

He was agin the rich  
He was agin the poor  
He was against all trepidation

He was agin the rich  
On the loose again  
He was agin the rich

There's a new fiend on the loose  
On the back of the exhaust clip  
Clipped on rich and poor alike  
Come to roost again once more

Ol' Nick doesn't go from digs to digs no more  
Hit him on the head with a 2 by 4  
Nowadays he has a Georgian glazed porch

Used table leg to club son in law

New fiend in your home again  
He said show me my quarters and glasses

There's a new fiend on the loose  
Jolting in his tradition  
It's a fear of the obtuse  
He's got patents on the moaning