

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Landlord

Landlord  
(Jim Page)

Here he comes lookin' for the rent.  
His greedy yellow eyes and his tongue all bent,  
Padlocked pocket and bad luck nose  
Sniffin'round my doorway and goin' through my clothes.  
Oh how could you treat me so cold?

I've a run-down room with a two-way roof.  
That man's a thief. I've even got the proof.  
He likes to take, he doesn't like to give.  
I have to pay him rent just to have a place to live.  
Hey you. I know you well;

Got a mortgage on my body and the deeds of my soul.  
You run a rock-and-roll tavern and a greasy hotel.  
You misuse a lot of people. You're such a greedy man.  
I have to put gloves on in case I touch your hand.  
Oh how could you treat me so cold?

You go sneakin'round windows to see what you can see.  
You unlock doors where you've got no right to be.  
Your legs are weak. You've been tellin' lies.  
Some day somebody's gonna get wise.

You're gonna get evicted out in the street.  
No food in your belly and no shoes on your feel.  
You're gonna walk around from door to door  
But nobody's gonna want to see you anymore.  
Oh how could you. treat me so cold?

Got a mortgage on my body and the deeds of my soul.  
You're gonna wake up down hen on the street.  
Bricks and mortar lyin' round your feet.  
Treat me cold now. cold as you please;  
Come next winter the two of us will freeze.  
Oh landlord, How could you treat me so cold?

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