

Dire Straits, Wild West End

Stepping out to Angellucci's for my coffee beans
Checking out the movies and the magazines
Waitress she watches me crossing from the Barocco Bar
I'm getting a pickup for my steel guitar
I saw you walking out Shaftesbury Avenue
Excuse me for talking I wanna marry you
This is the seventh heaven street to me
Don't be so proud
You're just another angel in the crowd
And I'm walking in the wild west end
Walking with your wild best friend

And my conductress on the number nineteen
She was a honey
Pink toenails and hands all dirty with money
Greasy hair easy smile
Made me feel nineteen for a while
And we went down to Chinatown
In the backroom it's a man's world
All the money go down
Duck inside the doorway gotta duck to eat
Right now feels alright now
You and me we can't beat

And a gogo dancing girl yes I saw her
The deejay he say here's Mandy for ya
I feel alright to see her
But she's paid to do that stuff
She's dancing high I move on by
The close ups can get rough
When you're walking in the wild west end