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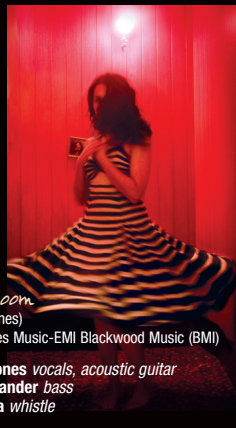
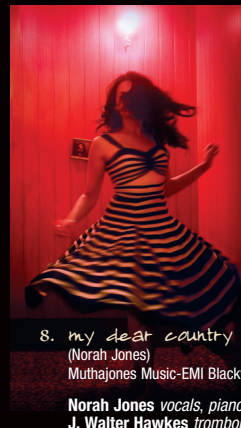
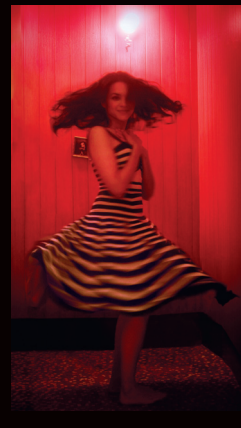
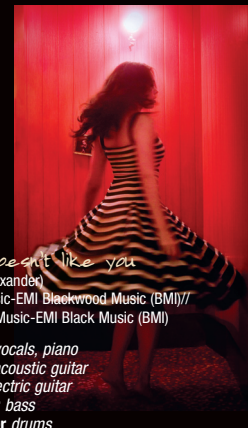


produced by lee alexander
engineered by tom schick

nordh jones
not too late



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1. *wish i could*
(N. Jones—L. Alexander)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Fumblethumbs Music-EMI Black Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals
Jesse Harris acoustic guitars
Julia Kent pizzicato cello
Jeffrey Zeigler bowed cello

2. *sinkin' soon*
(L. Alexander—N. Jones)
Fumblethumbs Music-EMI Black Music (BMI)/
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, piano
Daru Oda vocals
M. Ward vocals
Jesse Harris guitar
Kevin Breit mandolin
J. Walter Hawkes trombone
Lee Alexander bass
Andrew Borger drums, slit drum, pots & pans

3. *the sun doesn't like you*
(N. Jones—L. Alexander)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Fumblethumbs Music-EMI Black Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, piano
Jesse Harris acoustic guitar
Adam Levy electric guitar
Lee Alexander bass
Andrew Borger drums
Paul Bryan Chamberlin keyboards

4. *until the end*
(N. Jones—L. Alexander)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Fumblethumbs Music-EMI Black Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, piano
Jesse Harris acoustic guitar
Adam Levy electric guitar
Lee Alexander bass
Andrew Borger drums
Larry Goldings Hammond B-3 organ

5. *not my friend*
(Norah Jones)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, piano
Jesse Harris acoustic guitars
Adam Levy backwards electric guitars
Lee Alexander bass
Andrew Borger marimba, cymbals

6. *thinking about you*
(N. Jones—Ilhan Ersahin)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Tatu Music (SESAC)

Norah Jones vocals, Wurlitzer
Chuck MacKinnon trumpet
Rob Sudduth tenor sax
Lee Alexander bass
Tony Mason drums
Devin Greenwood Hammond B-3 organ

7. *broken*
(N. Jones—L. Alexander)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Fumblethumbs Music-EMI Black Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, electric guitar
Julia Kent outro cellos
Lee Alexander pizzicato, bowed basses

8. *my dear country*
(Norah Jones)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, piano
J. Walter Hawkes trombones
Jose Davila tuba
Bill McHenry tenor sax
Larry Goldings Hammond B-3 organ

9. *wake me up*
(N. Jones—L. Alexander)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Fumblethumbs Music-EMI Black Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, acoustic guitars, pump organ
Lee Alexander bass, lap steel
Andrew Borger drums

10. *be my somebody*
(Norah Jones)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, Wurlitzer
Richard Julian vocals
Tony Scherr electric guitar
Lee Alexander bass
Andrew Borger drums
Larry Goldings Hammond B-3 organ

11. *little room*
(Norah Jones)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, acoustic guitar
Lee Alexander bass
Daru Oda whistle

12. *rosie's lullaby*
(N. Jones—D. Oda)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Honk Shoo Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, Wurlitzer
Daru Oda vocals
Adam Levy electric guitar, vocal
Robbie McIntosh electric guitar (solo)
Lee Alexander bass
Andrew Borger drums

13. *not too late*
(N. Jones—L. Alexander)
Muthajones Music-EMI Blackwood Music (BMI)/
Fumblethumbs Music-EMI Black Music (BMI)

Norah Jones vocals, piano, mellotron
Lee Alexander bass
Andrew Borger drums

Norah Jones plays Yamaha pianos
Andrew Borger plays Bosphorus cymbals

1. wish i could

We met in a place I used to go
Now I just walk by it for show
Can't bear to go in without you, you know
Wish I could
Wish I could

