

# 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"  
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"  
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"  
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"

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>