Annalee

Yonder Mountain String Band

Wearing flash pants and her street walker shoes
Walking down town with a pocket full of blues
She's the one you want so much
She's the one you can, you can never touchHere comes Annalee
Annalee, yeah
Here comes AnnaleeStanding on the corner you see her cutting a deal
Windows rolled down you can't believe she's for real
She's the one, it ain't no joke
She's got lips, lips just like cherry cokeHere comes Annalee
Annalee, yeah
Here comes AnnaleeAnnalee, yeah
Here comes Annalee
Annalee, yeah
Annalee, yeah
Annalee, yeah

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