

An Honest Con Man

Fair to Midland

It's highway robbery,
And I have my receipts.
The skeletons I meet say they lay on their backs just to pave our way,
Right back to the starting gate.
They run circles around,
The King without a crown.
The speechless make a sound,
And start spreading their love with a boxing glove,
What would you expect from us?

Believe it! Believe it! Believe it!
Let's let you carry the weight of a drifter,
We doubt you've attempted.
Believe it! Believe it! Believe it!
And push your luck if it makes you a promise,
That turns con men honest.

The lap of luxury,
Is not a mercy seat.
The skeletons I meet say they lay on their backs just to lead the way,
Right into the everglades.
They thank their lucky stars,
And lose them in the cards.
Cowards are in charge and their painting their trust with a coat of rust,
What did you expect from us?

Believe it! Believe it! Believe it!
Let's let you carry the weight of a drifter,
We doubt you've attempted.
Believe it! Believe it! Believe it!
And push your luck if it makes you a promise,
That turns con men honest.

And these days, you're raking it in but forget,
That regret, is counting the cards in your hand.
And these days, they probably have to ask themselves,
What did you expect from us?

Believe it! Believe it! Believe it!
Let's let you carry the weight of a drifter,
We doubt you've attempted.
Believe it! Believe it! Believe it!
And push your luck if it makes you a promise,
That turns con men honest.