

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire "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

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

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

I'll do anything you want but I won't be your glass figurine

No, I won't be be your glass figurine

No, I won't be be your glass figurine, no

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