

Westside

Ratboys

Falling over Westside
I came home, I let it ride
I fall asleep to the memories
Of my dreams

Never on the ocean
I was always a saint
You're telling me I'm not faint
I'm just in slow motion

I had never loved
Another person
Until I found your name
On a paper plate in the aeroplane

I'm falling on the Westside
I am falling down deep
I'm falling on the Westside
I am falling down deep

Hopping along
To that Westside
I felt alive
Crying hard and all alone

I held on upon the Westside
I am far from home
Tell me your little
Memories from then

I'm always far from home
I'm never far from Hell
On that side, know that
Little on the Westside
I am broken as a bone
On the Westside
Little on the Westside
I am gone again