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