

## Third And Seneca

Sun Kil Moon

In my room at Third and Seneca  
See the pigeons peck on tall roof tops  
Homeless on the corners, they carouse  
Ferries float out in the Puget Sound  
Scenesters with their beards and tennis shoes  
Skinny girls and pudgy ugly dudes  
Lift their amplifiers from the ditches  
Southern doormen brood in barroom witches  
Seattle black, Alaska blue  
Oregon grey, raincloud Vancouver  
Dead in Denver, drowsy Idaho  
Just dreams away from your love, San Francisco  
In my room at Laurel and Beverly  
Your mind blossoms, mine is withering  
I'm retiring and you're aspiring  
You're dream-chasing, I'm only escaping  
Blood orange LA, blood red Arizona  
Lonestar Sante Fe, lone palm La Pomona  
Old soul San Antonio, dry grass of El Paso  
Lifetimes away from your love, I know  
From my view at 32nd Street  
Winter throws its snow down heavily  
Empty halls of friends who've come and gone  
I'm awoken, rushed, and dragged along  
New York, New York, New Haven, Hoboken  
The skylines appear spinning past in fast motion  
The words we shared dissolved as they're spoken  
All the worlds away from my love