

Don McLean, Magdalene Lane

The angels are lost in the city of stars
Wise men are down on their knees
And the Fruitman of Freeway will sell you his cars
When he's sure that you can't find the keys
And the ladies on Magdalene Lane
All worship the sun and the sand
And the migrants who come can't complain
For this is their promised land
MGM studios can't make the nut
They're auctioning Dorothy's shoes
Gable is gone, the good witch is a slut
And I've got the parking-lot blues
The wizard brought benzedrine smiles
And he never let Dorothy doze
Ha- she died as she walked down the aisle
And all that remains is her clothes
Over the rainbow a Kansas tornado
Can twist up a little girl's head
Aunt Em's on relief and the tin man's a thief
And even the wizard can't wake the dead
The prophet has come to the kingdom of lights
But there's no one to listen or learn
And the saviour performs for the prophet's delight
While dissenters are banished or burned
And the heretics beg to be heard
But the saviour's on tour for the week
Salvation is found in his word
If only he'd learn how to speak!
And Lincoln is laughing with Amos and Andy
Concerning the great Civil War
And Paul Revere sleeps with the worst-looking creeps
While revolution's knocking at his door
Magdalene Lane is the red-light domain
Where everyone's soul is for sale
A piece of your heart will do for a start
You can send us the rest in the mail
For we have our own families to feed
And we can't let them starve just for you
But we'd rather not watch while you bleed
So come back in an hour when you're through
It's just another city full of sorrow
Makes no difference why I came
And I only know I'm leaving here tomorrow
And only the motel man knows my name