

# Our Lady Peace, Annie

You're a little bit shy  
A little too quiet  
You're the mixed up girl  
That everybody leaves behind  
A little bit weird  
A little too bright

But you just might be  
That little bomb at their side  
They'll pull your hair  
They'll leave you wide-eyed  
But did anybody wonder  
What Annie might have in mind  
Oh, no

There's something in the way she explains to me  
&quot;please be careful, I exist in someone else's head&quot;  
Oh, no

There's something in the way she makes believe  
Please be careful  
Annie dreams that everyone is dead

You're a little bit dry  
A little up tight  
You're the messed up girl  
That everybody tries to hide

You've had enough  
They're too unkind  
But did anyone consider what Annie might have in mind  
Oh, no . . .