

# Joy Division, From Safety To Where...?

No I don't know just why.  
No I don't know just why.  
Which way to turn,  
I got this ticket of use.

Through childlike ways rebellion and crime,  
To reach this point and retreat back again.  
The broken hearts,  
All the wheels that have turned,  
The memories scarred and the vision is blurred.

No I don't know which way,  
Don't know which way to turn,  
The best possible use.

Just passing through, 'till we reach the next stage.  
But just to where, well it's all been arranged.  
Just passing through but the break must be made.  
Should we move on or stay safely away?

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To reach this point and retreat back again.  
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All the wheels that have turned,  
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