

The Old Ceremony

"Elsinore"

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Throw your mattress on the sidewalk and keep moving
on
The streets are caving in there's not much time for
getting gone
Leave the note and semaphore scatter coins along the
shore
I don't know what you're waiting for
It's coming to an end my friend this holiday in Elsinore

Worried steps in salty air you keep your candle lit
The sea has swallowed your good man you might as
well admit
But you got a cousin in New York you're still pretty
that's for sure
Don't know what you're waiting for
Unclench your worried hands and end this holiday in
Elsinore

Winter's falling branches balding dark in afternoons
If it helps to keep you company we'll sing a worried
tune
But just when you start to eulogize light will creep back
in your eyes
And all at once you'll realize
What these nights of doubt were for, this holiday in
Elsinore

When you start to eulogize light will creep back in your
eyes
And all at once you'll realize
What these nights of doubt were for, this holiday in
Elsinore
In Elsinore, in Elsinore

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