

Welcome To Fabulous Las Vegas

Brandon Flowers

You woke up in the rusted frame
Burned out old Deville
Your legs are shot and they're flushed with pain
But you can't keep them still
The sun sets and you're afraid
Of the itching in your skin
You stumble down the boulevard
Of neon encrusted temples
You're looking for the grace of God
In the arms of a fellow stranger
Disciples hand you catalogues of concubines
As you stumble down the boulevard crying "Hosanna"

Welcome to fabulous
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Las Vegas
Give us your dreamers, your harlots and your sins
Las Vegas
Didn't nobody tell you the house will always win?

Cameras on the ceiling tile no place for you to hide
It's a hundred seven and you're looking for shade
That no palm tree can provide
But there's a little girl you remember back in Tennessee
You have this reoccurring dream
Where you see her playing hide and seek
With a woman who used to know you very well

Sunsets and neon lights
Call girls and neon lights
Black jack and lady luck
Cocaine and lady luck
You call upon her on holy knees tonight

In Las Vegas
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Las Vegas
Didn't nobody tell you?
Didn't nobody tell you?
Didn't nobody tell you the house will always win?