

# Gene Pitney, Mecca

I live on the West side, she lives on the East side of the stree-ee-eet  
And though they say that East is East and West is West  
And never the twain shall meet  
Each morning I face her window and pray that our love can be  
'Cause that brownstone house where my baby lives  
Is Mecca (Mecca, Mecca, Mecca) Mecca (Mecca, Mecca) to me-e-e-e-e-e.

Oh she's my dream goddess and her ruby lips are so div-i-ine  
And though her folks say we're too young to know of love  
I worship at her shrine  
Each morning I face her window and pray that our love can be  
'Cause that brownstone house where my baby lives  
Is Mecca (Mecca, Mecca, Mecca) Mecca (Mecca, Mecca) to me-e-e-e-e-e.

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'Cause that brownstone house where my baby lives  
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