

Aceyalone

"The walls & windows"

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Chorus

The walls have ears, the windows have eyes
and a wise man tells no lies

The walls have ears, the windows have eyes
and a dead man tells no lies

Repeat

No lies, no lies, no lies

And a dead man tells no lies

If these walls could talk

They would tell you things you wouldn't believe

These windows have seen sights you couldn't imagine

And it can't be erased by Windex or a coat of paint

Chorus

Surprise!!!

For each and every wall that ever stood it has a story

Some are not so obvious and some are self-explanatory

It's padded wall in my laboratory

They're lookin through the keyhole of you dormitory

Meanwhile, up in my observatory, my telescope sees
the glory

And it also sees the horror and the gory they speak
derogatory

These walls in this hotel room

Tell more tales about fat tales and head

It was heard but never said, instead the walls bleed

Yeah, while they bleeding

You could hear the couples cheating, undercover
meetings

Behind these seedy motel walls best believe they had it
all

Wreaking balls don't bounce against the wall
to make that building fall

The walls outside my apartment complex

building projects are so complex

Yet they are taken all out of text

Like the wall of Berlin, the wall of 'Nam, the wall of
China

And my tag on the wall as a reminder

Chorus

Now of course the eyes are the true windows to the
soul

As well as the window to the world's soul
Whether plain glass or stained glass
Every set of eyes has a set of windows with a set of
eyes
Now tell me what the world would be
if we did not have windows (We did not have windows)
You would hardly ever catch the criminal or see the
swindle
Everyone inside would need A/C when they assemble
A private penitentiary at home is what it might
resemble
See my window-pane got so much pain
The glass is busting out the frame
So let the candle kindle in the window as a symbol
I be leavin' my window open hoping that I might get a
breeze
But when the wind comes in the eyes
come in and eyes don't seem to want to leave
Because spying eyes by eyeing the prize
and eyeing on your movement
You can change your wall and windows
with some building home improvement
But looky loos they still be trying
you look inside your window
The walls will hear it ever single time you voice
crescendos
It's enough to make you tremble, leave you in limbo
Can it also be simple?
Because these are fundamentals
for the mental so don't get sentimental
Because these are not your windows
these wall are really rentals
They know everything your into
And all the business that you tend to
So keep your windows rolled up
and don't hold up the wall against the floor
And while you're window shopping
don't bother stopping at my store
I put a note in the window, but you couldn't read what is
said
So I took a rock and carved it in the glass and it read:
Chorus
Repeat

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