

## Arming of Infants

### Trampled by Turtles

Well I told you once I would do it again,  
why don't you leave while you still can?  
All your back rooms laid this town to waste.

You come in darling nice and slow,  
and leave your shiny little guns on the floor.  
Run away with your force fed little world.

[Chorus:]  
Go tell it on the mountain,  
or won't you scream it in my ear.  
Tell me everything I want to hear.

Won't you give me little warning before you tell me that I'm the one?  
There's razor blades behind your pretty smile.  
And all your childhood parties, they would kill us for the fall  
[?]  
Run away with everything you know.

[Chorus (x2)]  
Go tell it on the mountain,  
or won't you scream it in my ear.  
Tell me everything I want to hear.