

The Eagles

"Long Road Out Of Eden"

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Moon shinin' down through the palms
Shadows movin' on the sand
Somebody whisperin' the twenty-third psalm
Dusty rifle in his tremblin' hands

Somebody tryin' just to stay alive
He got promises to keep
Over the ocean in America
Far away and fast asleep

Silent stars blinkin' in the blackness of an endless sky
Cold silver satellites, ghostly caravans passin' by
Galaxies unfoldin', new world's bein' born
Pilgrims and prodigals creepin' toward the dawn
And it's a long road out of Eden

Music blastin' from an SUV
On a bright and sunny day
Rollin' down the Interstate
In the good old USA

Havin' lunch at The Petroleum Club
Smokin' fine cigars and swappin' lives
He said, "Give me another slice of that barbecued
brisket
Give me another piece of that pecan pie"

Freeways flickerin', cell phones chimin' a tune
We're ridin' to utopia, road map says we'll be arrivin'
soon
Captains of the old order clingin' to the reins
Assurin' us these aches inside are only growin' pains
But it's a long road out of Eden

Back home, I was so certain the path was very clear
But now I have to wonder what are we doin' here?
I'm not countin' on tomorrow and I can't tell wrong from
right
But I'd give anythin' to be there in your arms tonight

Weavin' down the American highway
Through the litter and the wreckage and the cultural

junk

Bloated with entitlement, loaded on propaganda
Now we're drivin' dazed and drunk

Been down the road to Damascus, the road to
Mandalay
Met the ghost of Caesar on the Appian way
He said, "It's hard to stop this bingein' once you get a
taste
But the road to empire is a bloody stupid waste"

Behold the bitten apple, the power of the tools
But all the knowledge in the world is of no use to fools
And it's a long road out of Eden

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