

[Kill-C]

Make a hole with a gun perpendicular  
To the name of this town in a desk-top globe  
Exit wound in a foreign nation  
Showing the home of the one this was written for

[Stza]

My apartment looks upside down from there  
Water spirals the wrong way 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 others majestic presence  
Listen Ana hear my words  
They're the ones you would think I would say if there was a me for you

[Kill-C]

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 has been there?

[Stza]

Or the time when the storm tangled up the wire  
To the horn on the pole at the bus depot  
And in the back of the edge of hearing  
These are the words the voice was repeating:

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And we still haven't walked in the glow of each others majestic presence  
Listen Ana hear my words  
They're the ones you would think I would say if there was a me for you

[Kill-C]

When I was driving once I saw this painted on a bridge:  
"I don't want the world, I just want your half"

[Stza]

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

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