

Frank Ciampi "Anna"

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Through the hills up to the clouds you'd
See us holding hands
You'd see us writing down our future plans
Looking Back those days are gone it's
Time to pack and go
It's time to turn back on your radio

Anna don't forget to write
Anna dry your crying eyes tonight she said I know

Ringin' Bells with long farewells
It's nice to say goodbye
It's nice to reminisce 'bout you and I
Sun goes down the Day is old I'm
All alone again
Anna don't forget to write
Anna Dry your crying eyes tonight she said I know

Walk along this path I've come to
Through the hills and clouds
Through foggy skies the light shines on the crowd
Looking back those days are gone it's
Time to pack and go
It's time to turn back on your radio

Anna don't forget to write
Anna Dry your crying eyes
Anna don't you see
We were meant to be
Anna don't you love me?

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