

Boney M., Going Back West

I was born and raised in the ghetto
Talk with me and you'll know
I wasn't satisfied, with living on the side
I started looking around, for a possibility
Listen to my story, of what became of me

I met a businessman
Who said he had some friends back east
So why don't you come along
Well we can help you at least
We'll make you into a big star
By playing your guitar
But the joke was on me
They left me flat to see

Going back west
Yes I know I'll make out alright
Going back west
Where my music's playing all night
Going back west (going back west)
I think I'll do alright

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Struggling for recognition, identity and respect
I got a lot of promises
They told me not to fret
So we will stand by you
If the going gets rough
But when I started thinking
They didn't even bluff

'bout a year has come and gone
And left me standing here
Thinking how it could have been
For still I ain't nowhere
They surely took me for a ride
Trampled on my pride
But I hold my head up high
Got no more tears to cry

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