

Wooden Chair

Angus Stone

My old wooden chair
In amongst the flames
Alone

I clear my throat to speak
But I can't say a word
Not one

This girl knew my name
On a wooden bridge
It's cold

Woke up on the floor
With poison in my blood
And I'm missing you

My old wooden chair
In amongst the crowd
Alone

If I can't tap my foot
To an honest tune
I'll run

I took a leap
Across the creek
The water rose

Woke up in the sea
With poison in my blood
And I'm missing you