

# 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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