

David Gray "The Old Chair"

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"The Old Chair"

The old chair
The old chair
It gets that they don't want it anymore
The split seams
And bad dreams
I'm fluttering like a dollar to the floor
You get to wonder what you do it for

And if you're not there to meet me
Only shadows gonna greet me
The moment I go stepping through the door

My heart pounds
I hear sounds
Like laughter coming softly through the walls
The high times
Turn sidelines
This game it makes a fool out of us all
You're off but you ain't hardly
Kicked the ball

And if you're not there to meet me
Only absence gonna greet me
The moment I go stepping through the door

And if you're not there to meet me
Just what is gonna greet me
The moment I go stepping through the door

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