

Gilby Clarke

"Annabelle"

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Leased twenty acres
And one hinny mule
From the Alabama Trust
Half of cotton, third of corn
Get a hand full of dust

We cannot have all things pleasin'
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
Didn't want to ever hear her cry

We cannot have all things pleasing
No matter how we try
Until we've all gone to Jesus
We can only wonder why

When I'm dead and buried
I'll take a hard life of tears
Every day I've ever known
Anna's in the churchyard
She's got no life at all
She only got these words on stone:

We cannot have all things pleasing
No matter how we try
Until we've all gone to Jesus
We can only wonder why

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