

Desolation Row (From "Watchmen")

My Chemical Romance

They're selling postcards of the hanging
Where they're painting the passports brown
Yeah, the beauty parlor's filled with sailors
The circus is in town Oh now but here comes the blind commissioner
Well, they got him in a trance
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
The other's in his pants And the riot squad, they're restless
They need somewhere to go
As Lady and I look out tonight
From Desolation Row Cinderella, she seems so easy
"Well, it takes one to know one," she smiles
And she puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style Now but in comes Romeo moaning
"You belong to me I believe"
And someone says, "You're in the wrong place, my friend
You better leave" And then only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row Now at midnight all the agents
And super-human crew
Go out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do They gonna bring 'em to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene! Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that no one is escaping
To Desolation Row 'Cause right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no letters, no
Not unless you gotta mail them
From Desolation Row

Songwriters

Bob Dylan
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