

# 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  
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 awhile  
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 losin' your mind  
You're losin' your mind  
I said you're losin' your mind  
You're losin' your mind  
You're losin' your mind  
I said you're losin' your mind  
You're losin' your mind  
You're losin' your mind  
I said you're losin' your mind  
You're losin' your mind  
You're losin' your mind

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