

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