

# 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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