

Ian Hunter, Wild East

(Ian Hunter)

Well it's Tuesday night
How I'd like to be inside at this time
Watchin' T.V. is killin' me
It's such a drag tonight
I feel like Jason
Just found a rusty fleece
And the Cyclops all laughin' at me
You can't tame Wild East
Wild East Wild East
Wild East Wild East

Now some cynic from the methadone clinic
He keeps on bothering me
He writes all my lyrics backwards on diapers
And hangs 'em from the local trees
Watch out, white boy
Don't argue with a sawn off piece
I'm a crazy son, Mama
I love the grease of Wild East
Wild East Wild East
Wild East Wild East
Wild East Wild East
Wild East Wild East

Now Jezebel don't feel too well, she talks to Jane
'Bout a one way conversation on a subway train
Hey! They took away her wallet and her valise
Love hate, love hate, love hate, love hate, Wild East
Wild East Wild East
Wild East Wild East
Wild East Wild East
Wild East come on crazy Wild East

(repeat and fade)