

# **KNOCKING**

Words and Music by Linda Arnold

**Who's that knocking  
Knocking gently on my walls?  
Tapping to me with a fist  
That's oh so small  
Who's that knocking on my walls?**

**Well, you used to be so light  
Just like a butterfly in flight  
That I just might  
Not even have heard you at all**

**Sometimes I get to wondering  
Are you a little lady?  
Maybe you are  
Or maybe not  
Daughter or son, either one  
Would please me  
Well, to be really honest  
I guess I'll have to say  
I'm hoping you're a little lady**

**Oh, lately you've been playing so rough  
And acting so tough  
Hey, quit that stuff  
Don't you ever sleep at all?**

**Who's that knocking  
Rolling and rocking?  
Who's that knocking on my walls?  
Sometimes you play so wild  
I feel all black and blue  
Oh, Lord, could it be true  
Instead of one I've got two?  
Both a boy and a girl after all**