

# 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