Tenant

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Squatting on doorsteps -- following footsteps
Nocturnal habits are surveyed with interest
So we crawl into corners -- ignore any callers
And imagine our radiators clang for our neighboursWhen we crawl on all fours -- upon the cushioned floor
Still they cling to the walls and knock on our doors
And the tendency for tenants is tenacityThe paint is cracked -- and the paper peels
The plaster falls and a body reels... softlyForty watt bulb swing from a light cloud
On lawnmower groan, the carpet has grown
But they have eyes at the keyholes and ears at the walls
And the tendency for tenants is secrecy... ssssssh

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Other patents pending.

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