

High Chair

Autolux

It just about time to give up on you
No more thoughts from moving mountains
No more passing out on the banks
Bashing heads while trying to whisper
Comatose from the dead and creeps
It just about time To give up on you

Unless the morning finds you dry
Your heart just spitting blood
Let the sunlight strangle you

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No more passing out in the banks
Bashing heads while trying to whisper
Comatose from the dead and creeps
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Unless the morning finds you dry
Your heart just spitting blood
Let the sunlight strangle you

Rise your glass to the wall
Put your ear to what you lost
Let the silence strangle you