

# 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