

Wild West End

Dire Straits

Stepping out to Angellucci's for my coffee beans
Checking out the movies and the magazines
The waitress she watches me crossing from the Barocco bar
I get a pickup for my steel guitar
I saw you walking out Shaftesbury avenue
Excuse me talking I wanna marry you
This is seventh Heaven street to me
Don't be so proud you're just another angel in the crowd
And I'm walking in the wild west end
Walking with your wild best friend
Now my conductress on a number nineteen, she was a honey
Pink toenails and hands all, dirty with money
Greasy, greasy, greasy hair, easy smile
That made me feel nineteen for a while
And I went down, Chinatown
In the back room it's man's world, all the money go down
Duck inside the doorway, duck to eat
It just ain't no way you and me, we can beat
Walking in the wild west end
Walking in the wild west end
Walking with your wild best friend
Now, a gogo, dancing girl, yes I saw her
The D.J he says, "Here's Mandy for ya"
I feel alright, saying now, do that stuff
She's dancing high I move on by, the close up's can get rough
When you're walking in the wild west end
Walking, walking, walking in the wild west end
Walking, walking with your wild best friend
Walking, walking in the

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>