

Ana Ng

Words & Music:
They Might Be Giants

Em C D [vamp]

Em C D Em
Make a hole with a gun perpendicular
To the name of this town in a desktop globe
E Am G C G
Exit wound in a foreign nation
D Am D
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.

CHORUS:

G D C D G Bb C
Ana Ng and I are getting old and we still haven't walked in the glow
D
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:

CHORUS:

BRIDGE:

C D G D C
When I was driving once I saw this painted on a bridge
C D G D C
[spoken:] 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.

D Am D
And the truth is we don't know anything.

CHORUS: [repeat C D and fade]

