

Wall Of Voodoo, Lost Weekend

driving out of vegas in their automobile
she was in the backseat while he was at the wheel
with the windows wide open
all the money from the store they'd gambled away
he said, "...the best laid plans often go astray."
she took the page of her book and turned it down
she lit a cigarette...she didn't make a sound
"and i know if we'd had just one more chance," he said
"i know--we'd finally hit the big one at last," she said

C--instead of another lost weekend / lost weekend
another lost weekend / lost weekend

"pull over soon," she said, "it's no big deal,
you can take any exit that you happen to feel is the right one."
the right one
as she slowly blew her smoke out of the rear wind vent
she thought back on all the letters she'd sent
for a contest to be on a quiz game show
"maybe i shoulda stayed in school," he said
"yeah, i know--start your own business cleaning swimming pools," she said--C

she leaned forward over the front seat and twiddled with the radio dial
she looked out the window, saw a sign and both of them began to smile
"there's a place we could stay at...it's up another mile