

Little Guns

Oingo Boingo

Tiny people, with little guns
Little armies march, to little drums
What do they want?
What do they want? Tiny soldiers, with little guns
Little tanks, no bigger than your thumb
They want you Little people, with tiny brains
Little bullets flowing, in their veins
What do they want?
What do they want? Tiny people with little guns
Little armies march, to little drums
They want you, you
You, you, you, you Little airplanes, with tiny bombs
Little squadrons, dropping thimbles of Napalm
They want you What do they want?
What do they want? Tiny people, with little guns
Little armies march, to little drums
You, you
You, you, you, you Tiny people, little guns
Tiny people, little guns
Tiny people, little guns

Songwriters

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