Skeletons

Stevie Wonder

Skeletons in your closet Itchin' to come outside Messin' with your conscience In a way your face can't hide

Oh things are gettin' real funky
Down at the old corral
And it's not the skunks that are stinkin'
It's the stinkin' lies you tell

What did your mama tell you about lies
She said it wasn't polite to tell a white one
What did your daddy tell you about lies
He said one white one turns into a black one

So, it's gettin' ready to blow It's gettin' ready to show Somebody shot off at the mouth and We're gettin' ready to know

It's gettin' ready to drop
It's gettin' ready to shock
Somebody done turned up the heater
An'a it's gettin' ready to pop

Crevices in your pantry Now what do we have in here Havin' a daytime nightmare Has always been your biggest fear

Oh things are gettin' real crucial
Up the old wazoo
Yet you cry, why am I the victim?
When the culprit's why-o-you, oo oh

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It's gettin' ready to drop
It's gettin' ready to shock
Somebody done turning the heater
An' a it's gettin' ready to pop

It's gettin' ready to seep You're gettin' ready to freak Somebody done picked up the talk box We're gettin' ready to speak

It's gettin' ready to jive
It's gettin' ready to gel
Somebody done gone let the lid off
We're gettin' ready to smell

They're gettin' ready to deal You're gettin' ready to ill Somebody done just dropped the big dime And they're gettin' ready to squeal

It's gettin' ready to turn
We're gettin' ready to learn
Somebody done fired up the brimstone
And you're gettin' ready to burn

It's gettin' ready to shake
You're gettin' ready to ache
Somebody done snitched to the news crew
And it's gettin' ready to break

You're gettin' ready to lie
They're gettin' ready to spy
Somebody's been put on the hot seat
And you're gettin' ready to fry

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