

Aceyalone, The Walls & Windows

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
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
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
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
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
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
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 eying the prize
And eying on your movement
You can change your wall and windows
With some building home improvement
But looky loose 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 you're 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
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
The walls have ears, the windows have eyes
And a wise man tells no lies
The walls have ears, the windows have eyes
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