

## Small Fred "Annie"

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Annie's up at seven on a work day  
Brewing up a cup of peppermint tea  
Gathering her papers and lesson plans  
She grabs her keys  
Teaching arithmetic and Africa  
Geology and girl's basketball  
All the kids in her class  
Will tell you she's the best  
But she's heard other teachers in the hall saying  
CHORUS:  
"What are we going to do about Annie?  
Pretty girl like her shouldn't be alone  
If she took our advice, dressed up real nice  
She'd find a man to take her home."  
Mondays come with questions of couples  
Where and with whom did you go?  
Avoiding the personal pronoun  
She hopes it doesn't show  
Shopping with her lover in the city  
Two women holding hands don't get a stare  
If the kids at school knew, what would they do  
Would they hate her? Why should they care? Tell me  
CHORUS  
Never getting too close to a student  
Never letting out too much of her life  
Keeping her delights and disappointments  
Tucked out of sight  
Annie takes herself to the Christmas party  
The principal whispers with a smile  
"You're vivacious and bright, if you play your cards  
right  
There're some men here tonight worth your while"  
thinking  
CHORUS  
Work that you love is hard to come by  
The kids she could never bear to lose  
So she makes conversations out of silences  
And half-truths  
But at night by the fire with her lover  
She looks out at the wind-driven snow  
And imagines the day when she'll look in their faces  
And tell everybody she konws--she'll tell 'em

LAST CHORUS:

Don't you worry about Annie  
She don't lie awake and pine  
Got love to fill her heart, flowers growing in the garden  
Annie's doing just fine.

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