

The Weepies, Vegas Baby

Friday I can't see the use
Get the hell right out of Dodge
Slip the traffic like a noose
On the trail of some mirage

Every time it comes
I think my luck will stay
Drive all the way
To Vegas baby

Got no aces up my sleeve
Got nowhere to rest my head
Got no money sir to lose
And the sky is turning red

And I change out of my jeans
On the road beside the lake
Like the skies that I have seen
When I have been asleep-awake

Take the rain as a sign
Get myself dressed to the nines
And I will pay for this
Somewhere down the line

And I'm flying through the heat
The Mexicali radio
Every car is like a prayer
Searching for somewhere to go