

The Decemberists, Grace Cathedral Hill

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 he'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

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?