

Mr. Mortgage

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

The 80's brought a wave of greed, you all bought flats you didn't need.

You really thought you'd got it made, you fell into trap they laid.

Mr Mortgage, now you're poor, bailiffs knocking at your door.
Climb inside your cardboard box, squatters in and change the locks.

Mr Mortgage, Mr Mortgage with your pokey little flat.
Don't you know I've got a big house and the council pays for that.

With each recession brings the sack, you know your wife ain't coming back.

Monthly repayments are a must, now all your dreams have turned to dust.