

## My New House

The Fall

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