

# Magdalene Lane

Don McLean

The angels are lost in the city of stars  
Wise men are down on their knees  
And the Fruitman of Freeway will sell you his cars  
When he's sure that you can't find the keys  
And the ladies on Magdalene Lane  
All worship the sun and the sand  
And the migrants who come can't complain  
For this is their promised land

MGM studios can't make the nut  
They're auctioning Dorothy's shoes  
Gable is gone, the good witch is a slut  
And I've got the parking-lot blues  
The wizard brought benzedrine smiles  
And he never let Dorothy doze  
Ha- she died as she walked down the aisle  
And all that remains is her clothes

Over the rainbow a Kansas tornado  
Can twist up a little girl's head  
Aunt Em's on relief and the tin man's a thief  
And even the wizard can't wake the dead

The prophet has come to the kingdom of lights  
But there's no one to listen or learn  
And the saviour performs for the prophet's delight  
While dissenters are banished or burned  
And the heretics beg to be heard  
But the saviour's on tour for the week  
Salvation is found in his word  
If only he'd learn how to speak!

And Lincoln is laughing with Amos and Andy  
Concerning the great Civil War  
And Paul Revere sleeps with the worst-looking creeps  
While revolution's knocking at his door

Magdalene Lane is the red-light domain  
Where everyone's soul is for sale  
A piece of your heart will do for a start  
You can send us the rest in the mail  
For we have our own families to feed  
And we can't let them starve just for you  
But we'd rather not watch while you bleed  
So come back in an hour when you're through

It's just another city full of sorrow  
Makes no differ