

Never-born (a song for him)

A chance of rain with pain in the forecast
a letter come slide under my door

Tear stains on the page where she wrote last
what is she so sorry for?

Well, seems me and my baby had a baby
but that baby ain't a baby no more

It's too many years she'd be waiting
I'm facing Life plus 40 years more

She say: You know it ain't right to raise a lil' lad
when he ain't never gon' see his dad except
through pictures framed in glass

Yeah, yeah, if truth is truth then I can't be mad
maybe it was too much to ask that
you not just decide that on your own
and leave me here to mourn

My boy was never-born
My boy is never-born
My boy was never-born
My boy's never-born

So I pray: Hmm, God bless the dead
keep and protect every hair on his head

may he
have all the strength of his dear old dad
but the kind disposition of his mother instead
may he
keep hopeful when things go bad
and not worry when he can't,
but do all that he can and since we
can't keep him sheltered safe in our hands
may he be born into the arms of
someone who can, Lord

and who knows...

Maybe babies get a chance to choose
and maybe, baby, you'll forgive what we do
and when the time comes
you'll come and find us
and baby, I promise

we're gonna love you
Oh, we're gon-na love you

I'm sorry, baby
So sorry, baby
I'm sorry, baby
We're sorry, baby