

Handsome Devil

"Your Great Journey"

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Like four million tons of hydrogen
Exploding on the sun
Like the whisper of the termites
Building castles in the dust
You're no longer leaving foot prints
You left your wallet on the bus

Your great journey has begun

When automatic sinks in airports
No longer see your hands
And elevator doors close on you
When buses drive right past
When the only voice that answers
Is the whir of a ceiling fan

Your great journey has begun

Staring out hotel windows
At planes taking off
Walking round the parking lot
You will never find your car
You've begun to dance the ghost dance
Stray dogs gather in your yard

Your great journey has begun

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