

## **PLANET VEGA\$ Digs Ya**

Atom Bombs and UFO's. Missing gangsters severed toes. Lots o' women in scanty clothes.

High desert vistas with Indian relics. And Elvis Wedding Chapels to infinity.

Museums. Liberace's is cool. Escorts for nerdsandorks, too.

Hey, this whole damn place is a zoo.

Endangered tigers. Ungendered magicians. Wild *Gaming*.

We don't call it gambling anymore.

***Outrageous Planet Vegas. Excessive will suffice.***

***Oh, Planet Vegas. What a pair – a dice.***

***Whatever suits your fancy, whatever tweaks your mind.***

***Come and go, leave your money behind.***

***Come and go, leave your money behind.***

**Planet Vegas digs ya. Planet Vegas digs ya.**

**Planet Vegas digs ya. Planet Vegas one more time.**

Teaming herds of conventioners. Fat wallets and appetites, too. Thirty million that's annually.

The city fathers are welcoming them with *Handouts*.

Titillating little handouts. All you can read.

Pornstars in cyberspace. King Kong on the Stratosphere. The Eiffel Tower and a pyramid with your own private limo, a high roller suite and *Coupons*. That's right, baby. Coupons for all you can eat.

Words and music by Robert Battaile

© 2001 Published by Potto Publishing

Contact: [battaile@calexas.com](mailto:battaile@calexas.com)