

When Annie Took Me Home
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Late at night, somewhat tight,
Guardian angels put to flight.
Freddie's doused the neon light,
That promised while it shone.

Time to go, time to blow,
They don't push me cause they know.
I'm still in my long ago,
When Annie took me home.

There was I, wondering why,
Annie'd choose to ask me over.
But she did, sure she did,
She called me her Irish rover.

Sat me there in her chair,
Ran her fingers through my hair.
Talk of heaven, I've been there,
When Annie took me home.

Rafters rung, songs were sung,
Spanish is a loving tongue.
Ribbons on my life were hung,
When Annie took me home.

There was wine, there was time,
All the while guitars were playing.
Then the day came my way,
When she told me I'd be staying.

Love can grow, love can go,
Did she love me? I don't know.
Though she often told me so,
I've never really known.

Was I blind? I don't mind.
I think life's been more than kind.
Thanks to life there was the time,
When Annie took me home.