

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 ...