

# West End Girls

## Pet Shop Boys

Sometimes you're better off dead  
There's a gun in your hand and it's pointing at your head  
You think you're mad, too unstable  
Kicking in chairs and knocking down tables  
In a restaurant in a West End town  
Call the police, there's a madman around  
Running down underground  
To a dive bar in a West End town  
In a West End town, a dead-end world  
The East End boys and West End girls  
In a West End town, a dead-end world  
The East End boys and West End girls  
West End girls  
Too many shadows, whispering voices  
Faces on posters, too many choices  
If, when, why, what, how much have you got?  
Have you got it, do you get it, if so, how often?  
And which do you choose, a hard or soft option?  
(How much do you need?)  
In a West End town, a dead-end world  
The East End boys and West End girls  
In a West End town, a dead-end world  
The East End boys and West End girls  
West End girls  
West End girls  
(How much do you need?)  
In a West End town, a dead-end world  
The East End boys and West End girls  
Ooh, West End town, a dead-end world  
East End boys, West End girls  
West End girls

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>