

Marc Almond "Christmas In Vegas"

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Well I just can't explain
The despair that I feel
As the wheel goes round
And round, round

Now I must return
To the city of steel
Put my feet on the ground
The ground, ground

In las vegas there are no clocks
The time goes slow, so slow
My futures mapped out in the cards
And I feel so low, so low

Now we're in the season
Of love and goodwill
But the wheel still goes round
And round, round

But there's love in my heart
Goodwill in my soul
I'm here on my own
There's nothing so lonely
As christmas in vegas

The lights of las vegas
Hold no magic for me
No real substitute
For the lights on a tree

One day I'll return
The city of steel
>from roulette and blackjack
And the spin of the wheel

At the table I see men's fortunes
Come and go and go
I've seen my future in the cards
And I feel so low, so low

Now we're in the season

Of love and goodwill
But the wheel still goes round
And round, round

But there's love in my heart
Goodwill in my soul
I'm here on my own
There's nothing so lonely
As christmas in vegas

I'm here on my own
So please won't you phone me
It's christmas in vegas

I'm so lonely
This christmas in vegas
Please won't you phone me
This christmas in vegas
I feel lonely
Won't you phone me
Now I need you
This christmas in vegas
Why won't you phone me
Wouldn't it be nice
If we'd both thrown different dice

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