

Tricksters, Hucksters, and Scamps

Amos Lee

Well it used to be so peaceful
Used to be so serene
Well if it wasn't for us
It would still be pristine
There are fires a'burning down on empty camps
All of these tricksters and hucksters and scamps
Well these days I got my hands full
Trying to find out what's real
Well a bunch of hungry eyes will turn you into a meal
Beware that smiling face beneath that old street lamp
He's with those tricksters and hucksters and scamps
He cut a hole in the bucket
Watched that water funnel down
Said if I'm gonna be a hero gonna have to make a mess out of th
is town
Well he waited for a while so everything had turned to rust
Well he slept next to a pistol said in Christ I my trust
Well then he stole that election put his face on every stamp
In his council were tricksters, hucksters and scamps
He been fighting for some years now
It was his turn to survive
Well they offered him a fortune in the 5th he'd take a dive
Well the crowd went home happy the nation's faith lives with th
e champ
In his corner are tricksters, hucksters and scamps
All of his sponsors are tricksters, hucksters and scamps