

# The Spoils Of The Spoiled

## The New Amsterdams

There was honor among the thieves  
The only truth I could believe  
But, when the lies applied to me and mine  
The better left unsaid We could write the hit parade  
Outside the masquerade  
The headache comes in tidal waves  
The spoils of the spoiled, the spoils of the spoiled The lines of history became the scenery  
It's strictly an accessory, an image to uphold  
But it's all in fun and sin until someone calls it in  
The cycle comes around again But I'm older now and don't you know  
I've figured out the antidote  
It overwhelms, engulfed in smoke  
It's all we can to cope Goddamn these idle hands as hindsight can  
Our hopes and plans are unfulfilled  
It's over  
It's overwhelming There's a proper place and time  
Though the bags under your eyes  
They don't lie, they don't lie  
They don't lie

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