

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! ...