

Odd Hours

Creature Feature

The old man down the block
The curtains are all drawn
To ward off prying eyes
What's he hide with those locks?
You could almost swear that
You can hear the muffled cries

The lady two doors down
She is in the backyard
[?] sunset
She's digging in the ground
She is filling holes with
Every bit of evidence

They all got something to hide
Secrets buried that you'll never find
Such strange persons occupy their spare time
In the odd hours of the night

The neighbor up the street
Always in the tool shed
Using the [?]
Reclusive and discreet
You could almost swear that
You can hear the sounds of death

The housewife right next door
As the family sits still
In the darkly lit room
She performs nightly chores
Doesn't it seem odd that
They no longer seem to move?

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Who am I to blame?
I know they think the same
Who am I to judge?
I won't hold a grudge
If they only knew
What's hidden from view
Down in my cellar
It would cause a stir

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In the odd hours of the night