

Mark Knopfler, Sands Of Nevada

These tables are haunted
By the ghost of Las Vegas
Their chips were once mountains
But they came here to play
They could take me if they wanted
But I have nothing worth counting
And like the sands of Nevada
They go drifting away

Lady luck's still a mystery
With her head on my shoulder
And I don't know why
I still want her to dance
I guess that's all history
What it is is I'm older
And I'm still a fool
For a one-way romance

Her dice were red rubies
They rolled and they tumbled
And I never saw time
Running out with my roll
And in the wasteland of cut glass
My dreams were crumbled
And I played with whatever
I had left for a soul

Now the dawn's has broken
On an empty horizon
No reason for folding
No reason to stay
It's too soon to be leaving
Too late for criticizing
They go drifting away