

Clare Burson "Baby Boy"

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my baby's in the sky
my baby's in the river
my baby's in the old stone wall
in the old stone wall

my baby packed a trunk
with more than he could carry
more than he could carry down the old dirt road
down the old dirt road

and there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay
there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay
there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay

the morning still comes
my days are full of cleanin'

and the candles still burn as the sun goes down

but there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay
there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay
there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay

baby boy, lay your head
baby boy, lay your head
baby boy, lay your head down

there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay
there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay
there's a hole in the house where my baby boy lay
baby boy lay
baby boy lay
baby boy lay

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