

Bobby Darin, Artificial Flowers

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 away.

Still she brav-el-y worked
At the one thing she knew
To earn her few pennies a day.

She made artificial flowers
Artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of fashion to wear.

She made artificial flowers
Ya know ... those artificial flowers
Fashioned from Annie's despair.

With paper and shears
With some wire and wax
She made up each tulip and mum.

As snowflakes drifted
Into her tenement room
Her baby little fingers grew numb.

From makin' artificial flowers
Those artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of high fashion to wear.

She made artificial flowers
Artificial flowers
Made from Annie's despair.

They found little Annie
All covered with ice
Still clutchin' her poor frozen shears.

Amidst all the blossoms
She had fashioned by hand
And watered with all her young tears.

There must be a heaven
Where little Annie can play
In heavenly gardens and bowers.

And instea-a-ad of a halo
She'll wear 'round her head
A garland of genuine flowers.

No more artificial flowers
Throw away those artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of society to wear.

Throw away those artificial flowers
Those dumb-dumb flowers ...

Fashioned from Annie's ...

Fashioned from A-a-a-annie's des-pa-a-a-air.

Give her the real thing!