

# 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

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