

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")
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