

Joan Osborne "Cathedrals"

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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
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

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

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

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Of New York and Rome
There is a feeling
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