

## **Willard Grant Conspiracy "Christmas in Nevada"**

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Flip the switch and let the gamblers roll  
Headed up from old Mexico  
The border towns, they all look the same

Brand new suit and a bankers roll  
Switchblade knife and no place to go  
Except where I might find the next game

Lights go on across the town  
Children's choir sings auld lang syne  
Black jack dealers, they take their toll

I look up from this beat park bench  
Into an ocean of discontent  
Can't wait to buy a ticket to anywhere but home

Washing dishes behind the casino grill  
Ain't no way to make a kill  
But on the winter nights  
The water keeps me warm

Take my pay and buy a gun  
Steal a car and hope it runs  
Find a place where can make my name

Flip the switch and let the gamblers roll  
Headed up from old Mexico  
The border towns, they all look the same

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