

# Warehouse

## Sknit

Hey reckless mind  
Don't throw away your playful beginning  
You and I let us fumble around in the touches  
And be sure to  
Leave all the lights on  
So I can see the black cat changing colors  
And walk under ladders  
And travel my eyes over you  
Hey we have found  
Becoming one in a million Slip into the crowd  
This question I found in the gap in the sidewalk  
Keep all your sights on  
The black cat changing colors  
I can walk under ladders  
And swim as the tides choose to turn me  
And here I sit  
Life goes on, end of tunnel, TV set  
Spot in the middle  
Static fade, statistic bit  
And soon I fade away, fade away  
This I admit  
Taste so good, hard to believe an end to it

Smell touch feel  
How could this rhythm ever quit  
Bags packed on a plane  
Hopefully to heaven  
Shut up I'm thinking  
I had a clue now it's gone forever  
Sitting over these bones  
You can read in whatever you're needing to  
Keep all your sights on  
The big bad black cat that's  
Changing colors  
It's not the colors that matter  
But that they'll all fade away  
This I admit  
Seems so full  
Hard to believe an end to it

Warehouse is bare  
Nothing at all inside of it  
Walls and halls have disappeared  
My love I love to stay here  
In the warehouse

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