

Mitski, Your Best American Girl

If I could, I'd be your little spoon
And kiss your fingers forevermore
But, big spoon, you have so much to do
And I have nothing ahead of me

You're the sun, you've never seen the night
But you hear its song from the morning birds
Well, I'm not the moon, I'm not even a star
But awake at night I'll be singing to the birds

Don't wait for me, I can't come

Your mother wouldn't approve of how my mother raised me
But I do, I think I do
And you're an all-American boy
I guess I couldn't help trying to be your best American girl

You're the one
You're all I ever wanted
I think I'll regret this

Your mother wouldn't approve of how my mother raised me
But I do, I finally do
And you're an all-American boy
I guess I couldn't help trying to be the best American girl

Your mother wouldn't approve of how my mother raised me
But I do, I think I do