

# 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