Vegas

Words and Music by
Sara Bareilles

Moderately

Gonna sell my car and go to Vegas.

Somebody told me that's where dreams would be.
Gonna sell my car...and go to Vegas, mm...

Finally see my name...on the Palace marquee...

Gonna quit my job...and move to New York. Yeah, yeah...

'Cause somebody told me that's where dreamers should go.
I'm gonna quit my job, move to New York.

Tattoo my body with every Broadway show.

Listen up now, honey, you're gonna be sorry.

You can't get out from under a sky that is falling. And you say:
No fame, no money, I'm nobody.
The way I'm running has sure got me
down on my knees.
But next stop, Vegas, please.
I gotta get to Vegas.
Can you take me to Vegas?
Oh, yeah.
Gonna sell my house... and cross the border...

'cause somebody told me dreams live in Mexico.

I'm gonna sell my house... I got to lose ten pounds and cross the border... make sweet love upon the white sandy shore.

D.S. al Coda
Coda

F

\begin{align*}
\text{It's always just a-round the cor-ner or you're on your way to some-where that is} \\
\text{big-ger or bet-ter... if you could only get there...}
\end{align*}

Gb

\begin{align*}
\text{It's nev-er your fault you can't start your own win-ning streak,} \\
\text{but I'd...}
\end{align*}

Ab

Eb/G

Gb

\begin{align*}
\text{hate to lose you to the for-tune you seek.}
\end{align*}
I'm gonna lose my mind and sail the ocean,

'cause somebody told me there were cherry blue skies.

I'm gonna fix my mind with a final destination

and have a deep sleep upon a sweet dream. I never realize, no...
Listen up now, honey, you're gonna be sorry.

You can't get out from under a sky that is falling. And you say:

No fame, no money; I'm nobody. The way I'm running has sure

got me down on my knees. But next stop, ooh,
Bbm7    Db/F    Gb   Db   Ab/C

_Vegas, please._

Bbm7    Db/F    Gb   Db   Ab/C

Can you take me to Vegas?

Bbm7    Db/F    Gb   Db   Ab/C

I need to see Vegas.

Bbm7    Db/F    Gb   Db

gas?

Yeah, yeah.