

Elvis Presley, The Walls Have Ears

The walls have ears
Ears that hear each little sound you make
Every time you stamp through 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 through 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 in tonight
Don't fight tonight