

The Clash "Gates of the West"

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I would love to be the lucky one on Chill Avenue
Who could keep your heart warm when ice has turned it
blue
But then you see the 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, we can't escape our fate

Can't you hear the sighing?
East side Jimmy and South side 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 and forth in time
Out on the dust bowls, deep in the roulette mine
Or in the ghetto cellar only yesterday
There's a move into the future for USA

I hear them crying
East side Jimmy and South side Sue
Both said they needed something new

So I'm standing at the Gates of the West
I burn money at the light 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?

Standing at the gates of the West
In the shadow again
I'm standing at the gates of the West
In the shadow again
I'm standing at the gates of the West
In the shadow again
In the shadow again

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