

Gillian Welch, Annabelle

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