

Bobby Darin

"Don't Try Suicide"

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A one two three four one

Yeah

O.k.

They found little Annie all covered with ice
Still clutchin' her poor frozen shears
Amidst all the blossoms she had fashioned by hand
And watered with all her young tears.

There must be a heaven where little Annie can play
In heavenly gardens and bowers.
And instea-a-ad of a halo she'll wear 'round her head
A garland of genuine flowers.

No more artificial flowers;
Throw away those artificial flowers,
Flowers for ladies of society to wear.
Throw away those artificial flowers,
Those dumb-dumb flowers,
Fashioned from Annie's,
Fashioned from A-a-a-annie's
Des-pa-a-a-air.
O.k.

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