Ana Ng

They Might Be Giants

Make a hole with a gun perpendicular
To the name of this town in a desktop 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 back of the edge of hearing
These are the words that the voice was repeating
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"
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
Where the world goes by like the humid air
And it sticks like a broken record
Everything sticks like a broken record
Everything sticks until it goes away
And the truth is, we don't know anything
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"
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"If there was a me for you"

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