

The Royal Scam

Steely Dan

And they wandered in from the city of St. John
Without a dime
Wearing coats that shined both red and green
Colors from their sunny island

From their boats of iron they looked upon the promised land
Where surely life was sweet
On the rising tide to New York City
Did they ride into the street

See the glory
Of the royal scam

They are hounded down to the bottom of a bad town
Amid the ruins
Where they learn to fear an angry race of fallen kings
Their dark companions

While the memory of their southern sky was clouded by
A savage winter
Every patron saint hung on the wall, shared the room
With twenty sinners

See the glory
Of the royal scam

By the blackened wall he does it all
He thinks he's died and gone to Heaven
Now the tale is told by the old man back home
He reads the letter

How they are paid in gold just to babble in the back room
All night and waste their time
And they wandered in from the city of St. John
Without a dime

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