Heading for the great escape, heading for the rave,

heading for the permanent holiday.

Heading for the winter trip, heading for the slide,

(Verse 2 see block lyric)
heading for the dignified walk away.

Head ing for the open road, good bye to all that,

heading for the automatic overload.

bury you.
Verse 2:
Standing in the open boat
Standing in the swing,
Waiting for the ringing and the bright light.

Waiting to be recognised
Quiet applause will do,
They shower you with flowers when they bury you.