

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