

The New Amsterdams

"The Spoils Of The Spoiled"

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There was honor among the thieves
The only truth I could believe
But, when the lies applied to me and mine
The better left unsaid

We could write the hit parade
Outside the masquerade
The headache comes in tidal waves
The spoils of the spoiled, 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 over
It's overwhelming

There's a proper place and time
Though the bags under your eyes
They don't lie, they don't lie
They don't lie

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