

Willard Grant Conspiracy, Christmas In Nevada

Flip the switch
And let the gamblers roll
I'm headed up from old Mexico
The border towns
All look the same
Brand new suit
And a bankers roll
Switchblade knife
And no place to go
Except where I might find
The next game

Lights go on across the town
Children's choir sings
Auld lang syne
The black jack dealers
Take their toll

I look up
From this beat park bench
Into an ocean
Of discontent
I can't wait to buy a ticket to anywhere
But home

Washing dishes
Behind the casino grill
Ain't no way
To make a kill
But on the winter nights
The water keeps me warm

I'll take my pay
And buy a gun
Steal a car
And hope it runs
Find a place
To make my name