Marc Almond, Christmas In Vegas

Well I just can't explain The despair that I feel As the wheel goes round And round, round

Now I must return
To the city of steel
Put my feet on the ground
The ground, ground

In las vegas there are no clocks The time goes slow, so slow My futures mapped out in the cards And I feel so low, so low

Now we're in the season Of love and goodwill But the wheel still goes round And round, round

But there's love in my heart Goodwill in my soul I'm here on my own There's nothing so lonely As christmas in vegas

The lights of las vegas Hold no magic for me No real substitute For the lights on a tree

One day I'll return The city of steel >from roulette and blackjack

And the spin of the wheel

At the table I see men's fortunes Come and go and go I've seen my future in the cards And I feel so low, so low

Now we're in the season Of love and goodwill But the wheel still goes round And round, round

But there's love in my heart Goodwill in my soul I'm here on my own There's nothing so lonely As christmas in vegas

I'm here on my own So please won't you phone me It's christmas in vegas

I'm so lonely
This christmas in vegas
Please won't you phone me
This christmas in vegas
I feel lonely
Won't you phone me

Now I need you This christmas in vegas Why won't you phone me Wouldn't it be nice If we'd both thrown different dice