

Desolation Row

My Chemical Romance

They're selling postcards of the hanging
Well, they're painting the passports brown
Yeah, the beauty parlor's filled with sailors
The circus is in town Oh no, but here comes the blind commissioner
Well, they've 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 Oh, 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 here 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 the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up on Desolation Row
Yeah, at midnight all the agents
And superhuman crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do They're gonna 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 no one is escaping to
Desolation Row
And so 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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