

AC/DC, Sin City

Diamonds, and dust
Poor man last, rich man first
Lamborghinis, caviar
Dry martini's, Shangri-La
I got a burnin' feeling
Deep inside of me
It's yearnin'
But I'm gonna set it free

I'm goin' in to sin city
I'm gonna win in sin city
Where the lights are bright
Do the town tonight
I'm gonna win in sin city
Oh let me roll ya baby

Ladders, and snakes
Ladders give, snakes take
Rich man, poor man
Beggar man thief
Ain't got a hope in hell
That's my belief
Fingers Freddy
Diamond Jim
They're getting ready
Look out I'm coming in
So spin that wheel, cut that pack
And roll them loaded dice
Bring on the dancin' girls
And put the champagne on ice

I'm goin' in to sin city
I'm gonna win in sin city
Where the lights are bright
Do the town tonight
I'm goin' in to sin city