Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Glass Figurine

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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I'll do anything you want but I won't be your glass figurine
No, I won't be be your glass figurine, no