

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