

Webb Wilder, Meet Your New Landlord

"Meet Your New Landlord"

Neon lights don't never dim
In the kind of bars that never close
In a back room game T. Jim yells
"Saint Gabriel, I'm gonna steal the show."

He slapped his cards down on the table
Said, "Boys, I got me a winning hand."
But the sight that made old T. Jim tremble
Was the king that took his land.

Mister, meet your new landlord
Heard you knockin' upon my door
Mister, meet your new landlord
Plenty of room down on the floor.

With a ticket burning in his hand
And the tip still ringing in his ear
Big Pete bet his whole life savings
As the race was drawing near.

A shot was fired
The gates flew open
The years streaked right before his eyes
Too bad they were riding on a saddle from the moment of ill advice.

Mister, meet your new landlord
I heard you knockin' upon my door
Mister, meet your new landlord
Plenty of room down on the floor.

Other names and other places
Different rules, but it's all the same
Cause if that bug ever bites you
The scar will bear you shame.

Hey listen, son, you know you're in trouble
When you wake up one morning in a daze
And as you peer into the mirror
The face leaning over says

Mister, meet your new landlord
I heard you knockin' upon my door
Mister, meet your new landlord
Got plenty of room down on the floor.

Mister, meet your new landlord
I heard you knockin' upon my door
Mister, meet your new landlord
Plenty of room down on the floor.

Hey, mister, meet your new landlord. Whooo