

## High Chair

Autolux

It just about time to give up on you  
No more thoughts from moving mountains  
No more passing out on the banks  
Bashing heads while trying to whisper  
Comatose from the dead and creeps  
It just about time To give up on you

Unless the morning finds you dry  
Your heart just spitting blood  
Let the sunlight strangle you

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Rise your glass to the wall  
Put your ear to what you lost  
Let the silence strangle you