## 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

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