

The Ditty Bops, Ooh La La

What among the lovers
What twang of temptation
What brought the house down
Strange sleepwalkers on the block
Unfamiliar writing on the ceiling
When she looks up

Momma buried pop atop the roof where he slept
One leg on each side of pointed shingles
Latest tests prove that she's happier with more
The oyster is open for any to pearl

Still she's got three different lullabies to sing
These fruited images are delicacies

Was it the fighting was it the fist
Was it adventure with a jealous twist
Was it desire for another's kiss
What brought the house down

Turmoil and passion such wondrous things
What they called Summer lovers happening in Spring
Who's dreaming of who tonight
Who'll be walking by your side
At the dawning's first light

Do all he can to save a soon to be dead past
Give it all up to find a new way that will last

Was she wrong to hold his heart another person's hand
The grass is always greener 'til it's covered up with sand
Was it other things
Fate, felicity
What rousing temptation

She knew that love could swell without barricades
Standards must be broken even these
Now she has three different lullabies to sing
These fruited images lead her to sleep

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