Warehouse

Dave Matthews Band

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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