

Brazilian Girls

"Welcome to Fabulous Las Vegas"

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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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