

## Sin City

Bruce Dickinson

Diamonds and dust  
Poor man last, rich man first  
Lamborghinis, caviar  
Dry martinis, Shangri-la  
I got a burnin' feelin'  
Deep inside of me  
It's a-yearning  
But, I'm gonna to set it free

I'm goin' in to Sin City  
I'm gonna win in Sin City  
Where the lights are bright  
Do the town tonight  
I'm gonna win in Sin City

Oh, I'm gonna roll you, baby  
Snake eyes, wouw

Ladders and snakes  
Ladders give, snakes take  
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief  
Ain't got a hope in hell, that's my belief

Fingers Freddy, Diamond Jim  
They're gettin' ready, look out, I'm comin' in  
So, spin that wheel, cut that pack  
And roll those loaded dice  
Bring on the dancing girls  
And put the champaign on ice

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I'm gonna win in Sin City  
Where the lights are bright  
Do the town tonight  
I'm goin' in to Sin City