

# When Annie Took Me Home

Tom Paxton

When Annie Took Me Home  
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.