But Annie is standing in the door
With a look on her face I can't just ignore
She tells me that her heart is sore
And pulls me in
She pulls me in

She says "love in the time of war is not fair"
"he was my man but they didn't care"
"sent him far away from here"
"no goodbye"
"no goodbye"

I don't tell her that I once loved you too
Or about all the things we used to do
I kiss her hair and think of you
Walking down
The road you found

We met in a place I used to go
Now I only walk by it slow
Can't bear to go in without you, you know
Wish I could
Wish I could
Wish I could
Wish I could

2. sinkin' soon

We're an oyster cracker on the stew
And the honey in the tea
We're the sugar cubes, one lump or two
In the black coffee
The golden crust on an apple pie
That shines in the sun at noon
We're a wheel of cheese high in the sky
But we're gonna be sinkin' soon

In a boat that's built of sticks and hay
We drifted from the shore
With a captain who's too proud to say
That he dropped the oar

A tiny hole has sprung a leak
In this cheap pontoon
Now the hull has started growing weak
And we're gonna be sinkin' soon

We're gonna be
Sinkin' soon
We're gonna be
Sinkin' soon
Everybody hold your breath 'cuz
We're gonna be sinkin' soon

We're gonna be
Sinkin' soon
We're gonna be
Sinkin' soon
Everybody hold your breath and
Down and down we go . . .

Like the oyster cracker on the stew
The honey in the tea
The sugar cubes, one lump or two?
No thank you, none for me
We're the golden crust on an apple pie
That shines in the sun at noon
Like the wheel of cheese high in the sky
Well . . . we're gonna be sinkin' soon

3. the sun doesn't like you

The sun doesn't like you, you always get burned
Stay in the shade and watch the world turn
Better find a new place to lay on the ground
Can't stay where you are or you're gonna be found

And time won't pass you by
And I won't tell you lies

So tonight . . . we can build a fire
In the open field past the razor wire
Sneak by the dogs when they go to sleep
Bring part of yourself that you'll let me keep

'Cuz time won't pass us by
And I won't tell you lies
Someday I will ask you why . . . but not now

And time won't pass us by
And you won't tell me lies
Someday we all have to die
But not now

4. until the end

You've got a famous last name
But you're not to blame
Baby I see you for who you are

A one-time apple queen
And a one-time tramp
And an old-time movie star

You're a shell picker
Of the pickiest kind
But you always find
the ones to keep

And in or out of bed
You keep your head wide open
'Cuz you don't only dream
when you're asleep

Like a child . . . you remember
But I forget . . . all my dreams

I used to think
That someday I'd relax a little
And be more like you

Then I realized
How silly that thought was
Needed to stand in my own shoes

And from over here
I can see you cry
Don't even try . . . to pretend

'Cuz he's hurt you
So many times
Baby don't go back again

Like a child, you forget
But I remember everything . . .
and every sting

And through all the games
We'll both stay the same
As we've always been
Through the fat and thin
Until the end
Until the end

5. not my friend

Help me breathe
Help me believe
You seem really glad that I am sad

You are not my friend
I cannot pretend that you are

You made it sting
Your voice is ringing
Just like the boys who
laughed at me in school

You are not my friend
I cannot pretend anymore

You found a place
No one should ever go

I'll be o.k.
'Cuz when I back away
I'm gonna keep the handle of your gun in sight

6. thinking about you

Yesterday I saw the sun shining
And the leaves were falling down softly
My cold hands needed a warm, warm touch
And I was thinking about you

But here I am looking for signs to lead me
You hold my hand, but do you really need me
I guess its time for me to let you go
But I'll be thinking about you
I'll be thinking about you

So when you sail across the ocean waters
And you reach the other side safely
Could you smile a little smile for me
'Cuz I'll be thinking about you
I'll be thinking about you
I'll be thinking about you
I'll be thinking about you

7. broken

He's got a broken voice and a twisted smile
Guess he's been that way for quite a while
Got blood on his shoes and mud on his trim
Did he do it to himself or was it done to him

People say he don't look well
But all he needs from what I can tell
Is someone to help wash away all the paint
From his purple hands before it gets too late

I saw him stand alone . . .
Under a broken street light
So sincere . . . singing silent night
But the trees were full . . .
and the grass was green
It was the sweetest thing I had ever seen

He may move slow
But that don't mean he's going nowhere
He may be moving slow
But that don't mean he's going nowhere

8. my dear country

'Twas Halloween and the ghosts were out
And everywhere they'd go they shout
And though I covered my eyes I knew
They'd go away

But fear's the only thing I saw
And three days later was clear to all
That nothing is as scary as election day

But the day after is darker
And darker and darker it goes
Who knows maybe the plans will change
Who knows maybe he's not deranged

The news men know what they know but they
Know even less than what they say
And I don't know who I can trust
For the come what may

