

## Grace Cathedral Hill

The Decemberists

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 hot dog

Down to 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 '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  
Brim with tears  
The pilgrims, pills, and tourists here  
Will sink fifty-three bucks to buy  
A brand new halo

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

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Blind your eyes tonight  
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