

The Last Good Chair

Original song — soul/pop, piano-forward, male lead. Written in the emotional world of a "done-with-it, drawing-the-line" record: slow, heavy, a quiet verse that breaks open into a defiant chorus. Original lyrics; no lines lifted from any existing song.

[Verse 1] You called it a family, you sat at the head Carved up the good years, left me the rest I brought you my hands and I brought you my name You handed me silence and told me be grateful I came

[Pre-Chorus] I kept my voice low, I kept the peace clean Swallowed the answer to keep you serene But a man only bends for so long in the dark Before something quiet gets loud in his chest

[Chorus] So I'm done sitting still at your table Done saying grace for the crumbs I gave you my best and you fed me the blame Well the plate hits the floor and I'm learning your name Every glass, every lie, every polished excuse Comes down when I'm through I built you this house — now I'm walking out the door You don't get to keep me poor

[Verse 2] You loved me in daylight and denied me at night Called it my temper each time I was right I counted the doors you kept locking behind Every apology owed and never assigned

[Pre-Chorus] I kept my voice low, I told myself wait Hoping the good in you wasn't too late But a man only kneels for so long at a shrine That was built out of everything he had to hide

[Chorus] So I'm done sitting still at your table Done saying grace for the crumbs I gave you my best and you fed me the blame Well the plate hits the floor and I'm learning your name Every glass, every lie, every polished excuse Comes down when I'm through I built you this house — now I'm walking out the door You don't get to keep me poor

[Bridge] No shouting, no scene, just a hand on the wood And the weight of a man who has finally stood I'm not asking permission, I'm not asking why I'm just turning it over and saying goodbye

[Final Chorus] 'Cause I'm done sitting still at your table Done begging a stone to feel I gave you my years and you called it a debt Well I'm calling it even — you've taken your last Every glass, every lie, every polished excuse Comes down when I'm through I built me a life you were never gonna share And I'm leaving you the empty chair