

Porter Wagoner, What I'd Give To Hear A Baby Cry

I'm locked behind steel ribbons in a building made of stone

This prison cell will be my home for life

Forgotten men surround me and curse cause they were born

Lord what I'd give to hear a baby cry

If I could hear a baby cry just one more time

I could fight the future locked inside

Some prisoners call for mama and others pray to die

Lord what I'd give to hear a baby cry

[fiddle]

They tell me I was drinkin' at that awful time when baby started cryin' in the night

They say I picked up baby and squeezed him much too tight

What I'd give now to hear a baby cry

If I could hear a baby...

What I'd give now to hear a baby cry