

My dear Anne  
Singing so low unto yourself  
Just in the kitchen  
You were making my morning tea  
As the fever touched my skin

I was all cracked in the head  
Lay there and slept in your bed  
And you would come to me and sing

My love, don't let me down  
My love, don't let me down  
No more

She's my mother's sister  
Old yet unheavy in her soul  
Her steady living  
Made it clear and plain as day  
That it's fine to be my own

At day break you we'll rise  
And be part of the day  
And when it's over  
I wanna do it tomorrow  
Just what I done today

My love, don't let me down  
My love, don't let me down no more