

Sin City

Bruce Dickinson

Diamonds and dust
Poor man last, rich man first
Lamborghinis, caviar
Dry martinis, Shangri-la
I got a burnin' feelin'
Deep inside of me
It's a-yearning
But, I'm gonna to set it free

I'm goin' in to Sin City
I'm gonna win in Sin City
Where the lights are bright
Do the town tonight
I'm gonna win in Sin City

Oh, I'm gonna roll you, baby
Snake eyes, wouw

Ladders and snakes
Ladders give, snakes take
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief
Ain't got a hope in hell, that's my belief

Fingers Freddy, Diamond Jim
They're gettin' ready, look out, I'm comin' in
So, spin that wheel, cut that pack
And roll those loaded dice
Bring on the dancing girls
And put the champaign on ice

I'm goin' in to Sin City
I'm gonna win in Sin City
Where the lights are bright
Do the town tonight
I'm goin' in to Sin City