

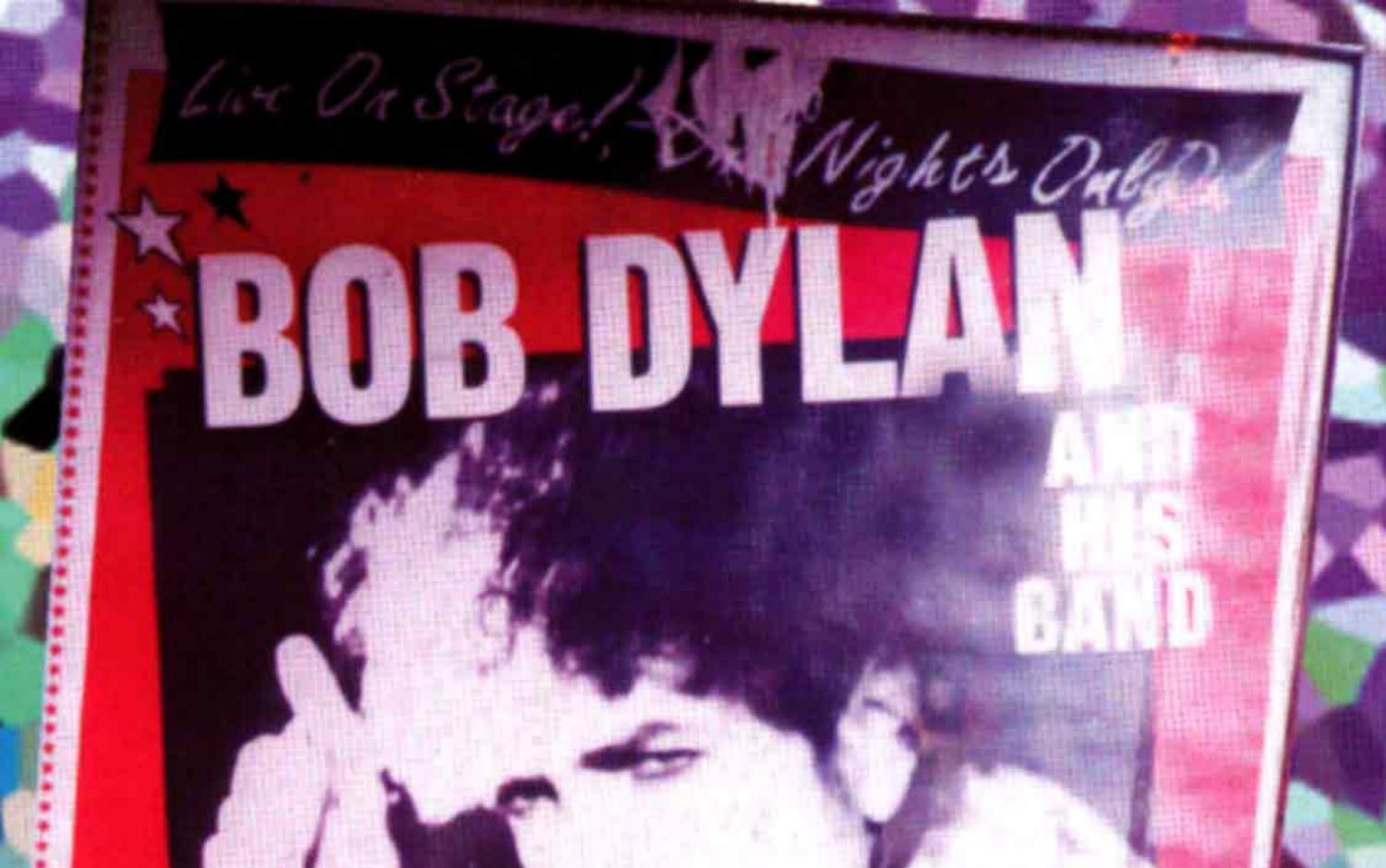
Fri. 6th Oct. 2000, Wembley	Arena, London, England
Disc 1 75.53	Disc 2 77.00
1. Intro 0.32	1. Things Have Changed 5.41
2. Duncan And Brady 3.07	2. Like A Rolling Stone 6.30
3. Song To Woody 3.50	3. If Dogs Run Free 3.37
4. Desolation Row 9.00	4. All Along The Watchtower 3.42
5. Girl Of The North Country 6.47	5. I Shall Be Released 4.35
6. Tangled Up In Blue 7.46	6. Highway 61 Revisited 5.34
7. Searching For A Soldiers Grave 2.52	7. Blowin' In The Wind 4.50
8. Country Pie 2.27	8. Pass Me Not Oh Gentle Savior 4.18
9. Blind Willie McTell 6.04	9. Drifter's Escape 4.21
10. Stuck Inside Of Mobile With	10. Roving Blade 4.24
The Memphis Blues Again 6.36	11. Tell Me That It Isn't True 3.35
11. Standing In The Doorway 7.58	12. Lenny Bruce 6.29
12. Cold Irons Bound 5.39	13. Ring Them Bells 4.02
13. Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat 5.55	14. Crash On The Levee 3.38 (Down In The Flood)
Bonus tracks Disc 2	
8 9. 15 march 2000, Santa Cruz, California, USA 10 11. 17 march 2000, Reno, Nevada, USA, late show 12. 3 april 2000, Omaha, Nebraska, USA 13 14. 15 june 2000, Portland, Oregon, USA	
To june 2000, Fordand, Oregon, OSA	



