

Living End "West End Riot"

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There's a kid who was born and was raised in the west
There's a kid from the east who never really fit in with
the rest

Every week they would meet
In the street with their friends
With the guns that they made and the caps that they
stole they would fight to their death

This time
We'll have victory
Last time
Ended in defeat
Our town
Becomes a battle ground
Battle ground
Battle ground

West end
RIOT RIOT
West end
RIOT RIOT
We'll be here next saturday
With our guns and our heads raised high
So listen up boys you'd better not cry this time

See a bum on the street
That you think you recognise
Your kid never looked so bad
When he was only four foot high
Six oclock running home
I don't wanna be late
Another saturday of sun and war
Shared with out mates

This time
We'll have victory
Last time
Ended in defeat
Our town
Becomes a battle ground
Battle ground

Battle ground

West end
RIOT RIOT
West end
RIOT RIOT

We'll be here next saturday
With our guns and our heads held high
So listen up boys you'd better not cry

Boys will be
Boys playing nice
And making lots of noise
Never used to talk about the future
Never thought we'd have the chance
So west end riot

Guitar solo
(Cheney rules)

There's a man who was born in the west working at a
factory
There's a man from the east who now runs the whole
company

Now they've grown
On their own
Not like the kids they used to be
Saturdays of sun and war jsut come and leave

West end
RIOT RIOT
West end
RIOT RIOT

We'll be here next saturday
With our guns and our heads held high
So listen up boys you'd better not cry
Listen up boys you'd better not cry this time

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