

## Annie Johnson

Slim Dusty

In a dimly lit bar in the city  
You can see her any night of the week  
Selling her favours to strangers  
Giving them the pleasures they seek  
If you look into her eyes you'll see sorrow  
Replacing what used to be pride  
You are looking at sweet Annie Johnson  
With the ghost of the lady inside

Oh the smiles that are part of her business  
Tender words that are part of the trade  
Fancy clothes are Annie's diploma  
Small reward for the price she has paid  
Satisfaction is Annie's delusion  
But her pleasure is just a charade  
No one cares about poor Annie Johnson  
No one cares about the lady inside

I recall how we once played together  
And the way that her bright arms would shine  
As I watched her grow into a lady  
And I thought that she'd always be mine  
One more round for the boys in the backroom  
One more round for the passing of time  
As the tears fall for sweet Annie Johnson  
And a tear for the lady inside

I remember sweet Annie Johnson  
Long before the lady had died