

# Joe Purdy, Goodnight To The Westside

She draws a line in the sand with her feet  
And there's an old man walking in the middle of the street  
And as the sun goes down, well, she calls me a fool, you know  
'Cause I'm still sitting here in my room  
And I peak out my window, or I close my eyes  
Saying goodnight to the Westside.

Well, the sun feels warm on my face these days  
And I'm slightly removed from the smog of L.A.  
But I'm still searching those things I just can't see  
Like how a beautiful face can hide her life from me  
Take a deep breath as she asks for a ride  
Saying goodnight to the Westside

Well, I come home late in the evening time  
And I try to ride down to the beach, and I stare up at the sky  
And I lie on the Venice sand  
And I think about her, and I think about all of them, all of them  
Sometimes I'm thinking about all of them  
And I roll my windows down  
And let the air flow all around me  
As I start to drive  
Say goodnight to the Westside  
To the Westside  
Goodnight to the Westside