

Third And Seneca

Sun Kil Moon

In my room at Third and Seneca
See the pigeons peck on tall roof tops
Homeless on the corners, they carouse
Ferries float out in the Puget Sound
Scenesters with their beards and tennis shoes
Skinny girls and pudgy ugly dudes
Lift their amplifiers from the ditches
Southern doormen brood in barroom witches
Seattle black, Alaska blue
Oregon grey, raincloud Vancouver
Dead in Denver, drowsy Idaho
Just dreams away from your love, San Francisco
In my room at Laurel and Beverly
Your mind blossoms, mine is withering
I'm retiring and you're aspiring
You're dream-chasing, I'm only escaping
Blood orange LA, blood red Arizona
Lonestar Sante Fe, lone palm La Pomona
Old soul San Antonio, dry grass of El Paso
Lifetimes away from your love, I know
From my view at 32nd Street
Winter throws its snow down heavily
Empty halls of friends who've come and gone
I'm awoken, rushed, and dragged along
New York, New York, New Haven, Hoboken
The skylines appear spinning past in fast motion
The words we shared dissolved as they're spoken
All the worlds away from my love