

Eugene McGuinness, Atlas

I met a mixer
He talked the head off my throat
He was built for the mountains
But lived in a shoebox in Soho
Strange as it sounds
I didn't want dear motor-mouth to go

Sara points to Paris
Sara seems to sink in sorrow
In the uproar of drunk dragons
A single sudden move and we're toast
We're all mortals prone to hurt
Crushed berries in the dirt
I know

But this world's your world
This world's your world to roam
This land's your land
I understand but I want to go home
I want to go home

Another rhubarbing barfly
A zombie on a fruit machine
Where the wallpaper reminds me
Of a funeral from 2003
There's a town
On a river
On a planet
On the shoulders of me

But this world's your world
This world's your world to roam
This land's your land
I understand but I want to go home
I want to go home