

90°F

Jay Verduga

Topless 80's Mercedes cruises,
Albuquerque desert love,
Sangria skies above,
Neon lights below –

Never thought the hills would my cry El Dorado city of gold.
The desert golden ground calls for something extraterrestrial.
A distant laughter in the air...
Yet nothing.

We're here to leave,
Here to ride amongst the great,
Follow the roads of the V-8's,
The wanderlust that guides us
Brought us this far.

What are we if not made to wander?
What are we if not made to love?
You know we live it all the time –
Lust and laughter the lifestyle of sin.

Oh, will I end up in Vegas again?