

Mountain Goats, The "In the Hidden Places"

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autumn came around like a drifter to an onramp
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.
and 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.

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