

Artificial Flowers

Kevin Spacey

Alone in the world was poor little Anne
As sweet a young child as you'd find.
Her parents had gone to their final reward
Leavin' their baby behind.

Did you hear this poor little child was only nine years
of age
When mother and Dad went away;
Still she brav-el-y worked
At the one thing she knew
To earn her few pennies a day.

She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers,
Flowers for ladies of fashion to wear;
She made artificial flowers, you know those artificial
flowers,
Fashions from Annie's despair.

With paper and shears, with some wire and wax
She made up each tulip and mum.
As snowflakes drifted into her tenement room
Her baby little fingers grew numb.

From makin' artificial flowers, artificial flowers
Flowers for ladies of high fashion to wear.
She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers
Made from Annie's despair.

They found little Annie all covered with ice
Still clutchin' her poor frozen shears
Amidst all the blossoms she had fashioned by hand
And watered with all her young tears.

There must be a heaven where little Annie can play
In heavenly gardens and bowers.
And instea-a-ad of a halo she'll wear 'round her head
A garland of genuine flowers.

No more artificial flowers;
Throw away those artificial flowers,
Flowers for ladies of society to wear.
Throw away those artificial flowers,
Those dumb-dumb flowers,
Fashioned from Annie's,
Fashioned from A-a-a-annie's
Des-pa-a-a-air.