

## Peter Bradley Adams

### "Teresa"

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I watch her walk before me  
Her children in her arms  
The proof of all her choices  
I see the weight in her eyes  
She's learned to talk to angels  
That's how she survives  
They come to her at night

Oh Saint Teresa  
I know you're tired  
So lay with me and rest a while

There's no way for me to love her  
There's no way for me to stop  
So I wait the night to meet her  
In a dream that I have lost  
I watch her walk before me  
She leaves me with a smile  
And I'm frozen by the spirit  
By the light in her eyes

Oh Saint Teresa  
I know you're tired  
So lay with me and rest a while

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