

# If I Was a Baby

**Chuck Prophet**

If I Was A Baby (Ezra Furman) If I was a baby with nothing to hide  
I would be saying prayers all of the time  
I wouldn't think to whom they're addressed  
I'd have my mouth on the mystery's breast Little boy blue in the corn with his horn  
Pouring out music the day he was born  
Son of a gun and his holster in love  
He can't remember what he is made of Teenage Maria is caught in the door  
Not understanding what her body's for  
Suddenly all of the pieces align  
Sick to her stomach she feels like she's flying Man with a magazine over his face  
Wishes that he was in some other place  
Life is a waiting room for all those who wait  
So much of it's terrible but all of it's great Now if I was a baby I could be blessed  
I would sing true love right out of your chest  
I'd get the paper and get myself dressed  
I'd keep my mouth on the mystery's breast

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