

Buffalo Springfield

"The Rent Is Always Due"

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You're so of a child suspended in space
Crying out to you
Beckons you to yet another fine place
Where the trials of life are few

Don't think you're living long
Who says you are coming on
They won't remember you
The rent is always due

The cloudy men who take their place
And stand in line they do
Know not of the satin face
That separates them from you

Just put your blue jeans on
Grab your guitar and sing a song
Don't think I'm kidding you
The rent is always due

And she rides a broom with gold-plated straw
And she flutters around and she cries
The brylcream fools just standing on
Digesting all her lies

But then you walk along
And she starts coming on
Beneath her melting broom
The rent is always due

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