

# Red House Painters, Priest Alley Song

going past golden gate  
elementary everyday  
kids down colorful hill  
recess and fire drill  
she likes the side without the heat  
where the sun don't beat  
she likes the cooler side  
of washington street  
hummingbirds, pigeons and doves  
hover rooftops above  
light shine down into the tides  
over hillsides  
see where the bridge and mountain meet  
at the mouth of the sea  
and where the sailboats live a day  
and turn away  
with the purple evening

losing our loving hold  
in the skies fluorescent glow  
she takes her thoughts and cares  
into the moonlit alley stairs  
still in my hand i feel the sting  
the sound of bells ring  
and the memory of the face  
never washes away  
the current evening