

## Fall

# "MY NEW HOUSE"

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My new house  
You should see my house  
My new house  
You should see my new house  
No rabbit hutch about it  
I bought it off the baptists  
I get the bills  
And I get miffed  
At the damn polyester fills  
The interior is a prison unconscious  
My new house  
Keep away from my new house  
Wash the drawers of pills  
It's got window sills  
With lead centred in the middle of them  
My new house  
Is no beatnik hang-out  
That Halifax copter  
Sure dropped me a cropper  
Sometimes I think I'll ring Swine-Tax  
And go back to my flat  
But my new house  
I do love the mad things about it  
According to the postman  
It's like the bleeding Bank of England  
Creosote tar fence surrounds it  
Those razor blades eject when I press eject  
My new house  
Could easily crack a mortal, it  
The spare room is fine  
Though a little haunted  
By Mr. Reagan who had hung himself at number 13  
Mr. Reagan hung himself at number 13  
It'll be great when it's decorated  
My new house

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