Bed And Breakfast Man

Madness

Well, there's a man I know
At least, I used to years ago
I didn't really mind
He used to come 'round all the time
Of course, he had to be fed
I had to give him a bed
He used to kip on my sofa
They used to call him, a loafer
I've heard he's changed
A lot since then
But some of his ways
He just can't mend
Told the other day
That he'd offered to pay
He didn't like his dad
He earned all he ever had
He didn't have no shame
He was a master at his game
He never showed his hand
He was the bed and breakfast man
He was, he was the bed and breakfast man

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