

Sting, Landlord

I don't want to rent your house from you
I don't know how you can expect me to
I ain't moving 'cause I know my rights
Too many homeless on the streets at night

You own a street and a block of flats
You earn your living like the other rats
You've no morality what do you care
You deal in poverty you buy despair

I ain't moving 'till the bailiff comes
I've got no weapons, gonna get me some
I ain't moving 'till the bailiff comes
I've got no weapons, gonna get me some

You go and call yourself a business man
You're just a parasite on Phylosan
You're just a middle-class middle-aged shit
You sold your granny for a three-penny bit

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