Duncan Sheik "Varying Degrees Of Con-artistry"

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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 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
You 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

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