

Rain in Soho

The Mountain Goats

No one knows where the lone wolf sleeps
No one sees the hidden treasure in the castle keep
No one learns the secret name
No one burns in the absent flame
No one broke D.B. Cooper's fall
No one hopes to hear the bagman call
Children piping in the main square
But no one's dancing
No one's dancing down there

The river goes where the water flows
But no one knows where the Batcave closed
The river goes where the water flows
But no one knows where the Batcave closed

No promise sweeter than a blood pact
Nothing harder to go through than a vanishing act
No morning colder than the first frost
No friends close than the ones we've lost
Nothing sharper than a serpent's tooth
Nothing harder than the gospel truth
Though you repent and don sackcloth and try to make nice
You can't cross the same river twice

The river goes where the water flows
But no one knows where the Batcave closed
The river goes where the water flows
But no one knows where the Batcave closed

There's a club where you'd like to go
You could meet someone who's lost like you
Revel in the darkness like a pair of open graves
Fumble through the fog for a season or two

No town more barren than our town
No haven safer than the one they tore down
No greater love than to lay my life down for a friend
No sweeter pleasure than to see the credits clear through to the end
No one knows where the lone wolf's gone
No one sees it camped out right there in the front lawn
We played for you but you would not sing
No one was going to get away with anything

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But no one knows where the Batcave closed
The river goes where the water flows
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