

He's just another con-man sitting on a hill  
You see him at bull fight, closest to the kill  
He lives up in a tower, sells dream to the poor  
No matter how he gets 'em, he always wants some more

He said he was a rocker, said he was lost and never found.  
Said that she should pity him after he forced her to the ground

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She lost one of two jobs lost her home too.  
Yeah you're just a back home con and he's getting rich off of you

But the talk's so cheap, we're gonna smoke him out  
But he rolls so deep, high above the crowd  
And, he hide his face, up high on a wall  
But you just wait, one of these days, one of the con-men is gonna fall

Con-boy, soon to be a man  
He like his toast and butter, he like his jam  
He gonna make a black out but keep his collar white  
He gonna bring the books to a boil and tell you it's good and fine

But the talk's so cheap, we're gonna smoke him out  
But he rolls so deep, high above the crowd  
And, he hide his face, up high on a wall  
But you just wait, one of these days, one of the con-men is gonna fall

And may he likes likes his building  
Plans to show affection to his mate  
And when he sleeps, she goes through his things  
And finds it all ....

Cheap, we're gonna smoke him out  
But he rolls so deep, high above the crowd  
And, he hide his face, up high on a wall  
But you just wait, one of these days, one of the con-men is gonna fall

Just another calm con man! ...