

# Nothing Yet

Tracy Chapman

Good times and bad  
Seen them both  
Hope fly out the window  
Fortune walk through the door  
Learned not to believe  
This is as good as it gets  
Because we ain't seen nothing yet  
Hands untied  
But the same shuffle once again  
Running all the time  
Ain't going nowhere  
It's a new page in the same book  
It's a new game with the same rules  
The lights go down  
Fade to black on the set  
And we ain't seen nothing yet  
Saddled with bonds  
Broken and in disrepair  
Forty acres to a forty-ounce  
Don't seem fair  
The sirens rise and wail  
Shadowed by Liberty's torch  
As the boats that brought us over  
Are slowly sinking off the shore  
And we ain't seen nothing yet  
This life a crime  
A blessing and a curse  
Chosen and unwanted  
Displaced and usurped  
I'd run away  
But there is nowhere to go  
So I'll stand and fight  
And hope and pray  
That the best is yet to come  
And we ain't seen nothing yet

Songwriters

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