Don Mclean "Magdalene Lane"

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The angels are lost in the city of stars
The wise men are down on their knees
And the fruit man of freeway will sell you his cars
When he's sure that you can't find the keys

And the ladies on Magdalene lane All worship the sun and the sand And the migrants who come can't complain For this is their promised land

MGM studios can't make the nut They're auctioning Dorothy's shoes Gable is gone, the good witch is a slut And I've got the parking lot blues

The wizard brought Benzedrine smiles And he never let Dorothy doze She died as she walked down the aisle And all that remains is her clothes

Over the rainbow a Kansas tornado Can twist up a little girlÃ,´s head Aunt Em's on relief and the tin man's a thief And even the wizard can't wake the dead

La la

The prophet has come to this kingdom of lights But there's no one to listen or learn And the Savior performs for the prophet's delight While dissenters are banished or burned

And the heretics beg to be heard But the Savior's on tour for the week Salvation is found in His word If only He'd learn how to speak And Lincoln is laughing with Amos 'n Andy Concerning the Great Civil War And Paul Revere sleeps with the worst looking creeps While revolution's knocking at his door

La la

Magdalene Lane is the red light domain Where everyone's soul is for sale A piece of your heart will do for a start But you can send us the rest in the mail

For we have our own families to feed And we can't let them starve just for you Well, we'd rather not watch while you bleed So come back in an hour when you're through

It's just another city full of sorrow
It makes no difference why I came
I only know I'm leaving here tomorrow
And only the motel man knows my name

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