

## **Don Henley**

# **"The Garden Of Allah"**

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It was a pretty big year for fashion  
A lousy year for rock and roll  
The people gave their blessings to crimes of passion  
It was a dark, dark night of the collective soul  
I was somewhere out on riverside  
By the El Royale Hotel  
When a stranger appeared in a cloud of smoke  
I thought I knew him all too well

He said "Now that I have your attention  
I got somethin' I wanna say  
You may not want to hear it  
I'm gonna tell it to you anyway  
You know, I've always liked you, boy  
'Cause you were not afraid of me  
But things are gonna get mighty rough  
Here in Gomorrah-By-The-Sea"

He said "It's just like home  
It's so damned hot, I can't stand it  
My fine seersucker suit is all soakin' wet"

And all the hills are burning  
The wind is raging  
And the clock strikes midnight  
In the Garden of Allah

"Nice car.....  
I love those Bavarians.....so meticulous  
Y'know, I remember a time when things were a lot more  
Fun around here  
When good was good, and evil was evil  
Before things got so.....fuzzy  
Yeah, I was once a golden boy like you  
I was summoned to the halls of power in the heavenly  
court  
And I dined with the deities who looked upon me with  
favor  
For my talents; my creativity  
We sat beneath the palms in the warm afternoons  
And drank the wine with Fitzgerald and Huxley

They pawned a biting phrase  
From tongues hot with blood  
And drained their pens of bitter ink  
Vainly reaching for the bottle full of empty Edens  
Branded special for the ones  
Who had come with great expectations  
To the perfumed halls of Allah  
For their time in the sun

We were stokin' the fires  
And oilin' up the machinery  
Until the gods found out we had ideas of our own"

And the war was coming  
The earth was shaking  
And there was no more room  
In the Garden of Allah

"Today I made an appearance downtown  
I am an expert witness, because I say I am  
And I said, 'Gentleman....and I use that word loosely....  
I will testify for you  
I'm a gun for hire, I'm a saint, I'm a liar  
Because there are no facts, there is no truth  
Just a data to be manipulated  
I can get any result you like  
What's it worth to ya?  
Because there is no wrong, there is no right  
And I sleep very well at night  
No shame, no solution  
No remorse, no retribution  
Just people selling T-shirts  
Just opportunity to participate in the pathetic little circus  
And winning, winning, winning'"

It was a pretty big year for predators  
The marketplace was on a roll  
And the land of opportunity  
Spawned a whole new breed of men without souls  
This year, notoriety got all confused with fame  
And the devil is downhearted  
Because there's nothing left for him to claim

He said "It's just like home  
It's so low-down, I can't stand it  
I guess my work around here has all been done"

And the fruit is rotten  
The serpent's eyes shine  
As he wraps around the vine  
In the Garden of Allah

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