

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
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