

When Annie Took Me Home

Tom Paxton

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by Tom Paxton
Late at night, somewhat tight,
Guardian angels put to flight
Freddie's doused the neon light
That promised while it shone.
Time to go, time to blow,
They don't push me cause they know
I am still in my long ago
When Annie took me home.

 There was I wondering why
 Annie'd choose to ask me over.
 But she did, sure she did,
 She called me her Irish rover.
Sat me there in her chair,
Ran her fingers through my hair.
Talk of heaven, I've been there,
When Annie took me home.
Rafters rung, songs were sung,
Spanish is a loving tongue.
Ribbons on my life were hung,
When Annie took me home.

 There was wine, there was time
 All the while guitars were playing.
 When the day came my way
 And she told me I'd be staying.
Love can go, love can grow,
Did she love me? I don't know.
Though she often told me so,
I never really know.
Was I blind? I don't mind.
I think life's been more than kind.
Thanks to life there was the time
When Annie took me home.