

Leaving Las Vegas

Café Mundo

Life springs eternal on a gaudy, neon street
Not that I care at all
I spent the best part of my losing streak
In an army Jeep from what I can recall Oh, I'm banging on my TV set
And I check the odds and I, and I place my bet
I pour a drink and I pull the blinds
I wonder what I'll find I'm leaving Las Vegas
Lights so bright, palm sweat, blackjack on a Saturday night
Leaving Las Vegas
Leaving for good, for good
I'm leaving for good
I'm leaving for good Used to be I could drive up to Barstow for the night
Find some crossroad trucker to demonstrate his might
These days it seems that nowhere is far enough away
So I'm leaving Las Vegas today Leaving Las Vegas
Lights so bright, blackjack on a Saturday night
I'm leaving Las Vegas
I'm leaving for good, I'm leaving for good
For good I'm standing in the middle of the desert
Waiting for my ship to come in
But now no Joker, no Jack, no King
Can take this loser hand and, and make it win I'm leaving Las Vegas
I'm leaving Las Vegas
For good, for good I quit my job as a dancer at the Lido des Girls
And we're dealing blackjack until one or two
Such a muddy line between the things you want
And the things you have to do I'm leaving Las Vegas
Lights so bright, palm sweat, blackjack on a Saturday night
Leaving Las Vegas
I'm leaving for good, leaving for good Oh, I'm leaving Las Vegas
And the lights so bright, palm sweat, and the blackjack on a Saturday night
I'm leaving Las Vegas
I'm leaving for good, I'm leaving for good I'm leaving Las Vegas
Lights so bright on a Saturday night
Leaving Las Vegas
And I won't be back, no, no
No, won't be back, not this time

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