

At The Warehouse

The Bear Quartet

Did the wind from the river
Spooking around your home
Also deliver the verdict
On someone you thought was gone
But walked together beside you
To a good place to be alone
When all good is wrong

To the warehouse attic
Wearing her favourite dress
But it's not the same
Won't bring her back again

From up here you can see
The mobile lights crawl across the bridge
Like small reminders,
Like cut off ropes
Through everything that lives through worn out jokes
She's the passenger

To the warehouse attic
Wearing her favourite dress
When you have no access to forgiveness
When you fall away
On slow motion replay
Editing your life again
You'll find yourself exposed
That you've become
What you despise the most

To the warehouse attic
Within yourself so sick
Of it's dense atmosphere
Of stale innocence and care