

Turn Me On

Norah Jones

Like a flower, waiting to bloom
Like a lightbulb in a dark room
I'm just sittin' here
Waiting for you
To come on home
and turn me on
Like the desert
Waiting for the rain
Like a school kid
Waiting for the spring
I'm just sittin' here
Waiting for you
To come on home
And turn me on
My poor heart
It's been so dark
Since you've been gone
After all you're the one who turns me off
But you're the only one who can turn me back on
My hi-fi is waiting for a new tube
My glass is waiting for some fresh ice-cubes
I'm just sittin' here
Waiting for you
To come on home
And turn me on
Turn me on

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