

Conman Coming

[Monica Heldal](#)

There's a conman coming,
There's a conman coming,
There's a conman coming outta your railroad.I can feel him coming,
I can hear him coming,
I can see him coming to steal my soul.When the conman fires,
And the flames get higher,
When the conman fires gotta run somehow.And take this poor girl's money,
Just take my money,
Take this poor girl's money while you take them out.When the music's gone,
And the lights were drawn,
When the sun is dawning outta love song, I won't.'Cause there's a conman coming,
There's a conman coming,
There's a conman coming outta your railroad.To steal my soul.
To steal my soul.

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