

The Last Resort

The Dead 60s

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 men 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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