

## Andrew Bird

### "Glass Figurine"

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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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