

Tricksters, Hucksters, and Scamps

[Amos Lee](#)

Well he used to be so peaceful
Used to be so serene
Well if it wasn't for us here
It would still be pristine
He'd have fires a burning down on empty cans
All of these tricksters and hucksters and scamps Many days I've got my hands full
Tryin' to find out what's real
But a bunch of hungry eyes will
Turn you into a meal
Beware that smiling face beneath that ole street lamp
He's got those tricksters and hucksters and scamps He cut a hole in the bucket
Watched that water follow down
Said if I'm gonna be a hero
Gonna have to make a mess out of this town Well he waited for a while so
Everything would turn to rust
Waited for he slept next to a pistol
Set a price upon my trust
But he stole that election
Put his face on every stamp
On his council were tricksters, hucksters and scamps

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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