

The Town Pants "The Old Landlord"

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We moved into a house
On twelvth avenue
It was a rising damp
With an alley for a view

A skin of peeling paint
And an attic full of mice
To turn the shower on
You had to flush the toilet twice

At night it creaked and groaned
And swayed in the wind
The bugs were drunk on mold
And the cockroaches grinned

With an alley full of cats
Rutting through the night
And a front yard full of rats
But it was home to us despite

Knocking on the door
The old landlord came
Rotten to the core
Knocking on the door
The first of the month
Always wanting more

If we knew when we moved in
What only lay ahead
Saying home sweet home
Would be be better left unsaid

Cracks in the ceiling
Whiskey stains on the floor
The ghosts of all of those
Who had lived there before

Pigeons messed the roof
And it leaked when it rained
If something ever broke
The landlord never came

And to call him a bastard
Would be a compliment
We'd only hear from him
When he came to raise the rent

And when we'd had enough
We backed a truck on the lawn
We loaded up the half-ton
And by midnight we were gone

And when the landlord came
For his money once again
All he heard was an echo
And never again

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