

## **Ditty Bops, The**

### **"Short Stacks"**

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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

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