

THE WALLS HAVE EARS - ELVIS PRESLEY  
(Words and music by Bennett - Tepper)

The walls have ears, ears that hear each little sound you make  
Every time you stamp throw a lamp and every cup and dish you break

But they can't hear a kiss or two arms that hold you tight  
So come on baby, don't fight tonight

The walls have ears, better think before you fling that shoe  
If you part my hair with a chair, they'll spread the news to Timbuktu

But they can't hear a kiss or two arms that hold you tight  
So come on baby, don't fight tonight

Jets can fly, fast and high, rockets can go even faster  
But they can't catch or even match sound traveling through plaster

The walls have ears, ears that hear each little sound you make  
Every time you stamp throw a lamp and every cup and dish you break

But they can't hear a kiss or two arms that hold you tight  
So come on baby, don't fight tonight

Just dim the light  
Don't fight tonight