

# 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