Jill Sobule, The Secretive Life

A crack in the door
A slit in the blinds
A hole in the fence
So easy to find.

People doing people things
Whatever that might be
They go on about their business
Too wrapped up to see
In the shadows,
My unblinking eye,
I love the secretive life

I hide in the park
Behind the bushes
I see runners and skaters
And a half naked man
Showing off his tattoos

And I see old Mr. Gray
With his bad toupee
With some dumb girl about half his age

People doing (definitely not his wife) people things
Uncalling out to me
They're so funny I could almost cry
I love the Secretive Life

There's Johnny's dad
On his third martini
And his nose is getting bigger
As I watch through the kitchen window
They really oughta close those blinds

And under my coat
I got a micro-recorder,
A pad, and a pencil,
And a picture of you
I can't believe you did that

I see two love birds walking by
With that sick and dreamy
Look in their eye

And there's a big fat cop
With a Magnum mustache
Trying so hard to look mean

People doing
(Bet he doesn't see that man across the street)
People things
(Stealing a bicycle)
Whatever that may be
They may look in my direction
But they never see
In the shadows my unblinking eye
I love the Secretive Life

You know what'll happen
If you're mean to me
I'll write it all down
For everyone to see
And I'll put it in a song
And I won't change your name

I got no shame