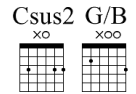
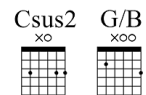
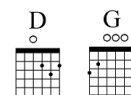
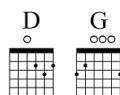
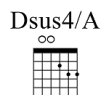


# SHERYL CROW

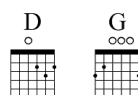
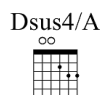
## Leaving Las Vegas

By  
Sheryl Crow, Kevin Gilbert,  
Bill Bottrell, David Baerwald and David Ricketts

Moderately slow  
No Chord

Life springs e - ter - nal



on a gau-dy ne-on street, - well, not that I \_\_\_\_\_ care at all.

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G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D

I spent the best — part — of my los - ing streak - in an ar - my jeep, —

G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D

— for what I can — re - call. —

G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B

Oh, I'm bang-ing on — my — T. — V. set, — and I check the odds — a-gain,

(See additional lyrics)

Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D

and I — place — my bet. I pour — a drink — and I, I pull the blind —

G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B

I won - der what - I'll find. I'm leav - ing Las Ve - gas, \_\_\_\_\_

Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D

the lights - so bright, \_\_\_\_\_ palm sweat, Black - jack on a Sat - ur - day night.

G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B *To Coda* ⊕

Leav - ing Las Ve - gas, \_\_\_\_\_ Leav - ing for good,

1.

Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D

for good, - I'm leav - ing for - good, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm leav - ing for









good. for




I'm stand-ing in the mid-dle of a des-ert, wait-ing for my ship — to come in. ———




But no — jok-er, no jack, no king
































can take this los - ing hand — and make it win. I'm leav - ing Las Ve-gas. ———

I'm leav-ing Las








Ve - gas, \_\_\_\_\_ for good, —

for — good.

*D.S. al Coda* ⊕

*Repeat and fade*

*Coda* ⊕

for good. Leav-ing Las Ve - gas, \_\_\_\_\_ the lights. so bright, -

G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B

palm sweat, Black-jack on a Sat-ur-day night. Leav-ing Las Ve - gas, \_\_\_\_\_

leav-ing for good, for good. Leav-ing Las Ve -

Dsus4/A D G Csus2 G/B Dsus4/A D

**Verse 3:**

Used to be I could drive up to Barstow for the night,  
Find some crossroad trucker to demonstrate his might.  
But these days it seems nowhere is far enough away,  
So, I'm leaving Las Vegas today.

**(To Chorus:)**

**Verse 4:**

Quit my job as a dancer at the Lido des Girls,  
Dealing blackjack until one or two.  
Such a muddy line between the things you want  
And the things you have to do.

**(To Chorus:)**