

This Way Through the Fire

The Mekons

I'm not hungry
I'm not thirsty
I'm not weary
& I'm not alone
When every question has an answer
& All the lost souls come rolling home

This way through the fire
holding hands out through the door
This way...

Two brass farthings on my eyelids
3 cheers, hip hip hooray
4 black pennies in my pocket
To pay the driver to take me on my way