

# Ray LaMontagne, Hannah

I lost all of my vanity  
when I peered into the pool  
I lost all of my innocence  
When I fell in love with you  
I never knew a man fall so far until I landed here  
Where all of my wounds turn into gold when I kissed your hair  
Come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you come on to me  
I'll lay down this bottle of wine  
If you'll just be kind to me  
Ask her why she cries so loud  
She Will not say a word  
Eyes like ice and hands that shake  
She takes what she deserves  
To celebrate her emptiness  
In a Cold and lonely room  
Sweep the floor with your long flowered dress  
If you cannot find a broom  
Come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you come on to me  
I'll lay down this bottle of wine  
If you'll just be kind to me  
She's got hair that flows right down  
Right down to the backs of her knees  
Her Papa he was a preaching man  
And the lord is hard to please  
So she comes down from the ozark hills to these very streets to roam  
With a banjo and a bible and a fine tooth comb  
Come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you come on to me  
I'll lay down this bottle of wine if you just be kind to me  
I'd walk one mile on this broken glass  
to fall down at your feet  
oh Hannah you're the queen of the street  
I climb the tree withy my Hannahlee  
My intentions they were pure  
Oh the breeze did whip and I lost my grip  
I tumbled towards the earth  
Where You never would guess who it was that stood below  
And his name I would never tell  
But His eyes were clear  
And His arms were strong  
And caught me as I fell  
Now come to me Hannah  
Hannah won't you come on to me  
I'll lay down this bottle of wine  
If you'd just be kind to me  
I'd walk one mile on broken glass  
to fall down at your feet  
Hannah you're the queen of the street  
Hannah you're the queen of the street