Travel

John Foxx, Louis Gordon

Next time we walk down to the docks
While welcoming the morning sun
We'll share rations of bread with
Drifters and deceivers know I only see
This hour after evenings of infamy
There are thousands of you like me
And you'll be so so sorry
When you start to hate the sound of laughter
You're grinding your teeth down to powder
And how rewarding is it just to be alive
We could have residence in the worst prison
That happens when you die
And have no friends to carry caskets
In the saddest procession
And those people love to say
They're sorry when your soul departs
But they recover oh so quick
There are thousands of you like me
And you'll be so so sorry
When you start to hate the sound of laughter
You're grinding your teeth down to powder
Oh, right now
There are thousands of you like me
And you'll be so so sorry
When you start to hate the sound of laughter
You're grinding your teeth down to powder

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