

# 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

In the Cathedrals of New York and Rome  
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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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