

Sleater Kinney, Taking Me Home

you come here to my work
you come here every day
to make sure i'm still here
you look at me that way
rings on my fingers and
bows in my hair
you think i'm your present
you'll unwrap me here
is this a bad dream
is this really my life
well you wanna know
you'll show me tonight
NOT FOR SALE
NOT YOUR GIRL
NOT YOUR THING
i'm here on the counter
with no money down
for nine ninety nine
you're taking me home
a dozen red roses
a cute little house
a cheap little ring
the deal is cut, now
something is messed up here
something isn't right
we're s'posed to be free
i'm s'posed to be mine
this part of my body
that you're pricing now
i'm cutting it off
i'm throwing it out
NOT FOR SALE
NOT YOUR GIRL
NOT YOUR THING
i got me mixed up with somebody else
i got me mixed up with somebody else