The Last Resort

The Eagles

She came from Providence
The one in Rhode Island
Where the old world shadows hang
Heavy in the air

She packed her hopes and dreams
Like a refugee
Just as her father came
Across the sea

She heard about a place
People were smilin'
They spoke about the red man's way
And how they loved the land

And they came from everywhere
To the Great Divide
Seeking a place to stand
Or a place to hide

Down in the crowded bars
Out for a good time
Can't wait to tell you all
What it's like up there

And they called it Paradise
I don't know why
Somebody laid the mountains low
While the town got high

Then the chilly winds blew down
Across the desert
Through the canyons of the coast
To the Malibu

Where the pretty people play
Hungry for power
To light their neon way
And give them things to do

Some rich men came and raped the land
Nobody caught 'em
Put up a bunch of ugly boxes
And Jesus, people bought 'em

And they called it Paradise
The place to be
They watched the hazy sun
Sinking in the sea

You can leave it all behind
And sail to Lahaina
Just like the missionaries did
So many years ago

They even brought a neon sign
"Jesus is coming"
Brought the white man's burden down
Brought the white man's reign

Who will provide the grand design?
What is yours and what is mine?
'Cause there is no more new frontier
We have got to make it here

We satisfy our endless needs
And justify our bloody deeds
In the name of destiny
And in the name of God

And you can see them there
On Sunday morning
They stand up and sing about
What it's like up there

They call it Paradise
I don't know why
You call someplace Paradise
Kiss it goodbye