

# Norah Jones, Shoot The Moon

The summer days are gone too soon  
You shoot the moon  
And miss completely  
And now you're left to face the gloom  
The empty room that once smelled sweetly  
Of all the flowers you plucked if only  
You knew the reason  
Why you had to each be lonely  
Was it just the season?

And now the fall is here again  
You can't begin to give in  
It's all over

When the snows come rolling through  
You're rolling too with some new lover  
Will you think of times you told me  
That you knew the reason  
Why we had to each be lonely  
It was just the season

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That you knew the reason  
Why we had to each be lonely  
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