

Savior

St. Vincent

You dress me up in a nurse's outfit
It rides and sticks to my thighs and my hips
You put me in a teacher's little denim skirt
Ruler and desk so I can make it hurt

But I keep you on your best behavior
Honey, I can't be your savior
Love you to the grave and farther
Honey, I am not your martyr

You dress me in a nun's black outfit
Hail Mary past, 'cause you know I grab it
Hand me a badge, and a little billy club
Like I'm supposed to book you on a hit-and-run

Adore you to the grave and farther
Honey, I can't be your martyr
Maybe it's just human nature
But honey, I can't be your savior

But then you say, "Please"
Then you say, "Please"

Dress me in leather
Oh, that's a little better
That's still not it
None of this shit fits

But I keep you on your best behavior
Honey, I can't be your savior
Love you to the grave and farther
Honey, I am not your martyr

But then you say, "Please"
Then you say, "Please"

"Please"
"Please"
"Please"
(They call me a strange girl)
(And they speak to me in bruises)
"Please"
(I got 'em tryin' to save the world)
(They said, "girl, you're not Jesus")
(They call me a strange girl)
"Please"
(And they speak to me in bruises)
(I got 'em tryin' to save the world)
(They said, "girl, you're not Jesus")
"Please"
(They call me a strange girl)
(And they speak to me in bruises)
"Please"
(I got 'em tryin' to save the world)
(They said, "girl, you're not Jesus")
"Please"
(I got 'em tryin' to save the world)

"Please"

(They call me a strange girl)

(And they speak to me in bruises)

"Please"

(I got 'em tryin' to save the world)

(They said, "girl, you're not Jesus")