

# Jonatha Brooke, Annie

Annie, I hope things line up for you  
All in a row, shiny and new  
You can't keep living in one small room  
When you never let anyone in  
You never let anyone in

Annie, you think the whole world's been cruel  
All the stars took advantage of you  
Your mother was cold, your daddy'd no love  
So you stomped your feet til they noticed  
Stomped your feet til they put on the kid gloves

Now they're walking on eggshells, they're walking on glass  
They sing you a lullaby each time you ask  
Someday you'll pick yourself up off your ass and go.

Annie, you think the boys never played fair  
Tripping you up, sticking gum in your hair  
But wherever you run, it's yourself you face there  
And he might be gone when you need him  
He might be gone by the time you care

Now he's walking on eggshells, he's walking on glass  
Sings you a lullaby each time you ask  
Someday you'll pick yourself up off your ass and go

But Annie, I love you, that's always been clear  
It's the layers of history that won't let us hear  
The twisted compassion that's burning our ears  
The distance from there to here  
The distance from there to here

'Cause I'm walking on eggshells, I'm walking on glass  
We sing hallelujah each time that you pass  
Someday you'll pick yourself up off your ass and go  
'Cause you're gambling again and the stakes are too high  
Your ante is fear, and my bet is desire  
Took you far from the truth, and into the fire again

But Annie, I hope things line up for you  
All in a row, shiny and new  
You can't keep living in one small room  
When you never let anyone in, you never let anyone in, never let anyone in