

Dri, Slumlord

Old battered building
Ready to condemn
High valued property
Expensive piece of land

Half fill with tenants
All poor on welfare
No heat or electricity
And slumlord doesn't care

Slumlord doesn't care [x2]

Millions in insurance
Covers the wrecked lot
And a week till it's condemned
Is all slumlord's got

He enters the basement
With three gallons of gas
And four hours later
There's nothing but ash

Slumlord doesn't care [x2]

The newspaper's all read
Forty die in the blaze
Slumlord now thinks
That crime really pays

And two years later
A skyscraper appears
With a plaque in the memory
Of the forty that died here

Slumlord doesn't care [x2]