

Harry Chapin, Mail Order Annie

At first I did not think it could be you.
But you're the only one that got off the train.
So you must be my wife Miss Annie Halsey
Yes, I guess I am your husband, Hello I'm Harry Crane.
Mail Order Annie, never mind your crying.
Your tears are sweet rain in my empty life.
Mail Order Annie, can't you see I'm trying
To tell you that I'm glad you're here,
You are the woman who's come to be my wife.
You know you're not as pretty as I dreamed you'd be,
But then I'm not no handsome fancy Dan.
And out here looks are really not important.
It's what's inside a woman when she's up against the land.
Mail Order Annie, never mind your crying.
Your tears are sweet rain in my empty life.
Mail Order Annie, can't you see I'm trying
To tell you that I'm glad you're here,
You are the woman who's come to be my wife.
You know it's not no easy life you're entering.
The winter wind comes whistling through the cracks there in the sod.
You know you'll never have too many neighbors.
There's you Girl, and there's me, and there's God.
You know I'm just a dirty man from the North Dakota plains.
You're one girl from the city who's been thrown out on her own.
I'm standing here not sure of what to say to you
'Cepting Mail Order Annie, lets you and me go home.
Mail Order Annie, never mind your crying.
Your tears are sweet rain in my empty life.
Mail Order Annie, can't you see I'm trying
To tell you that I'm glad you're here,
You are the woman who's come to be my wife.