

Folding Chair

Regina Spektor

Come and open up your folding chair next to me
My feet are buried in the sand
And there's a breeze
There's a shadow
You can't see my eyes
And the sea is just a wetter version of the skies
Let's get a silver bullet trailer
And have a baby boy
I'll safety pin these clothes all cool
And you'll
Graffiti up his toys
I've got a perfect body
But sometimes I forget
I've got a perfect body
'Cause my eyelashes catch my sweat
Yes, they do
They dooo
Oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo
Oo-oo-oo, oo
Ooo
Oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo
Oo-oo-oo, oo
Ooo
Now, I've been sitting on this abandoned beach
For years
Waiting for the salty water
To cover up my ears
But every time the tide
Come in to take me home
I get scared
Now I'm sitting here alone
Dreaming of the dolphin song
Oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo
Oo-oo-oo, oo
Ooo
Oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo, oo
Oo-oo-oo, oo
Ooo
Maybe one day you'll understand
I don't want nothing from you but to sweetly hold your hand
Till that day, just
Please don't be so down
Don't make frowns
You silly clown
Just come and open up your folding chair next to me
My feet are buried in the sand

And there's a breeze
There's a shadow
You can't see my eyes
And the sea is just a wetter version of the skies
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