

# The Very Last Resort

Trentemøller

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 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