

Midgets With Guns

Pain

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?
'Cause 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.