

# Michael Penn, Big House

Without an invitation  
It used to be more fun  
Surveillance through the dry brush  
You knew the art of ring and run  
And hid behind the T-bird  
Unless the door would open first  
You had a talent for excuses  
An innocent who'd been coerced  
You had to have it all rehearsed when

Knocking at the big house  
Knocking at the big house

It always seemed the easiest  
When it didn't mean that much  
Though you welcomed competition  
You had an ace no one could touch  
But didn't have a short clue  
That this gift's a given thing  
Call it camouflage or filthy rags  
It was not enough to let it ring  
You had to sign this offering by

Knocking at the big house  
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Now there's nothing to conceal you  
You come in from the front  
The hedges have been cut back  
And you're much too old for scavenger hunt  
Maybe you're collecting  
Donations for the cause  
It may be now or never  
So let it ring  
Don't you pause  
You are not breaking any laws by

Knocking at the big house  
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Well, keep your eye up to the keyhole  
What do you see now  
You'll be

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