

# Pogues, The Bastard Landlord

Oh Lord won't you tell me I'm sure I don't know,  
Who makes the plans that change our lives so,  
From a place in the country so peaceful and calm,  
We moved up to London as the bombs fell around,  
To a house by the river where the rent it was cheap,  
The Landlord he told us 'Its yours to keep',  
For regular payment week after week,  
You'll always have a roof under which you can sleep.  
The years past by, the war came to an end,  
We lived out our lives did nothing to offend,  
But the Landlord's conditions yearly they grew,  
With the size of his gut and his housing values,  
He'd kneel on a Sunday and pray to the Lord,  
For the deals of love his world cannot afford,  
When the Bastard he came round to put up our rent,  
We swallowed our pride and we smiled our best.  
Bricks and mortar, Kingdom of Stone,  
Where do you go when you're all alone,  
They'll carve your name where you lie,  
And I for one no tears will cry.  
Greed knows no boundaries, greed doesn't feel,  
I'm damned if I'll die for a profiting deal,  
The woman next door she just passed away,  
'Cause the rent got so high that she just couldn't pay.,  
And there in the bed she closed up her eyes,  
The last time she gazed on this world of lies,  
With nowhere to go and nothing to say,  
She went to the next world and the Bastard he smiled.  
Bricks and mortar, Kingdom of Stone,  
Where do you go when you're all alone,  
They'll carve your name where you lie,  
And I for one no tears will cry.  
Oh Lord won't you tell me I'm sure I don't know,  
What makes some people so callous and cold,  
I've lived in this house for forty-four years,  
My children were born here, its here I'll grow old,  
A curse on you, Bastard Landlord be damned,  
Who needs one more house like a beach needs more sand,  
I'll stay here till I'm done only nobody knows,  
How God can let one man treat others so.