

Cathedrals

Joan Osborne

capo I

In the shadows of tall buildings
Of fallen angels on the ceilings
Oily feathers and bronzen concrete
Faded colors, pieces left incomplete
The light moves slowly past the electric fence
Across the borders between continents

In the Cathedrals of New York and Rome
There is a feeling that you should just go home
And spend the lifetime finding out just where that is

In the shadows of tall buildings
The architecture is slowly peeling
Marble statues and glass dividers
Someone is watching all of the outsiders
The line moves slowly through the numbered gate
Past the mosaic of the Head of State

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In the shadows of tall buildings
Of open arches and lessly knealing
Sonic landscapes echoing vistas
Someone is listening from a safe distance
The line moves slowly into the fading light
A final moment in the dead of night

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