Tiny Girls

Martin L. Gore

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 laughAnd you feel like such a know-it-all
When you only want just a tiny girl
And you hope she'll singSo you turn around
Toward the tiny girls
Who have got no tricks
Who have got no pastYeah, that's what you think
And you hope she'll singBut she sings of greed
Like a young banshee
And she wants for this
And she wants for that
Oh, what did you think?

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