

Kinks, The

"Wicked Annabella"

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In a dark and misty house,
Where no Christian man has been,
Wicked Annabella mixes a brew
That no one's ever seen.

Relatives have passed her by,
Too scared to even say hello.
She's in perpetual midnight,
She shuts out the day,
And goes about her sinful ways.

I, I've seen her hair, I've seen her face,
Look towards mine.
I, I've felt her eyes burning my sole,
Twisting my mind.

Little children who are good
Should always go to sleep at night,
'Cause Wicked Annabella is up in the sky
Hopin' they will open their eyes.

Don't go into woods tonight,
'Cause underneath the sticks and stones
Are lots of little demons enslaved by Annabella
Waiting just to carry you home

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