

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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