Landlord



He invited families to move in and give him thirty percent Of everything they grew each year, this is how they'd pay the rent

His name was Rensselaer, he became one of the richest men on Earth In today's terms ninety billion dollars is how much he'd be worth All this for doing nothing but saying all of this was his "I have the power of the state behind me and I'm in the landlord biz"

After two hundred years of this and one revolution won Another Rennsalaer had another son And this Rennsalaer was greedier than his ancestors dead and passed It was now the 1840's and things started changing fast It was the straw that broke the back, the bottle was uncorked They started organizing meetings, the tenant farmers of New York They found the strength of numbers, they found the power of suggestion They found each other asking the same question

Chorus

They vowed that they would stop the rent collection, they vowed they'd bring this madness to an end And when one blew the tin horn of distress, they'd soon find they had a thousand friends Dressed in calico skirts with masks upon their faces, on horseback, armed with knives and guns They chanted and they yelled, they kept their farms, and they kept the sheriffs on the run

Chorus

The governor's militias tried to stop them, but nothing could be done to break their will And by 1848 the landlords buckled and sold their holdings to the farmers in the hills Yes they overthrew this feudal system, but it's replaced now by speculators and banks And you can still hear the homeless families asking of all the landed gentry in our ranks

Chorus (2x)

Who gave you the right?