

The Curtains Are Twitchin'

Bell X1

The curtains are twitchin, this house is getting bored
The newborn is itchin to have a go at the cord
The curtains are twitchin by grubby little paws
That darken the stitching for a good gawk
The curtains are twitchin, and we can't help but look
Feed our bitchin at who gave and who took
The curtains are twitchin on these windows of the soul
Some call it blinking
Eyes open, eyes closed All these gestures, like flowers
Feed ties and affections, like ours
My love, like ours The curtains are twitchin, an involuntary tick
A nosey affliction, afraid of what you might miss
The curtains are twitchin at Mrs.Carey's limp
A minor operation, or was she beaten by her pimp?
The curtains are twitchin at all who pout and preen
The director is screaming for less drama and more queen
The curtains are twitchin, please don't pick me last
Give me a star on my forehead, make me top of the class All these gestures, like flowers
Feed ties and affections, like ours
My love, like ours

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