

# 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

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