

Claude King, Anna

This old house is falling down the board is rotten up from the ground
Anna Anna I wanna see my Anna
The bacon's cold the gravy's steamed to eat my cooking ain't same as it seemed
Anna Anna I wanna see my Anna
The shattered boards they bang in the wind
I not care Anna be coming this way again
Look over yonder the cottonfields white as snow Lord take me
To my Anna I wanna see my Anna to my Anna I wanna see my Anna