

Decemberists

"Grace Cathedral Hill"

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Grace Cathedral hill
All wrapped in bones of a setting sun
All dust and stone and moribund
I paid twenty-five cents

To light a little white candle
For 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 a hot dog
Down the Hyde St. Pier
The light was slight and disappeared

The air, it stunk of fish and beer
We heard a tuba
And trumpet play the National Anthem

And the world may be long for you
But he'll never belong to you
But on a motorbike

When all the city lights blind your eyes tonight
Are you feeling better now?
Are you feeling better now?
Are you feeling better now?

Some way to greet the year
Your eyes all bright and brimmed with tears
The pilgrims, pills and tourists here all sing
"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

And the world maybe be long for you
But he'll never belong to you
But on a motorbike

When all the city lights blind your eyes tonight

Are you feeling better now?
Are you feeling better now?
Are you feeling better now?

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
Ooh, la, la, la, la

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