

## Varying Degrees Of Con-artistry

Duncan Sheik

Promised cures for everyman  
Snake oil and circuses  
You can get to Heaven, yes you can  
So judge the books by their surfaces

And someone's taking care of business  
The market place is doing fine  
As long as there's no witness  
How can there be a crime

The illusion is lasting, such beautiful masking  
We hold it in our arms  
It's all just varying degrees of con-artistry  
But no one seems alarmed, no one seems alarmed

I'll promise love without end  
I'll believe myself, if I can  
And like a baby soft and helpless  
I won't ask questions

The illusion is lasting, such beautiful masking  
We see it all the time  
It's all just varying degrees of con-artistry  
But no one seems to mind, no one seems to mind