

# Desolation Row

## My Chemical Romance

They're selling postcards of the hanging  
Well, they're painting the passports brown  
Yeah, the beauty parlor's filled with sailors  
The circus is in town Oh no, but here comes the blind commissioner  
Well, they've 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 Oh, 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 here 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 the only sound that's left  
After the ambulances go  
Is Cinderella sweeping up on Desolation Row  
Yeah, at midnight all the agents  
And superhuman crew  
Go out and round up everyone  
That knows more than they do They're gonna 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 no one is escaping to  
Desolation Row  
And so now  
I can't read too good  
Don't send me no letters, no!  
Not unless you gotta mail them from  
Desolation Row

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>