

The party raged for seven days until it was complete
Bottles buried in the snow lay hidden until spring
Monuments abandoned, wet dreams unfulfilled
Inspired us to descend when goes on down the hill

In the county of El Dorado by the old casino
From a jail cell phone so crowded and so alone
Failed by memory, robbed of technology
Can't remember your number
I wish you'd get me out of here
Come get me out of here

Prepared for the adventure
Braced ourselves for the cold
Winter coats, pockets filled with ammo for the road
Out into the twilight we braved the icy streets
We never reached our destination
That would not be our destiny