

# My Chemical Romance, Desolation Row

They're selling postcards of the hangin  
Well they're painting the passports brown  
The beauty parlor is filled with sailors  
The circus is in town  
And here comes the blind commissioner  
Well they've got him in a trance  
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker  
The other is 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  
"What it takes one to know one" she smiles  
And puts her hands in her back pockets  
Bette Davis style  
And in comes Romeo moanin  
You belong to me I believe  
And someone says  
You're in the wrong place my friend  
You better leave  
And the only sound that's left  
After the ambulances go  
Is Cinderella sweeping up on Desolation Row  
Now midnight all the agents  
And the superhuman crew  
Go out round up everyone  
That knows more than they do  
Then they bring them 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 nobody is escaping to  
Desolation Row  
Right now I can't read too good  
Don't send me no more letters no  
Not unless you got a mail them from  
Desolation Row