

Fall, The "2 By 4"

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He was agin the rich
He was agin the poor
He was against all trepidation

He was agin the rich
On the loose again
He was agin the rich

There's a new fiend on the loose
On the back of the exhaust clip
Clipped on rich and poor alike
Come to roost again once more

Ol' Nick doesn't go from digs to digs no more
Hit him on the head with a 2 by 4
Nowadays he has a Georgian glazed porch

Used table leg to club son in law

New fiend in your home again
He said show me my quarters and glasses

There's a new fiend on the loose
Jolting in his tradition
It's a fear of the obtuse
He's got patents on the moaning

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