

# Spirit Of The West, Gottingen Street

this tumble down street's just a run down street  
ringing with the clatter of restless feet  
they're kicking in the windows on gottingen street  
just to steal the quiet for the night  
in the morning there will be no pain  
just a drug coursing through the veins  
of the ones who give and take the blame  
for living on the wrong side of the tracks  
broken windows go with broken homes  
broken hearts on faces of stone  
the street's filled with people all alone  
all alone and all together on gottingen street  
the neon lights can't take away  
the many different shades of grey  
that reach from the shadows to where children play  
in gutters that run with ruin  
i'm looking down from the second floor  
at the sally anne and the tv store  
insurance salesmen going door to door  
it looks like business is booming  
-chorus-  
see that twisted old figure used to be a man  
squeezing the juice out of lysol cans  
livin' in the doorways of shadowland  
just another extra on the set  
winter's cruel in this part of town  
the snow's piled dirty all around  
the weak fall prey with defences down  
down, down on gottingen street  
-chorus-