

New Amsterdams, The Spoils Of The Spoiled

There was honor among the thieves, the only truth I could believe.
But, when the lies applied to me and mine it's better left unsaid.
We could write the hit parade outside The Masquerade.
The headache comes in tidal waves, the spoils of the spoiled.
The lines of history became the scenery.
It's strictly an accessory, an image to uphold.
But, it's all in fun and sin until someone calls it in.
The cycle comes around again.
But, I'm older now, and don't you know, I've figured out the antidote.
It overwhelms, engulfed in smoke.
It's all we can to cope.
Goddamn these idle hands as hindsight can.
Our hopes and plans are unfulfilled.
It's overwhelming.
There's a proper place and time though the bags under your eyes,
they don't lie.