

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