The Ditty Bops, Short Stacks

I am treading on cow pile mountains Before you answer my call Lounging at breakfast a recoiled monster With tied mouth somehow telling all

Before it breaks before you've listened Short stacks are sitting high Lips are dry maybe you're guessing why

Don't mean to make you sick It just works out that way You say it's walnut bread We know it's what I say

Friends do tell me it's best to say little The less you put out the less that's gone But sitting here lazing the smaller I feel 'Cause I expand when I let on

My love for you is not like friendship Can you tell from my brave toned words This timid girl likes very much your hand