

## Miserables, Les "Master Of The House"

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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  
A gent of good intent  
Who's content to be

Master of the house  
Doling out the charm  
Ready with a handshake  
And an open palm  
Tells a saucy tale  
Makes a little stir  
Customers appreciate a bon-viveur  
Glad to do a friend a favor  
Doesn't cost me to be nice  
But nothing gets you nothing  
Everything has got a little price!

Master of the house  
Keeper of the zoo  
Ready to relieve 'em  
Of a sou or two  
Watering the wine

Making up the weight  
Pickin' up their knick-knacks  
When they can't see straight  
Everybody loves a landlord  
Everybody's buxom friend  
I do whatever pleases  
Jesus! Won't I bleed 'em in the end!

Thenardier & Drinkers  
Master of the house  
Quick to catch yer eye  
Never wants a passerby  
To pass him by  
Servant to the poor  
Butler to the great  
Comforter, philosopher,  
And lifelong mate!  
Everybody's boon companion  
Everybody's chaperone

Thenardier  
But lock up your valises  
Jesus! Won't I skin you to the bone!

[To another new customer...]

Enter M'sieur  
Lay down your load  
Unlace your boots  
And rest from the road  
This weighs a ton  
Travel's a curse  
But here we strive  
To lighten your purse  
Here the goose is cooked  
Here the fat is fried  
And nothing's overlooked  
Till I'm satisfied

Food beyond compare  
Food beyond belief  
Mix it in a mincer  
And pretend it's beef  
Kidney of a horse  
Liver of a cat  
Filling up the sausages  
With this and that

Residents are more than welcome  
Bridal suite is occupied  
Reasonable charges

Plus some little extras on the side!  
Charge 'em for the lice  
Extra for the mice  
Two percent for looking in the mirror twice  
Here a little slice  
There a little cut  
Three percent for sleeping with the window shut  
When it comes to fixing prices  
There are a lot of tricks he knows  
How it all increases  
All those bits and pieces  
Jesus! It's amazing how it grows!

Thenardier & Chorus  
Master of the house  
Quick to catch yer eye  
Never wants a passerby  
To pass him by  
Servant to the poor  
Butler to the great  
Comforter, philosopher,  
And lifelong mate!  
Everybody's boon companion  
Gives 'em everything he's got

Thenardier  
Dirty bunch of geezers  
Jesus! What a sorry little lot!

Mme. Thenardier  
I used to dream  
That I would meet a prince  
But God Almighty,  
Have you seen what's happened since?  
Master of the house?  
Isn't worth me spit!  
'Comforter, philosopher'  
- and lifelong shit!  
Cunning little brain  
Regular Voltaire  
Thinks he's quite a lover  
But there's not much there  
What a cruel trick of nature  
Landed me with such a louse  
God knows how I've lasted  
Living with this bastard in the house!

Thenardier & Drinkers  
Master of the house!

Mme. Thenardier

Master and a half!

Thenardier & Drinkers  
Comforter, philosopher

Mme. Thenardier  
Ah, don't make me laugh!

Thenardier & Drinkers  
Servant to the poor  
Butler to the great

Mme. Thenardier  
Hypocrite and toady  
And inebriate!

Thenardier & Drinkers  
Everybody bless the landlord!  
Everybody bless his spouse!

Thenardier  
Everybody raise a glass

Mme. Thenardier  
Raise it up the master's arse

All  
Everybody raise a glass to the master of the house!

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