

Your Great Journey

The Handsome Family

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 footprints
You left your wallet on the bus
Your great journey has begun
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
Your great journey has begun