

## Andrew Peterson

### "Hosea"

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Well every time I lay in the bed beside you,  
Hosea, Hosea,  
I hear the sound of the streets of the city.  
My belly growls like a hungry wolf  
And I let it prowl till my belly's full.  
Hosea, my heart is a stone.

So please believe me when I say I'm sorry,  
Hosea, Hosea,  
you loveable, gullible man.  
I tell you that my love is true  
Till it fades away like a morning dew.  
Hosea, leave me alone.

Here I am in the Valley of Trouble.  
Just look at the bed that I've made:  
Badlands as far as I can see.  
Well there's no one here but me,  
Hosea.

Well I stumbled and fell in the road on the way home,  
Hosea, Hosea.  
I lay in the brick street like a stray dog.  
You came to me like a silver moon  
With the saddest smile I ever knew.  
Hosea carried me home again.  
Home again.

You called me out to the Valley of Trouble,  
Just to look at the mess that I've made,  
A barren place where nothing can grow.  
One look and my stone heart crumbled--  
It was a valley as green as jade.  
I swear it was the color of hope.  
You turned a stone into a rose,  
Hosea, Hosea.

Hosea

Well I sang and I danced like I did as a young girl,  
Hosea, Hosea.

I am a slave and a harlot no more.  
You washed me clean like a summer rain  
And you set me free with that ball and chain.  
Hosea, I threw away the key.

I'll never leave.  
Hosea, Hosea.

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