

# Welcome To Fabulous Las Vegas

Brandon Flowers

You woke up in the rusted frame  
Burned out old Deville  
Your legs are shot and they're flushed with pain  
But you can't keep them still  
The sun sets and you're afraid  
Of the itching in your skin  
You stumble down the boulevard  
Of neon encrusted temples  
You're looking for the grace of God  
In the arms of a fellow stranger  
Disciples hand you catalogues of concubines  
As you stumble down the boulevard crying "Hosanna"

Welcome to fabulous  
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Las Vegas  
Give us your dreamers, your harlots and your sins  
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 and neon lights  
Call girls and neon lights  
Black jack and lady luck  
Cocaine and lady luck  
You call upon her on holy knees tonight

In Las Vegas  
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Las Vegas  
Didn't nobody tell you?  
Didn't nobody tell you?  
Didn't nobody tell you the house will always win?