

Master of the House

Our king's comments after sleeping through *Les Miserables* at the Kennedy Center last night:

*"My band of soaks, my den of dissolutes
My dirty jokes, my always pissed as newts
My sons of whores spend their lives in my inn
Homing pigeons homing in
They fly through my doors
And they crawl out on all fours
Welcome, Monsieur, sit yourself down
And meet the best innkeeper in town
As for the rest, all of 'em crooks:
Roeking their guests and cooking the books
Seldom do you see
Honest men like me
A gent of good intent
Who's content to be*

*Master of the house, doling out the charm
Ready with a handshake and an open palm
Tells a saucy tale, makes a little stir
Customers appreciate a bon-viveur
Glad to do a friend a favor
Doesn't cost me to be nice
But nothing gets you nothing
Everything has got a little price*

*Master of the house, keeper of the zoo
Ready to relieve 'em of a soul or two
Watering the wine, making up the weight
Pickin' up their knick-knacks when they can't see straight
Everybody loves a landlord
Everybody's bosom friend
I do whatever pleases Jesus!
Won't I bleed 'em in the end!*

*Master of the house, quick to catch yer eye
Never was a passerby to pass him by
Servant to the poor, butler to the great
Comforter, philosopher, and lifelong mate!
Everybody's boon companion
Everybody's chaperone
But lock up your valises
Won't I skin you to the bone!*

*Food beyond compare. Food beyond belief
Mix it in a mincer and pretend it's beef
Kidney of a horse, liver of a cat
Filling up the sausages with this and that
Residents are more than welcome
Bridal suite is occupied
Reasonable charges
Plus some little extras on the side!*

*Charge 'em for the lice, extra for the mice
Two percent for looking in the mirror twice (Hand it over!)
Here a little slice, there a little cut
Three percent for sleeping with the window shut
When it comes to fixing prices
There are a lot of tricks I knows
How it all increases, all them bits and pieces
Jesus! It's amazing how it grows!"*

And from our queen:

*"I used to dream that I would meet a prince
But God Almighty, have you seen what's happened since?
Master of the house? Isn't worth my spit!
Comforter, philosopher and lifelong shit!
Cunning little brain, regular Voltaire
Thinks he's quite a lover but there's not much there
What a cruel trick of nature landed me with such a louse
God knows how I've lasted living with this bastard in the house!*

*Master of the house!
Master and a half!
Comforter, philosopher
Don't make me laugh!
Servant to the poor, butler to the great
Hypocrite and toady and inebriate!
Everybody bless the landlord!
Everybody bless his spouse!
Everybody raise a glass
Raise it up the master's arse
Everybody raise a glass to the master of the house."*

Special thanks to Victor Hugo for writing *Les Miserables* in 1862, and Herbert Kretmer for the music and lyrics of *Master of the House*.



"No Kings" protests all over the country on Saturday. I'll be at the one in McKinney, Texas. Time to get off our arses.

That's all I'm sayin'

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