

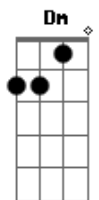
Bobby Darin - Artificial Flowers

Tom: A

A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 Alone in the world was poor little Anne
 D Bm7 E7 E7 A Edim E7
 As sweet a young child as you'd find
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 Her parents had gone to their final reward
 D Bm7 E7 E7 E7 A Edim E7
 Leavin' their baby behind
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 This poor little child was only nine years of age
 D Bm7 E7 E7 A Edim E7
 When mother and dad went away
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 Still bravely worked at the one thing she knew
 D Bm7 E7 E7 E7 Fdim A
 To earn her few pennies a day
 Refrain one:
 A7 D Bm7 Dm A D A
 She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers
 D Fdim Bm7 E7 A D Fdim A
 Flowers for ladies of fashion to wear
 A7 D Bm7
 She made artificial flowers
 Dm A Dbm7 Gb7
 You know those artificial flowers
 D Dm Bm7 E7 E7 E7 A
 Fashioned from Annie's despair
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 With paper and shears, with some wire and wax
 D Bm7 E7 E7 A Edim E7
 She made up each tulip and mum
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 As snowflakes drifted into her tenement room
 D Fdim Bm7 E7 A D Fdim A
 Her baby little fingers grew numb
 Refrain two
 A7 D Bm7 Dm A D A

From makin' artificial flowers, artificial flowers
 D Fdim Bm7 E7 A D Fdim A
 Flowers for ladies of high fashion to wear
 A7 D Bm7 Dm A D A
 She made artificial flowers, artificial flowers
 D Dm Bm7 E7 E7 E7 A
 Fashioned from Annie's despair
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 They found little Annie all covered in ice
 D Dm Bm7 E7 E7 A Edim E7
 Still clutchin' her poor frozen shears
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 Amidst all the blossoms she had fashioned by hand
 D Bm7 E7 E7 Fdim A Edim E7
 And watered with all her young tears
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 There must be a heaven where little Annie can play
 D Dm Bm7 E7 E7 A Edim E7
 In heavenly gardens and bowers
 A Gbm Dbm7 Gbm
 And instead of a halo she'll wear 'round her head
 D Bm7 E7 E7 E7 Fdim A D A
 A garland of genuine flowers
 Refrain three
 A7 D Bm7 Dm
 No more artificial flowers
 Fdim A D A
 Throw away those artificial flowers
 D Fdim Bm7 E7 Fdim A D Fdim A
 Flowers for ladies of society to wear
 A7 D Bm7 Dm A Dbm7 Gb7
 Throw away those artificial flowers, those dumb-dumb flower
 D Dm Bm7 E7 E7 Fdim
 Fashioned from Annie's,
 D Dm Bm7 E7 E7 E7 A
 Fashioned from Annie's despair
 Bm7 Cdim A
 Give her the real thing

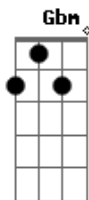
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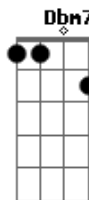
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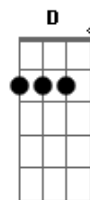
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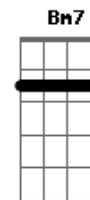
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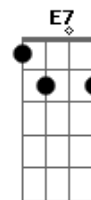
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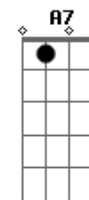
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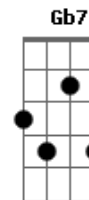
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