

Roch Voisine

"St. Ann Of The Wild Blue Eyes"

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A paper wrapped round a lamppost
At Bleecker and MacDougal where Kerouac stood
The wind pushed us into a doorway
And it felt good, it felt good
Time didn't pass it scattered
I put one more on the tab
We flagged a ride at closing time
And the laughs turned into kisses in the back of the cab
And it felt good
St. Annie you blessed my bed
Your sweet love was my daily bread
You'd come to me when the moon would rise
Sweet St. Annie of the wild blue eyes
The days flew by like pages
On those rain-soaked streets where Gainsberg wrote
We made love in the mornings
Where did that go, where did they go?
You were my ragtag savior
And I was your hopeless case
We made are way through the bars and cafes
And I memorized your heavenly face
Where did you go?
St. Annie you blessed my bed
Your sweet love was my daily bread
You'd come to me when the moon would rise
Sweet St. Annie of the wild blue eyes
I knew we couldn't last together
But I'll picture your blue eyes for ever..
Sweet , Sweet Annie
Your love was all I had
And your wild blue eyes..
Sweet St. Annie of the wild blue eyes...
St. Annie you blessed my bed
Your sweet love was my daily bread
You'd come to me when the moon would rise
Sweet St. Annie of the wild blue eyes
St. Annie you blessed my bed
Your sweet love was my daily bread
You'd come to me when the moon would rise
Sweet St. Annie of the wild blue eyes...

