Annie

Jonatha Brooke

Annie, I hope things line up for you
All in a row, shiny and new
You can't keep on living in one small room
When you never let anyone in
You never let anyone inAnd Annie, you think the whole world's been cruel
All the stars took advantage of you
Your mother was cold and your daddy'd no love
So you stomped your feet till they noticed
You stomped your feet till they put on the kid glovesNow they're walking on eggshells, they're walking on glass
Sing hallelujah each time that you pass
And someday you'll pick yourself up off your ass and goAnd Annie you think the boys never played fair
Tripping you up, sticking gum in your hair
Wherever you run, it's yourself you face there
And he might be gone when you need him
And he might be long gone when you find you care'Cause he's walking on eggshells, he's walking on glass
He sings you a lullaby each time you ask
And someday you'll pick yourself up off your ass and goAnd Annie, I love you, that's always been clear
It's the layers of history that won't let us hear
The twisted compassion that's burning our ears
The distance from there to here
The distance from there to here'Cause I'm walking on eggshells, I'm walking on glass
We sing you a lullaby each time you ask
And someday you'll pick yourself up off your ass and go'Cause you're gambling again and the stakes are too high
Your ante is fear and my bet is desire
Took you far from the truth and into the fire againAnd Annie, I hope things line up for you
All in a row, shiny and new
You can't keep on living in one small room
When you never let anyone in
You never let anyone in, you never let anyone in
You never let anyone in

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