

## **Flytape**

# **"Somewhere Outside Las Vegas"**

Visit "[Somewhere Outside Las Vegas](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The screen door closed swiftly, the houses sleep in  
fields of white  
in a picturebook scene, the cars parked perfect in the  
neighborhood secure  
strong words have strangled, the cuts have mangled,  
the shows have come and gone  
somewhere outside Las Vegas, twelve tribes hunker  
down to pass a sleepless night

We are waiting for the savior to ride into town in a  
Cadillac made of glass  
poised and confused, hanging on the fuse of a million  
dark dreams

The women hover through the shops, smelling like the  
sea, behind velvet and tortoise shell  
amidst the fat-free mochas, the cameras creep, the  
TVs burn their lights  
outside of town around the hills, and down the winding  
interstate, under microscopes burning bright  
the cooling streets stretch their arms, the people dance  
the tango of approaching night

We are sitting at the fountain of tongues, in the parking  
lots hoping the tickets will go on sale  
and somewhere outside Las Vegas, it finally grows too  
much for a lone man to bear.

Visit [Flytape](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.