

## The Fatima Mansions

### "The door-to-door inspector"

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The door-to-door inspector, his knuckles bare and  
white,  
is rapping on your window  
'cause he knows you're hiding here tonight  
He's travelled from the city to your country slum

under rain and black clouds  
and the burnt-out silver sun

He'll drop you where you stand  
Lift the roof with his bare hands  
and hand you down his just demands  
as you huddle in your tiny corner

The door-to-door inspector now sits to eat his lunch  
He scowls at last week's paper  
in the worker's cafe, hushed  
You made your choice whan mocking the ways of true  
grown men  
Now may your woman-love protect you  
as you face this greivous punishment you've earned

He'll drop you where you stand  
then journey home to wash those hands  
and to his bed he'll trembling go  
Passion not spent, a man alone  
(with his hand)

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