

Fred Small "Annie"

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Annie's up at seven on a work day
Brewing up a cup of peppermint tea
Gathering her papers and lesson plans
She grabs her keys
Teaching arithmetic and Africa
Geology and girl's basketball
All the kids in her class
Will tell you she's the best
But she's heard other teachers in the hall saying
CHORUS:
"What are we going to do about Annie?
Pretty girl like her shouldn't be alone
If she took our advice, dressed up real nice
She'd find a man to take her home."
Mondays come with questions of couples
Where and with whom did you go?
Avoiding the personal pronoun
She hopes it doesn't show
Shopping with her lover in the city
Two women holding hands don't get a stare
If the kids at school knew, what would they do
Would they hate her? Why should they care? Tell me
CHORUS
Never getting too close to a student
Never letting out too much of her life
Keeping her delights and disappointments
Tucked out of sight
Annie takes herself to the Christmas party
The principal whispers with a smile
"You're vivacious and bright, if you play your cards
right
There're some men here tonight worth your while"
thinking
CHORUS
Work that you love is hard to come by
The kids she could never bear to lose
So she makes conversations out of silences
And half-truths
But at night by the fire with her lover
She looks out at the wind-driven snow
And imagines the day when she'll look in their faces
And tell everybody she konws--she'll tell 'em

LAST CHORUS:

Don't you worry about Annie

She don't lie awake and pine

Got love to fill her heart, flowers growing in the garden

Annie's doing just fine

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