My Chemical Romance "Desolation Row (mcr Version)"

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They're selling postcards of the hanging Where they're painting the passports brown Yeah, the beauty parlor's filled with sailors The circus is in town

Oh now but here comes the blind commissioner Well, they got him in a trance
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
The other's in his pants

And the riot squad, they're restless They need somewhere to go As Lady and I look out tonight From Desolation Row

Cinderella, she seems so easy "Well, it takes one to know one," she smiles And she puts her hands in her back pockets Bette Davis style

Now but in comes Romeo moaning
"You belong to me I believe"
And someone says, "You're in the wrong place, my
friend
You better leave"

And then only sound that's left After the ambulances go Is Cinderella sweeping up On Desolation Row

Now at midnight all the agents And super-human crew Go out and round up everyone That knows more than they do

They gonna bring 'em to the factory Where the heart-attack machine Is strapped across their shoulders And then the kerosene!

Is brought down from the castles

By insurance men who go Check to see that no one is escaping To Desolation Row

'Cause right now I can't read too good Don't send me no letters, no Not unless you gotta mail them From Desolation Row

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