El Dorado

Salon Betty

Gotta tell you a story on a cold winters night
You'll be sailing for glory before you know what is right
So come over here now, I got a vision for you
It's my personal snake oil, it's just something I do
I'm the jester with no tears and I'm playing on your fears
I'm a trickster smiling underneath this mask of love and death
The eternal lie I've told about the pyramids of gold
I've got you hooked at every turn, your money's left to burn
You'll be wanting a contract, you'll be waiting a while
I'd like to give you my contact but that isn't my style
Well, you only get one chance and it's too good to miss
If I gave a lot to ya then I wouldn't exist
Greed, lust and angry pride, it's the same old, same old ride
The smoke and mirrors, visions that you see are just like me
I'm a clever banker's face with just a letter out of place
I know someone just like you know someone just like me
El Dorado come and play, El Dorado step this way
Take a ticket for the ride
El Dorado streets of gold, see those shipments over sold
You've got one last chance to try
So gone is the glory and gone is the gold
Well, if you need a story, I've come, it has to be told
Well, you can say I'm a devil and I wouldn't say no
But out here on the dark side, hey, on with the show
So now my tale is told, big and bad, and twice as bold
This ship of fools is sinking as the cracks begin to grow
There is no easy way for an honest man today
Which is something you should think of as my life boat sails away
El Dorado come and play, El Dorado step this way
Take a ticket for the ride
El Dorado streets of gold, see those shipments over sold
You've got one last chance to try
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