

Caedmons Call

"We Got To Leave"

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On the north side of town where the cold winds always
blown,
Peoples faces are hard you see no one that you know,
And on the south side of town the bad boys are
carrying guns,
There all the screaming, the swearing and they even
got the cops on the run.

This city is full of lonely hearts,
And all the guters are filled with broken parts,
We gotta get away and make a brand new start,
We gotta get away before it falls apart,
You and me,
You and me,
We can still make it but we gotta leave.

On the west side of town they say the streets are lined
with gold,
But all the peoples talls have turned back into plastic
dolls,
On the east side of town you can here someones baby
cry,
And when taht kid turns up he's going to turn into a
mean old guy.

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