

## **Henley Don**

### **"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 blessing to crimes of passion  
It was a dark, dark night for 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 wanna hear it  
I'm gonna tell it to ya 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 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 afternoon

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 of empty Edens

Branded specially 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, no truth, just data to be  
manipulated

I can get you 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 this 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

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