

West End Riot

The Living End

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

There's a kid who was born and was raised in the west
There's a kid from the east that never really fit in with the rest
Every week they would meet in the street with their friends
With the guns that they made and the caps that they stole
They would fight to their death This time we'll have victory
Last time ended in defeat
Our town becomes a battleground
Battleground, battleground West end riot, West end riot
We'll be here next Saturday
With our guns and our heads held high
So listen up boys, you'd better not cry this time See a bum on the street that you think you recognize
Young kid never looked so bad when he was only 4 foot high
6 o'clock runnin' home, I don't wanna be late
Another Saturday of sun and war shared with our mates This time we'll have victory
Last time ended in defeat
Our town becomes a battleground
Battleground, battleground West end riot, West end riot
We'll be here next Saturday
With our guns and our heads held high
So listen up boys, you'd better not cry Boys will be boys playin' up and making lots of noise
Never used to talk about the future
Never thought that we'd have to care so
West end riot There's a man that was born in the west workin' at a factory
There's a man from the east who now runs the whole company
How they've grown on their own, not like the kids they used to be
Saturdays of sun and war are just fond memories West end riot, West end riot
We'll be here next Saturday
With our guns and our heads held high
So listen up boys, you'd better not cry
So listen up boys, you'd better not cry
So listen up boys, you'd better not cry this time

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