

Short Way Home

Lower Than Atlantis

If you want I can keep on trying to break through this brick wall

But I'm out of cash and my liver's full
Sometimes I feel like dying more than usual
Thanks for tonight, but I've got to go

It's an after party, after party
And naughty things getting off with me
At least it's regularly
It's all good fun at the time
But by the time my thumbs are dry
I'm left with a headache and bloodshot eyes

We could walk the short way home
The wind's still cold and I forgot my coat
Typical, just starting to get high
I wish I could be anywhere but here
But it's my own fault and I know
I'd still the say the same at home

Friday night and I'm in my pyjamas
With a kid film ready to go
Then I get the call adrenaline flows
I would rather stay home in my bedroom safe in my own house
I don't want to leave, but I don't want to miss out

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