

Siouxsie And The Banshees "Tenant"

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Squatting on doorsteps, following footsteps
Nocturnal habits are surveyed with interest

So we crawl into corners, ignore any callers
And imagine our radiators clang for our neighbors

When we crawl on all fours, upon the cushioned floor
Still they cling to the walls and knock on our doors

And the tendency for tenants is tenacity

The paint is cracked, and the paper peels
The plaster falls and a body reels softly

Forty watt bulb swing from a light cloud
On lawnmower groan, the carpet has grown

But they have eyes at the keyholes and ears at the
walls
They have eyes at the keyholes and ears at the walls

And the tendency for tenants is secrecy

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