

Chapman Tracy, Nothing Yet

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Telling Stories
Nothing Yet
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