

## 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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