

# 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