

Rex Orange County, The Table

Looking at a table wondering what type of wood it's made of
Wondering exactly which tree gave itself and more importantly who sat beneath that tree
Which lovers carved initials
What happened on the ground around it
Who walked on the leaves around it
Where are those lovers now
Are they still with us, hopefully
Did that tree mean much to them
Was it that place to go in spring or summer when the sun came out
Autumn walks amongst the leaves
I hope they know my table made me think of them
And help me see much more than just the table
The people I won't get to meet
At least I got more out of it than just somewhere to sit and eat
Or to converse with someone else
Two folks between coffee
Now there's two more people sat down and one sat on the tree

Ah
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa

Looking at a stranger
Wondering what kind of life have they got
Wondering exactly what they're going through
And where they're going to
What do they care about?
And whereabouts do they go out
To let loose pre the stressful mornings?
Do they feel their job is boring?
And do they know how it feels
To fall in love uncontrollably?
Have they found their purpose or
The person that they'd like to be?
Around for months on end and spend
Days and nights there endlessly
I hope they met someone who gives them
Everything they truly need
They may just be a stranger
But I see strangers constantly
We have so much in common and
Yet not enough for us to speak
I watch the stranger walk away
They stop and look back at me
I can't tell if I'm the stranger
Sometimes I feel like the tree

Ah
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Yeah, ah
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Oh, whoa
Yeah, ah, yeah, ah