

## **The Town Pants "Dark Annie"**

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In the streets of London  
Not long ago in a time  
The same gaslight to light your path  
Would leave shadows to hide the crime

The drunks who were sick or asleep  
The gutters and the mice  
And the brave women who worked the streets  
To serve old Londons vice

Oh Dark Annie what made you turn  
On Hanbury street that eve  
Were you cold, was business slow  
Had your men all taken leave

Did you hear the footsteps behind you  
Or see the shining knife  
Did you know that the hand at your back  
Would be the one to take your life?

So I drink to your life and to your death  
And I hope you put up a fight  
And Annie Chapman I raise my glass  
To you on this winters night

The front page of the papers said  
That you were Jack's number three  
And how quickly you were forgot  
But your memory is not lost by me

So I drink to your life and to your death  
And I hope you put up a fight  
And Annie Chapman I raise my glass  
To you on this winters night

Oh Dark Annie what made you turn  
On Hanbury street that eve  
With all the courage you must of had  
Did you know you soon might bleed

In the streets of London  
Not long ago in a time

The same gaslight to light your path  
Would leave shadows to hide the crime

So I drink to your life and to your death  
And I hope you put up a fight  
And Annie Chapman I raise my glass  
To you on this winters night

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