Norah Jones, Tragedy

It's a tragedy /4x

He was only 25
Had an open heart and tender mind
He sang through all the hymns he knew
He was searching for a higher sign
When his water was turned to wine
All the darkness became light
Babies and a patient wife
They just wouldn't have to keep him high
So he gave them up just to fill his cup
Every sip would make him feel alive
No bones in his body were dry

It's a tragedy /4x

Now he's finally come around
He's got wrinkles and a crooked friend
He holds back tears thinking of the years
That the bottle had a long time down
So he'd sip, have another round
Singing ”Hallelujah” till it drowns

It's a tragedy /4x