

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

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