

Desolation Row - Bob Dylan

[Verses]

D  
They're selling postcards of the hanging.  
G D  
They're painting the passports brown.  
A7  
The beauty parlour's filled with sailors.  
G D  
The circus is in town.

Here comes the blind commissoner.

G D  
They've got him in a trance.  
A7  
One hand's tied to the tightrope walker.  
G D  
The other is in his pants.  
G  
And the riot squad they're restless  
D  
They need some where to go.  
D A7  
As lady and I look out tonight  
G D  
On Desolation Row.

Cinderella she seem so easy.  
It takes on to know one she smiles.  
Then puts her hand in her back pocket,  
Betty davis style.  
Then in comes Romeo he's moaning.  
You Belong to me I believe.  
And someone says your 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 the moon is almost hidden  
The stars are beginning to hide  
The fortune telling lady  
Has already taken all her things inside.  
All except for Cane and Able  
And the Hunch Back of Notre Dame  
Everyone is making love  
Or else expecting rain  
And the good samaritan he's dressing  
He's gettin ready for the show.  
He's going to the carinval  
Tonight on Desolation Row.

Now Ophelia she's 'neath the window.  
For her I feel so afraid.  
On her twenty-second birthday  
She already is an old maid.  
To her death is quite romantic.

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She wears an iron vest.  
Her profession's her religion,  
Her sin is her lifelessness.  
And though her eyes are fixed upon  
Noah's great rainbow  
She spends her time peeking  
Into Desolation Row.

Einstien disguised as Robin Hood  
With his memories in a trunk  
Passed this way an hour ago  
With his friend a jealous monk.  
He looked so frightful  
As he bummed a cigarette  
Then went off sniffing drain pipes  
And reciting the alphabet.  
No you would not think to look at him  
That he was famous long ago  
For playing electric violin  
On Desolation Row.

Doctor filth he keeps his word  
Inside a leather cup  
But all his sexless patients  
Are trying to blow it up.  
Now his nurse a local looser  
She's in charge of the cyanaide hole  
And she also keeps the cards that read  
Have mercy on his soul.  
They all play on penny whistles  
You can hear them blow  
If you lean your head out far enough  
>From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains  
They're gettin ready for the feast  
The phantom of the opera  
A perfect image of a priest  
They're spoon feedin Casonova  
To get him to feel more assured  
Then they'll killed him with self confidence  
After poisoning him with words  
And the phantom shouting to skinning girls  
Get outta her don't you know  
Casanova is just being punished  
For going to Desolation Row.

Now at midnight all the agents  
And the superhuman crews  
Round up everyone  
That knows more than they do.  
Then they bring them to the factory  
Where the heart attack machines  
Is strapped across their shoulders  
And then the kerosene  
Is brought down from the castles  
By insurance men that go  
Check to see that nobody is escaping  
To Desolation Row

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Praise be to Nero's Neptune  
The Titanic sails at dawn  
And everybody shouting  
Which side are you on  
And Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot  
Fighting in the captains tower  
While calypso signers laugh at them  
And fishermen hold flowers  
Between the windows of the sea  
Where lovely mermaids flow  
And nobody has to think too much  
About Desolation Row

Yes I received your letter yesterday  
About the time the door knob broke.  
When you asked me how I was  
Was that some kind of joke.  
All those people that you mention  
Yes I know them they're quite lame.  
I had to rearrange their faces  
And give them all another name.  
Right now I can't read too good  
Don't send me no more letters no.  
Not unless you mail them from  
Desolation Row.