

Emily Picha

"Annadel"

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Annadel laughs while she tells her stories
and the rain trickles on down her cheeks
She says I've always been a creek kind of lady
just like Bodega Bay adores the sea

and often they admire her curves
on the hottest of holidays
and the drug induced city people
drag their tired souls through the trees
and the view is high up and deep down
from this place of airy ground
I miss you more than I can say

You see you know the city
you hear its prayers
and the streetlights begging on their knees
saying we've got a sea full of sailors
who are so lost they will never come clean

Crazy how you do it
with one sweet breath of highlighter grass
and come hither, see it as it is
your naughty little highway
that roaring little mess
and hold my hand, like my father said
that one august afternoon

when it took just one little match
she said it hurts like hell,
but it was only a scratch
and she only burned as far as the barbed wire fence
i looked up into her cool blue reflection
and saw the airplane tracks

only you can quell the city
of its mindless chatter
and the hunger that comes nightly
cause when the bars are all closed
and the last sailor has sailed home
only you can make it come clean

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