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 theeI'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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/