

Karen Anne

Aselin Debison

It was late at night at 3am
She did hear somebody call her name
The dark was filled with flames and smoke
Of the seven kids, six of them they made it out
But their daddy went back in again
Cus they were missing seven year old Karen Anne
With tear-stained eyes and empty hands
He came out, a shadow of a poor old man Every family has a story
Of the one tragedy
And I guess for me
My tragedy is Karen Anne A year went by, the hardest part
Was trying to make a brand new start without their Karen Anne
She loved to sing and twirl and dance
Round her beauty never got the proper chance
Her life was taken in seventy steps
Thirtieth of March, we still can't get over it
Especially my sweet papa
In spite of every thing he couldn't save his baby girl Every family has a story
Of the one tragedy
And I guess for me
My tragedy is Karen Anne I can't imagine the pain my papa went through
'cus everybody knew
He was Captain Dan who saved the lives of many men
That daddy was a fireman who couldn't save Karen Anne Karen Anne...
Precious Karen Anne...

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