

Annabelle

Gillian Welch

I lease twenty acres and one Jenny mule
From the Alabama trust
Half of the cotton, a third of the corn
Ya get a handful of dust
Chorus:
And we can not have all things to please us
No matter how we try
Until 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
I didn't want to ever hear her cry
Chorus
When I'm dead and buried I'll take a hard life of tears
For every day 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
Chorus
Until we've all gone to Jesus
We only wonder why

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