

# Andrew Eldritch Is Moving Back to Leeds

The Mountain Goats

There's indifference on the wind  
But a faint gust of hope  
At a club nobody goes to  
With a musty velvet rope  
Guys in Motörhead jackets  
Who knew him way back when  
Haven't raised a drink in years  
But now meet up again

To remember how it was when they all thought they'd move away  
And ride in Lotus 7s through the London streets one day

Nobody ever gets away  
Even the best of us come back some day

To the unmarked rooms, where the dry dust breeds  
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There's a rusted fog machine  
In a concrete storage space  
Letter-number combinations  
With no meaning on it's face  
They won't make these anymore  
It's a wooden coach-n-four  
No-one will even steal it if you leave it by the door

No sign to mark it's going, no tombstone for it's grave  
There will be goodbyes by dozens, so practice being brave

No-one anticipates the rush  
The breezy feeling of the faceless crush

At the end of things, where the salvage bleeds  
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They don't throw him a parade  
He just comes in on a train  
One suitcase in his hand  
And an old army backpack  
From the second world war  
From a Leipzig secondhand store

Pick the keys up from the agent  
Everything's been taken care of  
No big changes in the roadways  
Since you've left that I'm aware of

A few old buildings gone to dust  
And some new ones in the way  
They'll look just like the old ones  
When the winds have had their say

See the children bound for London, you'll all be back too  
Everybody tests the membrane but no-one pushes through

Come on boys that'll be enough  
You'd think your old friends wouldn't play so tough

Like a basket by the Nile, hiding down among the reeds  
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