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

Songwriters
STEVEN SEVERIN, SIOUXSIE SIOUXPublished by
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