

# The Last Resort

## Eagles

She came from Providence, the one in Rhode Island  
Where the old world shadows hang heavy in the air.  
She packed her hopes and dreams like a refugee,  
Just as her father came across the sea.

She heard about a place people were smilin',  
They spoke about the red man's way, how they loved the land.  
And they came from everywhere to the Great Divide  
Seeking a place to stand or a place to hide.

Down in the crowded bars out for a good time,  
Can't wait to tell you all what it's like up there.  
And they called it paradise, I don't know why.  
Somebody laid the mountains low while the town got high.

Then the chilly winds blew down across the desert,  
Through the canyons of the coast to the Malibu  
Where the pretty people play hungry for power  
To light their neon way and give them things to do.

Some rich man came and raped the land, nobody caught 'em,  
Put up a bunch of ugly boxes and, Jesus, people bought 'em.  
And they called it paradise, the place to be,  
They watched the hazy sun sinking in the sea.

You can leave it all behind and sail to Lahaina  
Just like the missionaries did so many years ago.  
They even brought a neon sign 'Jesus is Coming',  
Brought the white man's burden down, brought the white man's reign.

Who will provide the grand design, what is yours and what is mine?  
Cause there is no more new frontier, we have got to make it here.  
We satisfy our endless needs and justify our bloody deeds  
In the name of destiny and in the name of God.

And you can see them there on Sunday morning  
Stand up and sing about what it's like up there.  
They called it paradise, I don't know why.  
You call some place paradise, kiss it goodbye.

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