

We Went To The Banker

Tom Paxton

We went to the banker, my honey lamb and I
We'd found a little cottage that we thought we'd like to buy
They gave us a mortgage; really wasn't bad
The payments only came to everything we had

So we went to the realtor, the mortgage barely dry
We told him excitedly that we'd agreed to buy
"Inflation, inflation," was all that he would say
The price of your little bungalow went up ten grand today

Isn't it lovely, isn't it grand
A man and a woman need a little land
We need to put some roots down
We need some room to grow
And they only wanna help our dreams come true

So we went to the banker to see what he could do
He said, "There's very little left that I can lend to you
I wonder, I wonder, I wonder where it went
I'll let you have the money, but I'll charge two more per cent"

So we went to the realtor, prepared to close the deal
He said, "You'd never believe folks, how terrible I feel
Inflation, inflation, it's heading for the moon
Your cosy little love nest, went up ten grand by noon"

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So we went to the banker, we found him at his club
He said, "You need a house, kids, but sadly here's the rub
I'll try to lend you the money, you have my personal vow
But the old mortgage is dead, kids; it's double the interest now"

So we went to the realtor to see what he could do
He said he had a place for us that had a beautiful view
We're living in the park now, in an army surplus tent
We've got a twenty-year mortgage at thirty-eight percent

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