

I Am Not Your Broom

They Might Be Giants

Now broom, you must now sweep for me
The dust it fills my room
No, john, I will not sweep for you
For I am not your broom

What nonsense are you speaking, broom
My words you must obey
Another life awaits me and
I'm leaving you today

I am not your broom
I am not your broom
I've had enough, I'm throwing off
My chains of servitude

I am not your broom
I am not your broom
No longer must I sweep for you
For I am not your broom