

Matchstick Man

The Tiger Lillies

You stand at twenty inches
in your stockinged feet
People pick you up
and say that you are sweet
You'll never beat the shit out
of another man
You'll never reach the top shelf
they don't understand
No one ever fears you,
you are just a joke
Someone they can laugh at,
fun at which to poke
You'd like to pull a gun out
blow them all away
Stop them looking down on you,
wipe their smiles away
After you have shot them stamped
on all their heads
You can look down on them
now they are all dead
Now you hold the power
now you are big
With them all dead
now you can live
Midget man...
All of your children
they'll be small as well
They will all look up to you
and you will feel swell
You will be a big man,
be a macho king
And when you die
everyone will sing
Midget man...