

# I Wish My Baby Was Born

## Uncle Tupelo

I wish, I wish my baby was born  
Sitting on his papa's knee  
And you, poor girl, were dead and gone  
Green grass growing over thee I'm not no saint, nor I never shall be  
'Til the sweet apple grows from the sour apple tree  
I still hope the day will come  
When you and I will walk as one

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