They're selling postcards of the hanging They're painting the passports brown The beauty parlor is filled with sailors The circus is in town Here comes the blind commissioner They've got him in a trance One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker The other is in his pants And the riot squad they're restless They need somewhere to go As Lady and I look out tonight From Desolation Row Cinderella, she seems so easy "It takes one to know one," she smiles And puts her hands in her back pockets Bette Davis style And in comes Romeo, he's moaning "You Belong to Me I Believe" And someone says," You're in the wrong place, my friend You better leave" And the only sound that's left After the ambulances go Is Cinderella sweeping up On Desolation Row Now the moon is almost hidden The stars are beginning to hide The fortunetelling lady Has even taken all her things inside All except for Cain and Abel And the hunchback of Notre Dame Everybody is making love Or else expecting rain And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing He's getting ready for the show He's going to the carnival tonight On Desolation Row Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window For her I feel so afraid On her twenty-second birthday She already is an old maid To her, death is quite romantic She wears an iron vest Her profession's her religion Her sin is her lifelessness And though her eyes are fixed upon Noah's great rainbow She spends her time peeking Into Desolation Row Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood With his memories in a trunk Passed this way an hour ago With his friend, a jealous monk He looked so immaculately frightful As he bummed a cigarette Then he went off sniffing drainpipes And reciting the alphabet Now you would not think to look at him But he was famous long ago For playing the electric violin On Desolation Row Dr. Filth, he keeps his world Inside of a leather cup

Now his nurse, some local loser She's in charge of the cyanide hole And she also keeps the cards that read "Have Mercy on His Soul" They all play on penny whistles You can hear them blow If you lean your head out far enough From Desolation Row Across the street they've nailed the curtains They're getting ready for the feast The Phantom of the Opera A perfect image of a priest They're spoonfeeding Casanova To get him to feel more assured Then they'll kill him with self-confidence After poisoning him with words And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls "Get Outa Here If You Don't Know Casanova is just being punished for going To Desolation Row" Now at midnight all the agents And the superhuman crew Come out and round up everyone That knows more than they do Then they bring them to the factory Where the heart-attack machine Is strapped across their shoulders And then the kerosene Is brought down from the castles By insurance men who go Check to see that nobody is escaping To Desolation Row Praise be to Nero's Neptune The Titanic sails at dawn And everybody's shouting "Which Side Are You On?" And Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot Fighting in the captain's tower While calypso singers laugh at them And fishermen hold flowers Between the windows of the sea Where lovely mermaids flow And nobody has to think too much **About Desolation Row** (About the time the door knob broke) Yes, I received your letter yesterday When you asked how I was doing Was that some kind of joke? Yes, I know them, they're quite lame All these people that you mention And give them all another name I had to rearrange their faces Right now I can't read too good Don't send me no more letters no Not unless you mail them From Desolation Row





= In Person! Don t You Dame Miss /t!!!

THURSDAY 5 COUTBER 8 DOPM LONDON, SOLD COUTBER 8 DOPM SECOND SHOW ADDED

FRIDAY 6 OCTOBER 8.00PM LONDON, WEMBLEY ARENA

STANGARD AND THE BOX OFFICE: 020 8902 0902

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