

My Chemical Romance, Desolation Row

They're selling postcards of the hangin
Well they're painting the passports brown
The beauty parlor is filled with sailors
The circus is in town
And here comes the blind commissioner
Well 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
"What it takes one to know one" she smiles
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo moanin
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 midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Go out 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 got a mail them from
Desolation Row