Artificial Flowers

Bobby Darin

Alone in the world, was poor little Anne
As sweet a young child as you'd find
Her parents had gone, to their final reward
Leavin' their baby behind.Did ya hear this poor little child
Was only nine years of age
When mother and dad went awayStill she bravely worked
At the one thing she knew
To earn her few pennies a dayShe made artificial flowers
Artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of fashion to wearShe made artificial flowers
You know, those artificial flowers
Fashioned from Annie's despairWith paper and shears
With some wire and wax
She made up each tulip and mumAs snowflakes drifted
Into her tenement room
Her baby little fingers grew numbFrom makin' artificial flowers
Those artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of high fashion to wearShe made artificial flowers
Artificial flowers
Made from Annie's despairThey found little Annie
All covered with ice
Still clutchin' her poor frozen shearsAmidst all the blossoms
She had fashioned by hand
And watered with all her young tearsThere must be a Heaven
Where little Annie can play
In Heavenly gardens and bowersAnd instead of a halo
She'll wear 'round her head
A garland of genuine flowersNo more artificial flowers
Throw away those artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of society to wearThrow away those artificial flowers
Those dumb-dumb flowers
Fashioned from Annie's
Fashioned from Annie's despairGive her the real thing

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