

Stacking Chairs

Middle Kids

You left your heart in the jungle
Ripped off of your red bicycle
I didn't know you then
But it feels significant

I gave up everything I learned
Just to follow you down that dirt road
You better hold my hand
There is no map for this

When the wheels come off, I'll be your spare
When the party's over, I'll be stacking chairs
When the world turns on you, I will be there
I will be there

Sleeping is boring, you don't need a bed
Your thoughts tick loudly in your head
And I know you now
I move in time with them

I'm wrapped up in all these weird theories
Running in circles, chased by bees
You uncover tracks
And stop the madness

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