

# 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