

Pet Shop Boys, West And Girls

Sometimes you're better off dead
There's a gun in your hand and it's pointing at your head
You think you're mad, too unstable
Kicking in chairs and knocking down tables
In a restaurant in a West End town
Call the police, there's a madman around
Running down underground to a dive bar
In a West End town!
In a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
In a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
West End girls!
Too many shadows, whispering voices
Faces on posters, too many choices
If, when, why, what?
How much have you got?
Have you got it, do you get it, if so, how often?
And which do you choose, a hard or soft option?
In a West End town, a dead end world
In a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
In a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
West End girls!
West End girls!
In a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
Oooh West End town, a dead end world
East End boys, West End girls
West End girls!
West End girls, West End girls
West End girls, West End girls
You've got a heart of glass or a heart of stone
Just you wait until I get you home
We've got no future, we've got no past
Here today, built to last
In every city, in every nation
From Lake Geneva to the Finland station
In a West End town, a dead end world
In a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
East End Boys, West End girls
West End girls!
West End girls!
West End girls!