

## Mountain Goats, The

### "Sax Rohmer #1"

Visit "[Sax Rohmer #1](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Fog lifts from the harbor, dawn goes down today  
An agent crests the shadows of the nearby alleyway  
Piles of broken bricks, sign posts on the path  
Every moment points towards the aftermath  
Yeah ah ah

Sailors straggle back from their nights out on the town  
Hopeless urchins from the city gather around  
Spies from imperial China wash in with the tide  
Every battle heads toward surrender on both sides

And I am coming home to you  
With my own blood in my mouth  
And I am coming home to you  
If it's the last thing that I do

Bells ring in the tower, wolves howl in the hills  
Chalk marks show up on a few high windowsills  
And a rabbit gives up somewhere, and a dozen hawks  
descend  
Every moment leads toward its own sad end  
Yeah ah ah

Ships loosed from their moorings capsize and then  
they're gone  
Sailors with no captains watch awhile and then move on  
And an agent crests the shadows and I head in her  
direction  
All roads lead toward the same blocked intersection

I am coming home to you  
With my own blood in my mouth  
And I am coming home to you  
If it's the last thing that I do

Visit [Mountain Goats, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.