

Wicker Chair

Kings of Leon

In your little white wicker chair
Unsuspecting nobody cares for you
You're so fucked up again
You laugh at nothin' in the pouring rain
Try to tell yourself you're not insane
You fool, I hate you sometimes

Hey, you know it ain't coincidental that you're lost in place
It's drippin' off your face, and you're losin' your precious mind

Send me a postcard if you get that far
You got a couple pennies in your rusty jar
The truth you've been gone for awhile
It's hard lookin' at you when you look that way
With your one night stands and your sleep all days
Ooh you're such a slut sometimes

Hey, you know it ain't coincidental that you're lost in place
It's drippin' off your face, and you're losin' your precious mind

You're losing your mind