

Glass Figurine

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

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 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

Songwriters

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