

The 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 that 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 battleground
Battleground, battleground

West end riot, West end riot
We'll be here next Saturday
With our guns and our heads held high
So listen up boys, you'd better not cry this time

See a bum on the street that you think you recognize
Young kid never looked so bad when he was only 4 foot
high
6 o'clock runnin' home, I don't wanna be late
Another Saturday of sun and war shared with our
mates

This time we'll have victory
Last time ended in defeat
Our town becomes a battleground
Battleground, battleground

West end riot, West end 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 playin' up and making lots of noise
Never used to talk about the future
Never thought that we'd have to care so
West end riot

There's a man that was born in the west workin' at a

factory

There's a man from the east who now runs the whole
company

How they've grown on their own, not like the kids they
used to be

Saturdays of sun and war are just fond memories

West end riot, West end riot

We'll be here next Saturday

With our guns and our heads held high

So listen up boys, you'd better not cry

So listen up boys, you'd better not cry

So listen up boys, you'd better not cry this time

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