

They're selling postcards of the hanging, they're painting the passports brown
 The beauty parlor is filled with sailors 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

/ D - G D / A - G D / :

And the riot squad they're restless, they need somewhere to go
 As Lady and I look out tonight, from Desolation Row

/ G - D G / D A G D /

Cinderella, she seems so easy, "It takes one to know one," she smiles
 And puts her hands in her back pockets, Bette 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

Now the moon is almost hidden, the stars are beginning to hide
 The fortune-telling lady has even taken all her things inside
 All except for Cain and Abel and the hunchback of Notre Dame
 Everybody is 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

Yes, I received your letter yesterday, about the time the doorknob broke
 When you asked how I was doing, was that some kind of joke?
 All these 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

Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window,
 for her I feel so afraid ...

Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood,
 with his memories in a trunk ...

Dr. Filth, he keeps his world,
 inside of a leather cup ...

Across the street they've nailed the curtains,
 they're getting ready for the feast ...

Now at midnight all the agents
 and the superhuman crew ...

Praise be to Nero's Neptune,
 the Titanic sails at dawn ...