

Mogwai, Travel Is Dangerous

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