

## **Roch Voisine**

# **"St. Annie Of The Wild Blue Eyes"**

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A paper wrapped round a lamppost.  
At bleecker and Macdougall 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 laughs turned to 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 Ginsberg wrote  
We made love in the mornings  
Where did they go, where did they go ?  
You were my ragtag savior  
And I was your hopeless case  
We made our 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  
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