# Anna

## Will Butler

Hey, little Anna, you're the one
Rising before the lazy sun
Open the store and bake the bread
Leave all the dreamers with the dead
Pray that whatever's lost is lost
Nail all your worries to the crossOoh, take out the knife
Take out the knife
Ooh, sharpen it twice
And count all the moneySomeday, you know you're gonna die
Some folks'll try to tell you why
Where do you think they'll hide your bones?
Out in a field, oh, all alone
Nobody knows when it will end
You better go and make some friendsOoh, take out the phone
Take out the phone
Ooh, sharpen a stone
'Cause you got to get moneyHey, little Anna, you're the one
Rising before that lazy sun
Cross all the numbers off your list
I never knew it'd be like this
Hey, little Anna, what's the move?
I can't believe the things you do
Hey, little Anna, look my way
What's gonna be the price we pay
For the money?

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