

## **Dave Matthews Band And Dave Matthews "Warehouse"**

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So, I'm leaving...  
This Warehouse frightens me.  
Has me tied up in knots...  
Can't rest for a Moment.

Soon, I'm going...  
I'm slippin' slow away  
Hoping to find something better...  
Than I've got inside of here,  
And the Warehouse slips away.

Hey reckless mind  
Don't throw away your playful beginnings  
You and I  
Will fumble around in the touches and be sure to...

Leave all the lights on  
So we can see the black cat changing colors  
And who can walk under ladders  
And swim as the tide  
Turns you around and around

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  
Hey, the black cat changing colors  
And who can walk under ladders  
And swim as the tide choose to turn you

And here I sit  
Life goes on, end of tunnel, TV set  
Spot in the middle  
Static fade, statistical bit  
And soon I'll fade away, I'll fade away

But 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, yeah

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  
Yeah, man, the black cat changing colors  
It's not the colors that matter  
But that they'll all fade away

Life goes on, end of tunnel, TV set  
Spot in the middle  
Static fade, statistical bit  
And soon I'll fade away, I'll fade away  
This I admit  
Seems so good  
Hard to believe an end to it  
Warehouse is bare  
Nothing at all inside of it  
The walls and halls have disappeared  
They've disappeared, yeah...

My love I love to stay here  
My love I love to stay here  
My love I love to stay here  
My love I love to stay here

In a corner was wondering  
If a change could be better than this  
And then I worry...  
Maybe things won't be better than they have been  
Here in the warehouse

At the Warehouse  
At the Warehouse  
How I love to stay here  
At the Warehouse  
Every man and woman get alive

That's our blood down there  
Seems poured from the hands of angels  
But trickle into the ground  
Leaves the Warehouse bare and empty

And my heart's numbered beat  
Still echo in this empty room  
And the fear wells in me  
But nothing seems enough to defend

So I am going away  
I am going away  
...to the end.

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