West End Girls

My Morning Jacket

Forever
Sometimes you're better off dead
There's 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, the West End girls
Too many shadows is whispering voices
Faces on posters, too many choices
If, when or why, what? How much have you got?
Have you got it, do you get it, if so, how often?
Which do you choose, a hard or soft option?
(How much do you need?)
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
The West End girls, the West End girls
In a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
West End town, a dead end world
East End boys, West End girls, the West End girls
You've got a heart of glass or a heart of stone
Just you wait till I get you home we've got no future, we've got no past
Here today, built to last in every city and in every nation
From Lake Geneva to the Finland station
(How far have you been?)
And a West End town, a dead end world
The East End boys and West End girls
A West End town, a dead end world
East End boys, West End girls
The West End girls
The West End girls

The West End girls
(How far have you been?)
Girls
East End boys

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