

John Hiatt, I Killed An Ant With My Guitar

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