Magdalene Lane

Don Mclean

The angels are lost in the city of stars
The wise men are down on their knees
And the fruit man of freeway will sell you his cars
When he's sure that you can't find the keysAnd 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 landLa la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la laMGM 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 bluesThe wizard brought Benzedrine smiles
And he never let Dorothy doze
She died as she walked down the aisle
And all that remains is her clothesOver the rainbow a Kansas tornado
Can twist up a little girls head
Aunt Em's on relief and the tin man's a thief
And even the wizard can't wake the deadLa la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la laThe prophet has come to this kingdom of lights
But there's no one to listen or learn
And the Savior performs for the prophet's delight
While dissenters are banished or burnedAnd the heretics beg to be heard
But the Savior's on tour for the week
Salvation is found in His word
If only He'd learn how to speakAnd Lincoln is laughing with Amos 'n Andy
Concerning the Great Civil War
And Paul Revere sleeps with the worst looking creeps
While revolution's knocking at his doorLa la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la laMagdalene Lane is the red light domain
Where everyone's soul is for sale
A piece of your heart will do for a start
But you can send us the rest in the mailFor we have our own families to feed
And we can't let them starve just for you
Well, we'd rather not watch while you bleed
So come back in an hour when you're throughIt's just another city full of sorrow
It makes no difference why I came
I only know I'm leaving here tomorrow
And only the motel man knows my name

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