Angus & Julia Stone, Wooden Chair

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 Its 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