

# 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:  
Rooking 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 Misérables* 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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