

The Be Good Tanyas, I Wish My Baby Was Born

i wish, i wish my baby was born
sittin' on her mama's knee
but you, poor girl are dead and gone
and grass is growing over thee

oh i'm not no saint, no i never shall be
'till the sweet apple grows
on a sour apple tree
still i hope that the day will come
when you and i will walk as one

i wish i wish my baby was born
sittin' on her papa's knee
but you poor girl are dead and gone
and grass growing over thee