

My Brightest Diamond "Desolation Row"

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They're
Selling postcards
Of the hanging
They're painting
The passports brown
The beauty parlor
Is filled with sailors
The circus is in town
Here comes
The blind commissioner
They've got him in a trance
One hand is tied
To the tight-rope walker
The other is 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
"It takes one to know one"
She smiles
And puts her hands
In her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo
He's moaning
"You Belong to Me I Believe"
And someone says
" You're in the wrong place
My friend
You better leave"
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row

Now at midnight all the agents

And the superhuman crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then they bring them 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 nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

Right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row

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