

In the Hidden Places

The Mountain Goats

Autumn came around like a drifter to an on-ramp
There were wet leaves floating in gutters full of rain
Took to walking barefoot around town
Melodies from grade school kicking in my brain

Saw you on the crosstown bus today, you were reading a magazine
I turned my face away and I shut my eyes tight
Dreamed about the flowers that hide from the light
On dark hillsides in the hidden places

The brakes howled and the bus pulled up near my house
And I got off at the corner
Pulled my sleeves down over my hands, over my hands
And I wished I was someone else and I wished it was warmer

And when I got home I thought about you
Like a desperate policeman searching for clues
And I almost passed out just then and I shut my eyes again
Headed for the dark hillsides, in the hidden places