

## Clash "Gates Of The West"

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(Strummer/Jones)

I would love to be the lucky one on chill  
Avenue  
Who could keep your heart warm when ice has turned it  
blue  
But with the beggin' sleeping losers as they turn in for  
the night  
I'm looking back for home and I can see the lights

I should be jumpin' shoutin' that I made it all this way  
From Camden town station to 44th and 8th  
Not many make it this far and many say we're great  
But just like them we walk on an' we can't escape our  
fate  
Can't you hear the sighing  
Eastside Jimmy and Southside Sue  
Both say they needed something new

So I'm standing at the gates of the west  
I burn money at the lights of the sign  
The city casts a shadow of the perfect crime  
I'm standing at the gates of the east  
I take my pulse and the pulse of my friend  
The city casts a shadow, will I see you again?

The immigrants an' remnants of all the glory years  
Are clustered around the bar again for another round  
of beers  
Little Richard's in the kitchen playing spoons and plates  
He's telling the waitress he's great

Ah say i know somewhere back'n'forth in time  
Out on the dustbowls, deep in the roulette mine  
Or in a ghetto cellar only yesterday  
There's a move into the future for the USA.

I hear them crying  
Eastside Jimmy and Southside Sue  
Both said they needed something new

Standing at the gates of the west

In the shadow again  
I'm standing at the gates of the west  
In the shadow again

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