

Grace Cathedral Hill

The Decemberists

Grace cathedral hill
All wrapped in bones of setting sun
All dust and stone and moribund
I paid twenty-five cents to light a little white candle
For a new year's day
I sat and watched it burn away
Then turned and weaved through slow decay
We were both a little hungry so we went to get hot dog
Down the hyde street pier
This light was slightly disappeared
The air it stunk of fish and beer
We heard a superman trumpet play the national anthem

And the world may be long for you
But it'll never belong to you
But on a motorbike when all the city lights blind your eyes tonight
Are you feeling better now?

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