

The Garden Of Allah

Don Henley

It was pretty big year for fashion
A lousy year for rock and roll
The people gave their blessing to crimes of passion
It was a dark, dark night of the collective soul
Now I 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 something I wanna say
You may not wanna 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
Things are gonna get mighty rough
Here in Gomorrah-by-the-Sea"
He said, "It's just like home
It's so damn hot I can't stand it
My fine seersucker suit
Is all soaking wet"
And the hills are burning
And 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
Y'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""I was once a golden boy like you
And I was summoned to the halls of power in the heavenly courts
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 the tongues hot with blood""And drained their pins of bitter ink
Vainly reaching for the bottle full of empty Edens
Branded specially for the ones who had come with great expectations
To the perfumed halls of Allah, for their time in the sun""And we were stokin' the fires and oilin' up the
machinery
Until the Gods found out, we had ideas of our own"
And war was coming and the Earth was shaking
And there was no more ruin in the Garden of Allah
"Today, I made an appearance downtown
I am an expert witness because I say I am
And I said, 'Gentlemen, 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 data to be manipulated

I can get you any result you like
What's it worth to you?""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 pretty big year for predators
The marketplace was on a roll
And the land of opportunity
Spawned a whole new breed of men without soulsThis year notoriety
Got all confused with fame
And the devil is downhearted, babe
'Cause there's nothing left for him to claimHe 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 AllahIn the Garden of Allah

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