

## **Pain (American Band) "Midgets With Guns"**

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Broken arms, I would hold you  
Even if I had broken arms.  
Can you make a tourniquet for a broken heart?  
A bad idea?  
Well I suppose it's up to me to juxtapose myself.  
There's little guys with little guns  
Inside our mouths, inside our heads,  
They make us suffer.  
I'll stay home, it's a good thing I think I'm funny.  
Don't come by, I'll be making jokes about you.  
But then again, you could come in.  
We could make fun of all the things we used to  
yesterday.  
I've got a five, you've got a ten,  
That's fifteen dollars, we could see how long it takes to  
spend.  
You like games that drive us both insane  
And I roll the dice but that's just to be nice to you.  
Why don't we try something else for a change?  
Hey, I know!  
Why don't I poke out my eyes for you over and over  
And over and over again?  
Get out of my house!  
And can I come with you?  
'Cuz where there's a will there's a way  
We can kill all the midgets with guns  
That we have on our tongues  
Just stick out your lips, lean in close, and we'll kiss them  
Goodbye to the midgets with guns.

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