

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
He'd been fighting for some years now
It was his turn to survive
Well they offered him a fortune
In the faith that he'd survive
Well the crowd went home happy
The nations faith lives with the champ!
All in his corner is tricksters, hucksters and scamps
All of his sponsors are tricksters, hucksters and scamps.

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