

Clash, The

"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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