

Fatima Mansions

"The Door-To-Door Inspector"

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The door-to-door inspector, his knuckles bare and white,
is rapping on your window
'cause he knows you're hiding here tonight
He's travelled from the city to your country slum
under rain and black clouds
and the burnt-out silver sun

He'll drop you where you stand
Lift the roof with his bare hands
and hand you down his just demands
as you huddle in your tiny corner

The door-to-door inspector now sits to eat his lunch
He scowls at last week's paper
in the worker's cafe, hushed

You made your choice when mocking the ways of true
grown men
Now may your woman-love protect you
as you face this grievous punishment you've earned

He'll drop you where you stand
then journey home to wash those hands
and to his bed he'll trembling go
Passion not spent, a man alone
(with his hand)

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