

# Tracy Chapman, 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