

Decemberists, The

"Grace Cathedral Hill"

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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 a hot
dog
Down the 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 it'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 brimmed with tears
The pilgrims, pills and tourist here all sing
"Fifty-three bucks to buy a brand new halo."
I'm 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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