

# Wooden Chair

Angus 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