

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