

Duncan Sheik, Varying Degrees Of Con-Artistry

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