

Roger Whittaker

"Master of the house"

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Roger Whittaker - Master of the house

Drinkers

Come on you old pest
Fetch a bottle of your best
What's the nectar of the day?

[Thenardier enters with a flask of wine.]

Thenardier

Here, try this lot
Guaranteed to hit the spot
Or I'm not Thenardier

Drinkers

Gissa glass a' rum
Landlord, over here!

Thenardier

[To himself] Right away, you scum
[To customer] Right away, M'sieur

Drinkers

God this place has gone to hell
So you tell me every year
Mine host Thenardier
He was there so they say,
At the field of Waterloo
Got there, it's true
When the fight was all through
But he knew just what to do
Crawling through the mud
So I've heard it said
Picking through the pockets
Of the English dead
He made a tidy score
From the spoils of war

Thenardier

My band of soaks
My den of dissolutes

My dirty jokes, my always pissed as newts.
My sons of whores
Spent their lives in my inn
Homing pigeons homing in
Then fly through my doors
And their money's as good as yours

Drinkers
Ain't got a clue
What he put in this stew
Must have scraped it off the street
God what a wine!
Chateau Neuf de Turpentine
Must have pressed it with his feet
Landlord over here!
Where's the bloody man?
One more for the road!
Thenardier, one more slug o' gin.
Just one more, or my old man is gonna do me in.

[Thenardier greets a new customer.]

Thenardier
Welcome, M'sieur
Sit yourself down
And meet the best
Innkeeper in town
As for the rest
All of 'em crooks
Roeking their guests
And cooking the books
Seldom do you see
Honest men like me

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