

In my chair – Christophe Madrolle
Piste 9

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Sad, and lonely, I breath my own battle
The clinic's air is cold as metal
I guess no one is immortal
I lived, each day as if it was the last
Cause I knew that I would lose my past
I'm losing my memories and my stories

It's my cross, my cross to bear
And I'm sitting in my chair, and I'm sitting in my chair

I'm turn in circles, I'm bored
In this room where I am stored (I'm stored)
I guess everyone's too busy
Free, my children left home a few years ago
Does it mean I'm still a father, I don't know
I don't see who I'm any more

It's my cross, my cross to bear
And I'm aging in my chair, and I'm aging in my chair

The walls are white and sterile
Like the tears flowing in me
I've forgotten how to eat, how to pee
Please, let me leave with dignity
Before I turn crazy, join my love
Wanna join my love
There're holes in my head, I can feel him high above

It's my cross, my cross to bear
And i'm waiting in my chair
And I have to wait in my fucking chair
My fucking chair, my fucking chair

And I'm waiting
And I'm waiting
And I'm waiting in my chair