

Sands Of Nevada

Mark Knopfler

These tables are haunted by the ghost of Las Vegas
Their chips were once mountains but they came here to play
They could take me if they wanted but I have nothing worth counting
And like the sands of Nevada they go drifting away

Lady luck's still a mystery
With her head on my shoulders
And I don't know why
I still want her to dance
I guess that's all history
What it is is I'm older
And I'm still a fool
For a one-way romance

Her dice were red rubies they rolled and they tumbled
And I never saw time running out with my roll
And in a wasteland of cut glass my dreams have all crumbled
And I've paid with whatever I had left for a soul

Now the dawn's broken even
On an empty horizon
No reason for folding
No reason to stay
It's too soon to be leaving
Too late for criticizing
And the sands of Nevada
They go drifting away