

# Desolation Row

## 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

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