

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