

Joe Purdy, Goodnight To The Westside

She draws a line in the sand with her feet
And there's an old man walking in the middle of the street
And as the sun goes down, well, she calls me a fool, you know
'Cause I'm still sitting here in my room
And I peak out my window, or I close my eyes
Saying goodnight to the Westside.

Well, the sun feels warm on my face these days
And I'm slightly removed from the smog of L.A.
But I'm still searching those things I just can't see
Like how a beautiful face can hide her life from me
Take a deep breath as she asks for a ride
Saying goodnight to the Westside

Well, I come home late in the evening time
And I try to ride down to the beach, and I stare up at the sky
And I lie on the Venice sand
And I think about her, and I think about all of them, all of them
Sometimes I'm thinking about all of them
And I roll my windows down
And let the air flow all around me
As I start to drive
Say goodnight to the Westside
To the Westside
Goodnight to the Westside