

# 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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