

## 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

See the glory  
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