

Martin Gore

"Tiny Girls"

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Well, the day begins you don't want to live
'Cause you can't believe in the one you're with
'Cause you know her tricks and you know her past
When she makes a face you just have to laugh

And you feel like such a know-it-all
When you only want just a tiny girl
And you hope she'll sing

So you turn around toward the tiny girls
Who have got no tricks, who have got no past
Yeah, that's what you think
And you hope she'll sing

But she sings of greed like a young banshee
And she wants for this, and she wants for that
Ah, what did you think?

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