

Landlord

David Soul

Yonder come my landlord collecting his rent
With his greedy yellow eyes and his tongue all bent
With his padlocked pockets and his badluck nose
Comes sniffin' round my doorway and goin' through my clothes
Oh how could you treat me so cold
Got a mortgage on my body and a lien on my soul
I got a crackpot house with a two way roof
My neighbours are thieves but I got no proof
You like to take but you don't want to give
I've got to pay you rent just to have a place to live
Ah but hey you landlord I know you well
You run a rock'n roll' tavern and a fancy hotel
You misuse a lot of people that you got at your command
I'll put on a pair of gloves 'fore I shake your hand

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