

# Angus & Julia Stone, Wooden Chair

My old wooden chair  
In amongst the flames  
Alone  
I clear my throat to speak  
But I cant say a word  
Not one  
This girl knew my name  
On a wooden bridge  
Its 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