kept all her disappointments
Locked up in a box behind her closet door
She pulled the blinds and listened to the thunder
With no way out from the family store

We all told her things could get better
When you just say goodbye
I'll lay awake one more night
Caught in a vision I want to deny

And did I mention the note that I found
Taped to my locked front door
It talked about no regrets
As it slipped from my hand to the scuffed tile floor

I rode the train for hours on end
And watched the people pass me by
It could be that it has no end
Just an action junkie's lullaby

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We were full of the stuff that every dream rested
As if floating on a lumpy pillow sky
Caught up in the whole illusion
That dreams never pass us by
Came to a tattooed conclusion
That the big one was knocking on the door
What started as a mass delusion
Would take me far from the place I adore

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