

Welcome to Fabulous Las Vegas

Brandon Flowers

You woke up in the rusted frame
Of a burned out old DeVille
Your legs are shot and they're flushed with pain
But you can't keep 'em still
The sun sets and you're afraid
Of that itching in your skin
You stumble down the boulevard
Of neon encrusted temple
You're looking for the grace of God
In the arms of a fellow stranger
Disciples hand you catalogs of concubines
As you stumble down the boulevard crying 'Hosanna'
Welcome to fabulous
Welcome to fabulous Las Vegas
Give us your dreamers
Your harlots and your sin
Las Vegas, didn't nobody tell you
The house will always win?
Cameras on the ceiling tile
No place for you to hide
It's a hundred seven and you're looking for shade
That no palm tree can provide
But there's a little girl you remember back in Tennessee
You have this reoccurring dream
Where you see her playing hide and seek
With a woman who used to know you very well
Sunsets in neon lights
Call girls in neon lights
Blackjack and lady luck
Cocaine and lady luck
You call upon her on holy knees
Tonight in Las Vegas
Give us your dreamers
Your harlots and your sin
Las Vegas, didn't nobody tell you?
Didn't nobody tell you? Didn't nobody tell you?
The house will always win

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