

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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