

St. Teresa

Joan Osborne

Sit down on the corner, just a little climb
When I make my money, got to get my dime
Sit down with her baby, wind is full of trash
She bold as the street light, dark and sweet as hash
Way down in the hollow, leavin' so soon
Oh, St. Teresa, higher than the moon
Reach down for the sweet stuff, when she looks at me
I know any man sees you like I see
Follow down the side street movin' single file
She say...
"That's where I'll hold you, sleepin' like a child"
Way down in the hollow, leavin' so soon
Oh, St. Teresa, higher than the moon
Just what I've been needin', feel it rise in me
She say...
"Every stone a story, like a rosary"
Corner St. Teresa, just a little crime
When I make my money, got to get my dime
Way down in the hollow, leavin' so soon
Oh, St. Teresa, higher than the moon
You called up in the sky
You called up in the clouds
Is there something you forgot to tell me...
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me
Show me, my Teresa, feel it rise in me
Every stone a story, like a rosary

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