

# Norah Jones, The Prettiest Thing

The prettiest thing  
I ever did see  
Was lightening from the top of a cloud  
Moving through the dark a million miles an hour  
With somewhere to be

So why does it seem  
Like a picture  
Hanging up on someone else's wall  
Lately I haven't been myself at all  
It's heavy on my mind

I'm dreaming again  
Like I've always been  
And way down low  
I know

The prettiest thing  
I ever did see  
Was dusty as the handle on the door  
Rusty as a nail stuck in the old pine floor  
Looks like home to me

I'm dreaming again  
Like I've always been  
And way down low  
I'm thinkin' of the prettiest thing