

# A blue Ocean Dream, Down To Vegas

I'm on my way down to Vegas  
Driving my sedan down the highway  
I feel luck  
I can get the cash  
It's very simple  
Gonna get rich  
Going nowhere  
Being selfcruel  
Running low on fuel  
No job  
No money  
Feels like I'm stuck  
Running out of luck  
Always tomorrow  
Got to stay on track  
Never looking back  
Hope for the break now  
From a long decay  
See the sun today  
I see roads, dust, and tumbleweed  
I see trucks, bikes, and gas stations  
I cross rivers, and canyons, and mountains  
I see fields, motels, and hitchhikers