

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