

# Vegas Moon

## Ghost Machine

Lately the winds of change are telling me to go  
(telling me to go)

Some where beyond where i have been  
(some where beyond the end)

no tiny victory will save me from myself  
(save me from myself)

my patience coming to and end cause they're all the sameIts never ending how the road it seems to wind  
No matter how hard i try to escapeRed mooner vegas sets on some poor suckers grave  
(some poor suckers grave)

I say its better them then me  
(better you than me)

I tried maunuvering through all the emptiness  
(all the emptiness)

But I can't fight what i cant see, cause im not the sameIts never ending how the road it seems to wind  
No matter how hard i try to escape

We're all descending its the blind leading the blind

Some times i wish that i could change but im not the sameI'm not the same they're all the same i'm not the same  
NOIts never ending how the road it seems to wind

No matter how hard I try to escape

we're all descending its th eblind leading the blind

some times I wish that I could change but im not the sameI'm not the same

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