

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 to Hyde Street Pier
The light was slight and 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 'll never belong to you
But on a motorbike
When all the city lights
Blind your eyes tonight
Are you feeling better now?

Some way to greet the year:
Your eyes all bright and
Brim with tears
The pilgrims, pills, and tourists here
Will sink fifty-three bucks to buy
A brand new halo

Sweet on a green-eyed girl
All fiery Irish clip and curl
All brine and piss and vinegar
I paid twenty-five cents to light
A little white candle

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Are you feeling better now?