

Glass Figurine

Andrew Bird

You've got me sitting on your mantle like a little glass figurine

Why must you be so mean?

Don't you know I've got better things to do

I'm like a mail order product from a housekeeping magazine.

How utterly embarrassing,

well lady I'm not going to dance that dance.

Let the giraffes do it, let the sad clown cry.

Your porcelain kisses are not going to turn me shy.

No, I'm not your little boy,

your rosy-cheeked joy,

though the thought of you makes me sanguine

I'll do anything you want

but I won't be your glass figurine

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