

# 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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