

The Garden of Allah

Don Henley

It was pretty big year for fashion
a lousy year for rock and roll
The people gave their blessing to crimes of passion
It was a dark, dark night of the collective soul
and I was somewhere out on Riverside by the El Royale Hotel
When a stranger appeared in a cloud of smoke
I thought I knew him all too well
He said now that I have your attention
I got something I wanna say
You may not wanna hear it, I'm gonna tell it to you anyway
You know I've always like you boy
Cause you were not afraid of me
Things are gonna get mighty rough here in Gomorrah-by-the-Sea

Ya said it's just like home
It's so damn hot I can't stand it
My fine seersucker suit is all soaking wet
And the hills are burning
and the wind is raging
and the clock strikes midnight in the Garden of Allah
In the Garden of Allah

Nice car
Ah, I love those Bavarians
so meticulous
Y'know I remember when things were a lot more fun around here
When good was good and evil was evil
Before things got so fuzzy
I was once a golden boy like you
And I was summoned to the halls of power in the heavenly courts
And I dined with the deities who looked upon me with favor,
for my talents, my creativity
and we sat beneath the palms
in the warm afternoons and drank the wine
With Fitzgerald and Huxley
and they pawned the biting phrase from the tongues hot with blood
and drained their pins of bitter ink
Vainly reaching for the bottle full of empty Edens
Branded especially for the ones who had come with great expectations
to the perfumed halls of Allah, for their time in the sun

And we were stokin' the fires and oilin' up the machinery
Until the Gods found out we had ideas of our own
And war was coming and the Earth was shaking
and there was no more ruin in the Garden of Allah

Today I made an appearance downtown
I am an expert witness because I say I am
And I said gentlemen, and I use that world loosely
I will testify for you, I'm a gun for hire, I'm a saint, I'm a liar
Because there are no facts, there is no truth
Just data to be manipulated
I can get you any result you like
What's it worth to you?
Because there is no wrong, there is no right
And I sleep very well at night
No shame, no solution, no remorse, no retribution

Just people selling t-shirts
Just opportunity to participate in the pathetic little circus
and winning, winning, winning

It was pretty big year for predators
The marketplace was on a roll
and the land of opportunity
spawned a whole new breed of men without souls
This year notoriety got all confused with fame
and the devil is downhearted babe, cause
there's nothing left for him to claim

He said it's just like home
It's so low-down I can't stand it
I guess my work around here has all been done

And the fruit is rotten, the serpent's eyes shine
as he wraps around the vine,
in the Garden of Allah
in the Garden of Allah
in the Garden of Allah