

Steely Dan "Royal Scam"

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And they wandered in from the city
Of St. John without a dime
Wearing coats that shine 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 the 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 the time
And they wandered in from the city
Of St. John without a dime
See the glory of the Royal Scam

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