

## Living End, The "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 a defeat

Our town becomes a battleground

CHORUS

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 recognise

Young kid never looked so bad, when he was only 4ft  
high

Six o'clock runnin' home I don't wanna be late

Another Saturday of sun and war shared with our  
mates

Boys will be boys playing 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!!!

REPEAT CHORUS

There's a man who was born in the West workin' at a  
factory

There's a man from the East who know 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

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