

On Earth My Nina

They Might Be Giants

Her burden of things walking out
Her burden of things walking out
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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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