

I Killed An Ant With My Guitar

John Hiatt

I killed an ant
With my guitar
Underneath romantic Indiana stars
He was a fool
I was so cruel
The power of music is no tool
So I hit him in the head
And now he's dead

I killed him there
By the front door
Well it was something he was really asking for
He was a chump
It was no bump
Or any ordinary lump
No I squashed his little head
And now he's dead

Well I'm sure he had a family
Some children and a pretty wife
And I'm sure he worked like the devil
Ah, who was I to take his tiny life
But...

I killed an ant
With my guitar
Underneath romantic Indiana stars
He was a fool
I was so cruel
The power of music ain't no tool
So I bopped him in the head (not quite sure here..bopped makes
about
And now he's dead the only sense)
La, la, la, la la, la, la la, la, la