Landlords

Pinhead Gunpowder

Cold floors, landlordsKnocking knocking should we let him inShould we lock the door + throw away the key
What should we hide first? Should weThrow away every last comforting thing
Throw away the door, throw away the sinkThrow away the beds so no one can tellThis is how we, this is how wellCut the power off, give me cold cramped roomsDisconnected phones and leaky roofsGive it to me in large unpaid billsThis is how we, this is how we willSpend the rest of our daysForever and always, this isThis is how we liveThis is how we learn from our mistakesRepeat them over + againPut them all together, that's what we do
With a little curtain separating each roomArgue, bicker and fightEveryone plots their escapeBut in the end there's nowhere else to goThis is all we have, this is all we knowNoise spilling out from the traffic on the boulevardBroken glass and hix in the towyardOut back say, this is a declaration of war
We've heard that beforeThis is how we respond to a crisis
First we steal each other's stuffThen we hide in all four corners of the houseTrying to pass the blameWe form another angry bandAnd locked them in his room
Brandon took all the pots and pans
Now what are we gonna do?

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