

Wasteland

Dan Bern

I saw the best of my generation playing pinball
 Make-up on, all caked up
 Looking like some kind of china doll
 With all of Adolf Hitler's moves down cold
 As they stood up in front
 Of a rock and roll band
And always moving upward and ever upward
 To this gentle golden promised land
 With the smartest of them all
 Moonlighting as a word processor
 And the strongest of them all
 Checking IDs outside a saloon
 And the prettiest of all
 Taking off her clothes
 In front of men
Whose eyes look like they were in some little hick town
 Near Omaha
 Watching the police chief
 Run his car off the side of a bridge
 I saw a men with dreams
 Like the ones I'd had
 Beg quarters outside the Seven-Eleven
 Till it got so they didn't affect me anymore
 Than the mailboxes I'd passed
 'Cept that sometimes
I'd put somthing in the mailbox I'd had the wind at my back
 Now I felt it cold in my face
 And for an awful long time now
 You were the only one who ever
 Called me late at night
 And I really never noticed
 Till after you stopped calling
 And the emptiness
 And silence
 Got so heavy
 Broken up in the wasteland
 Broken up in the promised land
 Broken up in Disneyland
 Broken up in the plastic land
 Broken up in the wasteland
 Broken up in the wasteland
Broken up in the wasteland I saw dead Marilyn Monroe

Strung up on every street corner in Hollywood
Like some two bit whore
Offering a discount rate
And I wondered how Joe Dimaggio felt
I saw dead James Dean's ghost
Wandering the sidewalk looking troubled
And I wondered how his mama felt
I saw signs that said "Headshots done for cheap"
Signs that said "Extras wanted, top dollars paid"
Signs for "Haircuts"
Signs for "Manicures"
And signs for "Tanning salons"
And signs for "Wardrobe specialists"
Signs for "Cosmetic surgery"
And signs for "Assertiveness training"
And I stopped to read them all
And every single block
Looked like every single block
Looked like every single block
Looked like every single block
But she kept driving
'Cause everyone else kept driving
And cause gridlock is evil
And not knowing anywhere is evil
And those that had money
Looked good but weren't too happy
And those who didn't have money
Didn't look so good and weren't too happy either
And in a city of three million
Two hundred and sixty nine thousand
Nine hundred eighty four
Everyone was lonely
Broken up in the wasteland
Broken up in the promised land
Broken up in Disneyland
Broken up in the plastic land
Broken up in the wasteland
Broken up in the wasteland
Broken up in the wasteland
And I watched as everyone I knew
Spent their lives
Trying to be watched on stage
Watched on film
Or listened to on a record
And they thought
"Well, maybe that way
I could get a little love out of this life"
And I watched as the best of my generation
Abandoned their dreams
And settled for making a little money
I watched TV
Read the papers
Listend to the radio

And made all the fancy scenes
And said all the right words
And wore all the right clothes
And knew the names of the hip people
But I still felt out of touch
So I stopped watching TV
And reading the papers
And listening to the radio
And making the fancy scenes
And saying the right words
And wearing the right clothes
And knowing the names of the hip people
And I felt more out of touch than ever
But I didn't care anymore
And I felt you slipping away
And I felt myself slipping from you
And I wanted more than anything else
For it to rain for one whole day
Like it used to
But all there ever was was sun
Relentless sun
Hot beating sun
And everyone wore their sunglasses
And walked around like flies
Under magnifying glass
With their eyes removed
Broken up in the wasteland
Broken up in the promised land
Broken up in Disneyland
Broken up in the plastic land
Broken up in the wasteland
Broken up in the wasteland
Broken up in the wasteland

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