

Joan Osborne "Saint Teresa"

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Joan Osborne - Saint Teresa
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She down on the corner, just a little crime
When I make my money, got to get my dime.
She down with her baby, wind is full of trash.
She bold as a streetlight, 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, way she looks at me.
I know any man sees you like I see.
Follow down the side street, move in single file.
(She said) Thats where Ill hold you, sleepin?like a child.

Way down in the hollow, leavin?so soon.
Oh, St. Teresa, higher than the moon.

Just what I been needin? feel it rise in me.
(She said) 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 crawled up in the sky.
You crawled 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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