

The West Ends

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Just a walk in the park Scollay Square after dark
I hear someone sayin' "Is that Bernie Clark?"
This one's a bull finch, I love every brick
The streets are so narrow and the accents are thick

Urban renewal, demolition and the act of contrition
"Why would you live here in this condition?"
"Why would they say that, this is our home?"
The West End's the best, then why won't they just leave us alone?

A very short walk, but its block after block
Bruised buildings beyond the shock
Cement and the steel and the zero appeal
If this was where you called home, then how would you feel?

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The West End's the best, then won't they just leave us alone?
Why won't they just leave us alone?

This is not squalor
It's dollar to dollar
We don't care about status
Or color or collar
This is not poverty, we don't live in the slums
We are the working class poor, and we're not just derelict bums

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Why won't they leave us alone?