

West End Girls

Pet Shop Boys

Sometimes you're better off dead
There's a 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
West End girls
Too many shadows, whispering voices
Faces on posters, too many choices
If, when, why, what, how much have you got?
Have you got it, do you get it, if so, how often?
And 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
West End girls
West End girls
(How much do you need?)
In a West End town, a dead-end world
The East End boys and West End girls
Ooh, West End town, a dead-end world
East End boys, West End girls
West End girls

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>