

# Desperadoes Under The Eaves

[Madeleine Peyroux](#)

I was sitting in the Hollywood Hawaiian Hotel  
I was staring in my empty coffee cup  
I was thinking that the gypsy wasn't lyin'  
All the salty margaritas in Los Angeles  
I'm gonna drink 'em up And if California slides into the ocean  
Like the mystics and statistics say it will  
I predict this motel will be standing until I pay my bill Don't the sun look angry through the trees  
Don't the trees look like crucified thieves  
Don't you feel like Desperados under the eaves  
Heaven help the one who leaves Still waking up in the mornings with shaking hands  
And I'm trying to find a girl who understands me  
But except in dreams you're never really free  
Don't the sun look angry at me

Songwriters

ZEVON, WARREN Published by

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