

# 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 shoulder  
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 your 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 the wasteland of cut glass my dreams were all crumbled  
And I've paid with whatever I had left for a soul Now the dawn's broken even on a 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 go drifting away

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