

1. They're selling posters of the hanging
They're painting the passport's brown
The beauty parlor's filled with spillover
The circus is in town
Here comes the blind commissioner
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 is restless
They need some ~~place~~ where to go
As Lady and I look out tonight
From desolation Row

2. Cinderella she seems so easy
It takes one to know one she smiles
Then puts her hands in her back pockets
Betty Davis style
And in comes Romeo he's moaning
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

3. Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortune telling lady
Has taken all her things inside
All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody's making love
Or else expecting rain
And the good Samaritan he's dressing
He's getting ready for the show
He's going to the carnival tonight
On desolation Row

4. Now Ophelia she's near 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
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 peering
Into desolation Row

5. Einstein disguised as Robin Hood
With memories in 2 tanks
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend a jealous monk
He looked so immaculately frightful
As he ~~smoke~~ bummed a cigarette
Then he went off sniffing drainpipes
And reciting the alphabet
Now you would not think to look at him
But he was famous long ago
For playing the electric violin
On desolation Row

6. Dr. Filth he keeps his world
Inside a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
Are trying to blow it up
~~Some local loser~~ Now his nurse
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
also And she keeps cards that read
Have mercy on his soul
They all play on the puhhy whistles
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From desolation Row

7. Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast
The phantom of the opera
In a perfect image of a priest
They're spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self confidence
After poisoning him with words
And phantoms shouting to skinny girls
Get out if you don't know
Casanova is being punished
For going to desolation Row