

Ditty Bops

"Nosy Neighbor"

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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

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