

# The Ditty Bops, Nosy Neighbor

Listen to the sound bites of your neighbors  
Through the paper thin walls  
Making variations on their stories  
Told with southern drawls  
Look into the dustbin  
Pick through rubbish  
Finding clues to bare  
Ponder their discussion  
Noshed oh muffins  
Torn up papers spared  
If you value your own skin  
Stop yourself from listening in  
Lovelorn letters  
Tarred and feathered  
We are on display  
Private lives  
Have all been scattered  
Mysteries gone away  
Following traces for disgraces  
You have crossed the line  
Walking in shadows searching  
Secret places it's a sign  
You've got ears but so have I  
Listen close as you walk by  
Sticking your ears  
Into affairs of others has a price  
The stakes are higher than you think  
It's time to roll the dice  
Won't be so lucky this time around  
You'll disappear not a trace to be found