

Anne

Josh Ritter

Anne walks alone
Past the Domino sugar factory
She's as easy to know
As a broken mystery
Conversations are slow
With herself in dead parking lots
Hands not being held
End up tying everything in knots And she's lonely You don't deserve what you've got
Holy Father of the day-to-day
If you keep such careful watch
Tell me why is she just wasting away Being lonely
Oh so lonely?

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