

Wooden Chair

Angus & Julia Stone

My old wooden chair
In amongst the flames
Alone I clear my throat to speak
But I can't say a word
Not one This girl knew my name
On a wooden bridge
It's 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

Songwriters

STONE, ANGUS / MOREAU, RACHEL Published by

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