

The Fall, My New House

My new house
You should see my house
My new house
You should see my new house

No rabbit hutch about it
I bought it off the baptists
I get the bills
And I get miffed
At the damn polyester fills
The interior is a prison unconscious

My new house
Keep away from my new house

Wash the drawers of pills
It's got window sills
With lead centred in the middle of them

My new house
Is no beatnik hang-out

That Halifax copter
Sure dropped me a cropper

Sometimes I think I'll ring Swine-Tax
And go back to my flat

But my new house
I do love the mad things about it

According to the postman
It's like the bleeding Bank of England

Creosote tar fence surrounds it
Those razor blades eject when I press eject

My new house
Could easily crack a mortal, it

The spare room is fine
Though a little haunted

By Mr. Reagan who had hung himself at number 13
Mr. Reagan hung himself at number 13

It'll be great when it's decorated
My new house