

Our Lady Peace, Annie

You're a little bit shy
A little too quiet
You're the mixed up girl
That everybody leaves behind
A little bit weird
A little too bright

But you just might be
That little bomb at their side
They'll pull your hair
They'll leave you wide-eyed
But did anybody wonder
What Annie might have in mind
Oh, no

There's something in the way she explains to me
"please be careful, I exist in someone else's head"
Oh, no

There's something in the way she makes believe
Please be careful
Annie dreams that everyone is dead

You're a little bit dry
A little up tight
You're the messed up girl
That everybody tries to hide

You've had enough
They're too unkind
But did anyone consider what Annie might have in mind
Oh, no . . .