

# 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