

# They Might Be Giants, On Earth My Nina

Her burden of things walking out  
Her burden of things walking out  
On Earth my Nina  
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God forbid a vaguer feat  
National hell mock me  
Say the sparrow wants a morbid arrow  
Here's a quarter; that's the one I want  
Maybe I'll buy the whirlwind  
That always keeps me yearning  
Her sitter's down there mourning  
Her burden of things walking out  
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On Earth my Nina  
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