

Morrissey "East West"

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East West
Over the ocean
Perpetual motion
Travelling around

No rest
Singing and playing
Night out and day in
Doing the rounds
What a great life this must seem !
Swelled joints
Everything classy
Nothing is tacky
Only the best
Lush girls
Older and dying
Sighing and crying
"This is success !"
What a great life this must seem !
But when I hear your voice
Singing out
The Bells Of Home
Are ringing out
And I feel all alone
(And I think of my home)
Cold times
A wind through the houses
The bleakness arouses
A longing to leave
Time flew
I wanted to see you
Somehow I could not do
Because of success
What a strange life this can be !
But when I hear your voice
Singing out
The Bells Of Home
Are ringing out
And I feel all alone
(And I think of my home)

