

## **Kinks**

# **"Wicked Annabella"**

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In a dark and misty house  
Where no Christian man has been  
Wicked Annabella mixes a brew  
That no one's ever seen

Relatives have passed her by  
Too scared to even say hello  
She's in perpetual midnight  
She shuts out the day  
And goes about her sinful ways

I, I've seen her hair, I've seen her face  
Look towards mine  
I, I've felt her eyes burning my sole  
Twisting my mind

Little children who are good  
Should always go to sleep at night  
'Cause wicked Annabella is up in the sky  
Hopin' they will open their eyes

Don't go into woods tonight  
'Cause underneath the sticks and stones  
Are lots of little demons enslaved by Annabella  
Waiting just to carry you home

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