

St. Vincent, Now, Now

I'm not your mother's favorite dog
I'm not the carpet you walk on
I'm not one small atomic bomb
I'm not anything at all

I'm not the feather at your feet
I'm not your yellow brick street
I'm not anyone you'll see
I'm not anything

Now, now now, now now, now

You don't mean that say you're sorry
You don't mean that say you're sorry
You don't mean that say you're sorry
You don't mean that I'll make you sorry

I'm not the pawn to your king
I'm not your world on a string
I'm not anyone you'll beat
I'm not anything

Now, now now, now now, now

You don't mean that say you're sorry
You don't mean that say you're sorry
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