

# 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!