

Artificial Flowers

Bobby Darin

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Written by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick (#20 in 1960) 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 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, those 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 in 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.
(Give her the real thing!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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