

# Hannah

Jak Locke

I lost all of my vanity  
When I peered into the pool  
I lost all of my innocence  
When I fell in love with you  
I never knew a man fall so far  
Until' I landed here  
Where all of my wounds that turn into gold  
When I kissed your hair  
Come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you to come on to me?  
And I'll lay down this bottle of wine  
If you'll just be kind to me  
Ask her why she cries so loud?  
She will not say a word  
Eyes like ice and hands that shake  
She takes what she deserves  
To celebrate her emptiness  
In a cold and lonely room  
Sweep the floor with your long flowered dress  
If you cannot find a broom  
Come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you come on to me?  
That I'll lay down this bottle of wine  
If you'll just be kind to me  
She's got hair that flows right down  
Right down to the backs of her knees  
Her papa he was a preachin' man  
And the Lord is hard to please  
So she comes down from the Ozark hills  
To these very streets to roam  
With a banjo and a Bible  
And a fine tooth comb  
Come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you come on to me?  
That I'll lay down this bottle of wine  
If you'll just be kind to me  
I'd walk one mile on this broken glass  
To fall down at your feet  
Oh Hannah you're the queen of the street

I climb the tree with my Hannah Lee  
My intentions they were pure  
Oh the breeze did whip and I lost my grip  
I tumbled towards the earth  
Where you never would guess who it was that stood below  
His name I would never tell  
But his eyes were clear and his arms were strong  
And caught me as I fell  
Now come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you come on to me?  
And I'll lay down this bottle of wine  
If you'd just be kind to me  
I'd walk one mile on just broken glass  
To fall down at your feet  
Hannah you're the queen of the street  
The queen of the street

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