

# Travel Is Dangerous

Mogwai

Who might know of this?  
The notes we left  
Our final thoughts  
And we knew they'd get ours out

\*Sink, sink\*  
\*Drowned\* by our country  
Old machine  
Is crushed and forgotten  
Never surface again

The air runs out  
The captain's first  
So we take to memories  
And layers of clothes

Up there the family weeps  
Outside hammers  
Noises sound like the end  
And we will never see them

Sink, sink  
Drowned by our country  
Great machine  
Is crushed, old and rotten  
Never surface again