

Wicker Chair

Kings of Leon

In your little white wicker chair
Unsuspecting nobody cares for you
You're so fucked up again You laugh at nothin' in the pouring rain
And try to tell yourself you're not insane
You fool, I hate you sometimes Hey, you know it ain't coincidental
That you're lost in place
It's drippin' off your face
And you're losin' your precious mind Send me a postcard if you get that far
You got a couple pennies in your rusty jar
The truth you've been gone for a while And it's hard lookin' at you when you look that way
With your one night stands and your sleep all days
Ooh, you're such a slut sometimes Hey, you know it ain't coincidental
That you're lost in place
It's drippin' off your face
And you're losin' your precious mind You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind I said, "You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind" I said, "You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind" I said, "You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind
You're losing your mind"

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