

# Pretty Little Stranger

Joan Osborne

Think I'm getting over him  
The sap is risin' in the tree  
The blood is runnin' in my heart  
Brings desire back to me  
I wonder who will the next fool be

There is a Spanish boy who also rides the A train  
I want to tag him like a tiger  
So I can track him as he moves around the city  
So I can guard him like an angel  
I wonder who will the next fool be  
I wonder who will the next fool be

I got no more tears to cry  
I can see it in the sky  
In a bedroom by and by  
I know it's comin' (oh yeah, ooh ooh)

I wonder who will the next fool be  
I wonder who will the next fool be

I go out to the bars where the hearts are full of scars  
And I lay mine out in the neon light  
It's ragged and it's worn but it's about to be reborn  
Honey, are you gonna take me home tonight?

When I meet each man I know  
I look him deeply in the eye  
Will it be a sweet old friend  
Or a pretty little stranger passin' by?  
I wonder who will the next fool be  
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I wonder who will the next fool be  
will the next fool be  
I wonder who will the next fool be