

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.

Each morning I face her window and pray that our love can be
'Cause that brownstone house where my baby lives
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