

Ann Wilson

"My Thing Is My Own"

Visit "[My Thing Is My Own](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A sweet-scented courtier did give me a kiss
And promised me mountains if I would be his
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true
Courtiers promise much more than they do

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Other young lasses can do as they will
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Other young lasses may do as they will

A master of music came with intent
To give me a lesson on my instrument.
I thanked him for nothing, and bid him be gone
For my little fiddle must not be played on

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Other young lasses may do as they will

A cunning clockmaker did court me as well
And promised me riches if I'd ring his bell
So I looked at his clockwork, and said with a shock
Your pendulum's far too small for my clock

A blunt lieutenant suprised my blanket
And speedily started to rifle and sack it
So I roused myself, and I became bold
And forced my lieutenant to quit my stronghold

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Other young lasses may do what they will

Well, I could brag of a hundred or more
Besides all the gansters recited before
Who made their addresses in hopes of a snap
But young as I was, I understood that

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
All the young lasses may do as they will
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Other young lasses may do as they will,
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still
Other young lasses may do as they will

Visit [Ann Wilson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.