

# Take Me Home

Janet Devlin

They paved the way to heaven through cobblestones and mist  
And expect you to be alright with your hand tucked in a fist

But the fighting man can't win no more, yeah, the blood was never spilled

And they'll take you to the promise land if you promise not to get killed

So Lord, have mercy on our souls  
We lost our way many years ago

So (So) take me home to the Emerald Isle I know  
Oh take me back to the banter and the craic  
Oh set me free from the city streets and greed  
And get me out of London Town 'cause London ain't for me

They'll take away my freedom but you'll never rob my pride  
'Cause we're living in a system where you're worth more dead than you are alive

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