Wild East

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, tonightI feel like Jason
Just found a rusty fleece
And the Cyclops, all laughin' at me
You can't tame wild eastWild east, wild east
Wild east, wild eastNow 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 treesWatch out, white boy
Don't argue with a sawn off piece
I'm a crazy son, mama
I love the grease of Wild EastWild east, wild east
Wild east, wild east
Wild east, wild east
Wild east, wild eastNow 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 eastWild east, wild east
Wild east, wild east
Wild east, wild east
Wild east, come on, crazy wild east

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