

The Garden Of Allah

Don Henley

It was a pretty big year for fashion
A lousy year for rock and roll
The people gave their blessings to crimes of passion
It was a dark, dark night of the collective soul
Now 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 want to say
You may not want to hear it
I'm gonna tell it to you 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
(In the Garden of Allah) Nice car
I love those Bavarians, so meticulous
You 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
And 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
And we sat beneath the palms in the warm afternoons
And drank the wine with Fitzgerald and Huxley And they pawned a biting phrase
From tongues hot with blood
And drained their pens of bitter ink
Vainly reaching for the bottle full of empty Edens
Branded special 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
(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, there is no truth
Just a data to be manipulated
I can get 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 the 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, baby
'Cause 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
In the Garden of Allah
(In the Garden of Allah)
(In the Garden of Allah)

Songwriters

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