

# Wild East (1999 Remaster)

Ian Hunter

Well it's Tuesday night  
How I'd like to be inside at this time  
Watchin' t.v. is killin' me  
It's such a drag tonight  
I feel like jason  
Just found a rusty fleece  
And the cyclops all laughin' at me  
You can't tame wild east  
Wild east wild east  
Wild east wild east Now some cynic from the methadone clinic  
He keeps on bothering me  
He writes all my lyrics backwards on diapers  
And hangs 'em from the local trees  
Watch out, white boy  
Don't argue with a sawn off piece  
I'm a crazy son, mama  
I love the grease of wild east  
Wild east wild east  
Wild east wild east  
Wild east wild east  
Wild east wild east Now Jezebel don't feel too well, she talks to Jane  
'bout a one way conversation on a subway train  
Hey! they took away her wallet and her valise  
Love hate, love hate, love hate, love hate, wild east  
Wild east wild east  
Wild east wild east  
Wild east wild east  
Wild east come on crazy wild east

Songwriters

Hunter, Ian Published by

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