

## Uncle Tupelo

### "I Wish My Baby Was Born"

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Try to face up to the blinding sun  
Racing for the final word to come  
Facing up, it's hard to stay devout  
I can see the sand and it's running out  
And it's running out  
We quote each other only when we're wrong  
We tear out the threads and move along  
We can't seem to find common ground  
I can see the sand and it's running out  
It was only circumstances  
But it's the difference  
It gets in the way  
No race is run in this direction  
You can't break even  
You can't even quit the game  
The current drags to the bottom  
A hemorrhage that moves us around  
It pulls and beckons in a strong direction  
High water forever bringing us down  
I can see the sand and it's running out  
It's running out  
It was only circumstances  
But it's the difference  
It gets in the way  
No race is run in this direction  
You can't break even  
You can't even quit the game

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