

## 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  
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