

# 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