

I haunted a basketmaker's shop  
Spending days ripping pictures from magazines  
Taping them to the walls of my prison  
I remember walking by the sand  
Each knob represented a different frequency range  
And I remember holding the hand of the skeleton prince  
And he swept me into his arms  
And he, he had tremolo deep  
In the back of his black eye sockets  
And he said, "Do you want to come away with me  
Into the pitch black pool?"  
And I said, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know"  
Photocopied, the wind ripped through the trees  
And all the stained-glass windows rattled  
I haunted a basketmaker's shop in 1927  
And on the beach in the summer there were thunderstorms constantly  
And they were unpredictable  
Nobody knew when they would come and nobody knew how long they'd last  
Sometimes they'd only last five minutes and sometimes weeks  
I haunted a basketmaker's shop  
Because I had nowhere to go one long weekend  
Stained-glass windows turning off and on  
And the tremolo in the back dark corners  
Cobwebs stripped, mildewed  
I remember acoustic guitars and bells  
I remember the cathedral  
I remember cassettes, cathedral  
I remember cassette, cathedral  
I remember cassette, cathedral