

Sang Joseph

Fences

The winter of 42', a young priest found you.
Wrapped up tight and warm, no regards, no reward.

"Who's baby blue? Who cares for you? Wheres your
mother true? Oh, baby blue."

Sang, Joseph.

Of course my boy, I'll take you in!
From the rain, from the wind. It is gods will,
that brought me you. So as my own. I'll love you true.

"Who's baby blue? Who cares for you? Wheres your
mother true? Oh, baby blue."

Sang, Joseph.