

So you say you want to travel Brieve Morison

It's a lousy night in London
No-one is about
The fog is drifting from the East
On the Essex roundabouts
And the ships and the steamers
Plod their weary way
From the cold snows north in Russia
To the winds of south Biscay

And across the coast lies lovely France
That country of canals
You can sail right through her
Right out of Zola's Germinal
Down to the gate way of Marsailles
And into southern climes
Where Aneas used to holiday
Back in the ancient times

To the west there is America
That country young and fair
But with the news that's reaching here these days
Go there if you dare
Sail in past the statue of liberty
Given graciously by France
To where all may pursue happiness
If it does not run too fast,

Elsewhere there is Mexico
That suburb of the States
A source of cheap labour
Well below the going rates
A country of contrast
Like high Bolivia
Where men's fate has more to do with men
Than predictions of the Stars

And I have not mentioned Israel Egypt or Palestine
Or places nearer home you know
I would not have the time

So forgive me if I miss some out
They've not slipped my mind yet
And one's not more important
The others to forget

So you say you want to travel
See each new land unfold
You want to check the brochures
And the stories you've been told
Well that's alright my dear
I'd rather see you go
Than to hold you in a country
That has no seeds to sow.
Yes that's alright my dear
I'd rather see you go
Than to hold you in a country
That has no seeds to sow