

Annabelle

Gillian Welch

Lease twenty acres and one Ginny mule
From the Alabama Trust
Half of the cotton, third of the corn
Get a handful of dust We cannot have all things to please us
No matter how we try
'Til we've all gone to Jesus
We can only wonder why I had a daughter called her Annabelle
She's the apple of my eye
Tried to give her something like I never had
Didn't want to ever hear her cry We cannot have all things to please us
No matter how we try
'Til we've all gone to Jesus
We can only wonder why When I'm dead and buried, I'll take a hard life of tears
Everyday I've ever known
Anna's in the churchyard, she's got no life at all
She's only got these words on a stone We cannot have all things to please us
No matter how we try
Until we've all gone to Jesus
We can only wonder why

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