

They Might Be Giants, Ana Ng

Make a hole with a gun perpendicular
To the name of this town in a desk-top globe
Exit wound in a foreign nation
Showing the home of the one this was written for
My apartment looks upside down from there
Water spirals the wrong way out the sink
And her voice is a backwards record
It's like a whirlpool and it never ends

Ana Ng and I are getting old
And we still haven't walked in the glow of each other's majestic presence
Listen Ana hear my words
They're the ones you would think I would say if there was a me for you

All alone at the '64 World's Fair
Eighty dolls yelling "Small girl after all"
Who was at the Dupont Pavilion?
Why was the bench still warm? Who had been there?
Or the time when the storm tangled up the wire
To the horn on the pole at the bus depot
And in the back of the edge of hearing
These are the words the voice was repeating:

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When I was driving once I saw this painted on a bridge:
"I don't want the world, I just want your half"

They don't need me here, and I know you're there (don't need me)
Where the world goes by like the humid air (world goes by)
And it sticks like a broken record
Everything sticks like a broken record
Everything sticks until it goes away (it goes home)
And the truth is, we don't know anything (don't know)

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