

## **Webb Wilder**

# **"Meet Your New Landlord"**

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Neon lights don't never dim  
In the kind of bars that never close  
In a back room game T. Jim yells  
"Saint Gabriel, I'm gonna steal the show."

He slapped his cards down on the table  
Said, "Boys, I got me a winning hand."  
But the sight that made old T. Jim tremble  
Was the king that took his land.

Mister, meet your new landlord  
Heard you knockin' upon my door  
Mister, meet your new landlord  
Plenty of room down on the floor.

With a ticket burning in his hand  
And the tip still ringing in his ear  
Big Pete bet his whole life savings  
As the race was drawing near.

A shot was fired  
The gates flew open  
The years streaked right before his eyes  
Too bad they were riding on a saddle from the moment  
of I'll advice.

Mister, meet your new landlord  
I heard you knockin' upon my door  
Mister, meet your new landlord  
Plenty of room down on the floor.

Other names and other places  
Different rules, but it's all the same  
Cause if that bug ever bites you  
The scar will bear you shame.

Hey listen, son, you know you're in trouble  
When you wake up one morning in a daze  
And as you peer into the mirror  
The face leaning over says

Mister, meet your new landlord

I heard you knockin' upon my door  
Mister, meet your new landlord  
Got plenty of room down on the floor.

Mister, meet your new landlord  
I heard you knockin' upon my door  
Mister, meet your new landlord  
Plenty of room down on the floor.

Hey, mister, meet your new landlord. Whooo

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