

## I Wish My Baby Was Born

The Be Good Tanyas

I wish, I wish my baby was born  
And sitting on its papa's knee  
And me, poor girl  
And me, poor girl, were dead and gone  
And the green grass growing o'er my feet  
I ain't ahead, nor never will be  
Till the sweet apple grows  
On a sour apple tree

But still I hope, But stil I hope the time will come  
When you and I shall be as one

I wish, I wish my love had died  
And sent his soul to wander free  
Then we might meet where ravens fly  
Let our poor body rest in peace

The owl, the owl  
Is a lonely bird  
It chill's my heart  
With dread and terror  
That someone's blood  
There on his wing  
That someone's blood  
There on his feather.