

# 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