

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
Her burden of things walking out
On Earth my Nina
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