

# Aceyalone, The Walls And The Windows

Chorus

The walls have ears, the windows have eyes  
and a wise man tells no lies  
The walls have ears, the windows have eyes  
and a dead man tells no lies

Repeat

No lies, no lies, no lies  
And a dead man tells no lies

If these walls could talk  
They would tell you things you wouldn't believe  
These windows have seen sights you couldn't imagine  
And it can't be erased by Windex or a coat of paint

Chorus

Surprise!!!

For each and every wall that ever stood it has a story  
Some are not so obvious and some are self-explanatory  
It's padded wall in my laboratory  
They're lookin through the keyhole of you dormitory  
Meanwhile, up in my observatory, my telescope sees the glory  
And it also sees the horror and the gory they speak derogatory  
These walls in this hotel room  
Tell more tales about fat tales and head  
It was heard but never said, instead the walls bleed  
Yeah, while they bleeding  
You could hear the couples cheating, undercover meetings  
Behind these seedy motel walls best believe they had it all  
Wreaking balls don't bounce against the wall  
to make that building fall  
The walls outside my apartment complex  
building projects are so complex  
Yet they are taken all out of text  
Like the wall of Berlin, the wall of 'Nam, the wall of China  
And my tag on the wall as a reminder

Chorus

Now of course the eyes are the true windows to the soul  
As well as the window to the world's soul  
Whether plain glass or stained glass  
Every set of eyes has a set of windows with a set of eyes

Now tell me what the world would be  
if we did not have windows (We did not have windows)  
You would hardly ever catch the criminal or see the swindle  
Everyone inside would need A/C when they assemble  
A private penitentiary at home is what it might resemble  
See my window-pane got so much pain  
The glass is busting out the frame  
So let the candle kindle in the window as a symbol  
I be leavin' my window open hoping that I might get a breeze  
But when the wind comes in the eyes  
come in and eyes don't seem to want to leave  
Because spying eyes by eyeing the prize  
and eyeing on your movement  
You can change your wall and windows  
with some building home improvement  
But looky loos they still be trying  
you look inside your window

The walls will hear it ever single time you voice crescendos  
It's enough to make you tremble, leave you in limbo  
Can it also be simple?  
Because these are fundamentals  
for the mental so don't get sentimental  
Because these are not your windows  
these wall are really rentals  
They know everything your into  
And all the business that you tend to  
So keep your windows rolled up  
and don't hold up the wall against the floor  
And while you're window shopping  
don't bother stopping at my store  
I put a note in the window, but you couldn't read what is said  
So I took a rock and carved it in the glass and it read:

Chorus

Repeat