'Cuz we believed in our candidate
But even more it's the one we hate
I needed someone I could shake
On election day

But the day after is darker
And deeper and deeper we go
Who knows maybe it's all a dream
Who knows if I'll wake up and scream

I love the things that you've given me
I cherish you, my dear country
But sometimes I don't understand
The way we play

I love the things that you've given me
And most of all that I am free
To have a song that I can sing
On election day

9. wake me up

Wake me up when it's over
Wake me up when it's done
When he's gone away and
taken everything
Wake me up

Wake me up when the skies are clearing
When the water is still
'Cuz I will not watch the ships
sail away so
Please say you will

If it were any other day
This wouldn't get the best of me

But today I'm not so strong
So lay me down with a sad song
And when it stops then you know
I've been
Gone too long

But don't shake me awake
Don't bend me or I will break
Find me somewhere between my dreams
With the sun on my face

I will still feel it later on
But for now I'd rather be asleep

10. *be my somebody*

I'm too foggy today
To know what you're sayin'
Your lips are moving so fast
And I just keep praying
For them to slow down
So I can make some sense
Of the words that are pouring out
Of your crooked spout

Last night was a record to be broken
It broke all over the kitchen floor
Oh no, don't you go . . .
I'm coming back with a rag
To wipe away the haze from the days
We've forgotten all about

So be my somebody tonight
Be the one who will hold me tight
Honey, please, please, please
'Cuz I've been so all alone
And no one will pick up the phone
So honey please, please stay

I held your head up, do you remember?
When you wanted to make
a blanket out of me
Oh, I can't lie . . .
I been keeping score
And it's your turn to ring me out
And lay me down to dry

So be my somebody tonight
Be the one who will hold me tight
Honey please, please, please
'Cuz I've been so all alone
And no one will pick up the phone
So honey please, please stay
Honey, please stay
Honey, please stay

11. *little room*

You an' me and
Me and you
In my little room
There's room enough for us to do
The things we like to do

Oops! I hit my elbow on the doorknob
It's right there
It's by the bed next to my head
But I don't even care

There are stars up on the wall
And they all glow in the dark
And we can hear the children playing
Outside in the park

There's bars on the window
And if there were a fire
We'd burn up for sure
But that's just fine by me 'cuz
We would be together ever more

In this little room
In the big city we're so far
From the people that we knew in
My big ol' blue car

But if we stick together
Then I know we'll be ok
'Cuz when it gets too cold outside
This room is where we'll stay

12. *rosie's lullaby*

She walked by the ocean
And waited for a star
To carry her away

Feeling so small
At the bottom of the world
Lookin' up to god

Tries to take deep breaths
To smell the salty sea
As it moves over her feet

The water pulls so strong
No one is around
And the moon is looking down

Sayin'
Rosie, come with me
Close your eyes and dream

The big ships are rolling
Lighting up the night
And she calls out,
but they just her pass by

The waves are crashin'
But not making a sound
Just mouthing along

Sayin'
Rosie, come with me
Close your eyes and dream
Close your eyes and dream
Close your eyes and dream

13. *not too late*

Tell me how you've been
Tell what you've seen
Tell me that you'd like to see me, too

'Cuz my heart is full of no blood
My cup is full of no love
Couldn't take another sip
even if I wanted

But it's not too late
Not too late for love

My lungs are out of air
Yours are holding smoke
And it's been like that for so long

I've seen people try to change
And I know it isn't easy
But nothin' worth the time ever is

And it's not too late
It's not too late for love
For love
For love
For love



Produced by **Lee Alexander**

Recorded by **Tom Schick** at **The Coop, NYC**
and **Brooklyn Recording, NY**

Mixed by **Tom Schick** and **Lee Alexander**
at **The Coop, NYC**

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Yohei Goto

Mastered by **Greg Calbi** at **Sterling Sound, NY**

Jesse Harris appears courtesy of Secret Sun Recordings. **Richard Julian** appears courtesy of Manhattan Records. **Jeffrey Zeigler** of the Kronos Quartet appears courtesy of Nonesuch Records. **M. Ward** appears courtesy of Merge Records. **Larry Goldings** appears courtesy of Palmetto Records

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A & R admin: **Keith Karwelies**
Product management: **Josh Gold**

Management: **Macklam/Feldman**
Management, **Inc.**

Thank you 500000 much to everyone who worked hard on this album and everything surrounding it! It means a LOT to me.

xo, *Norah*

I would like to thank the following engineers/techs, luthiers, and instrument builders for all of their help throughout the recording of this record . . . they are: Matt Marinelli (Coral Sound), Andrew Roberts (Purple Audio), David Gage (String repair), Arnold Schnitzer (AES Fine Instruments), Flip Scipio, Greg Sualtieri (Pendulum Audio), and Bill Asher (Asher Guitars). Your work is inspiring.

Thanks, *Lee*