

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

I have this one face
And i only check out
It gets so far think it's time

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 supposed to be free
I'm supposed 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

Got me mixed up with somebody else
Got me mixed up with somebody else