

Chapman Tracy, The Only One

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Telling Stories
The Only One
She was the only one
Of my flesh and blood
Now I have no calling
I can do no worldly good

I sit silent
I sit mourning
I sit listless all the day
I've mostly lost the voice to speak
And any words to say except
Does heaven have enough angels yet?

I've gone hard
And I've gone cold
I can't make the piece of this cracked life fit
Please forgive me for wanting to know
Does heaven have enough angels yet?

Together oh together
No there'll be no more of that
But I would not dare for myself to ask
Does heaven have enough angels yet ?

She was the only one
Of my own flesh and blood
Sometimes I hear her calling
Straight from the house of god