

## St. Teresa

Joan Osborne

Sit down on the corner, just a little climb  
When I make my money, got to get my dime  
Sit down with her baby, wind is full of trash  
She bold as the street light, 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, when she looks at me  
I know any man sees you like I see  
Follow down the side street movin' single file  
She say...  
"That's where I'll hold you, sleepin' like a child"

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

Just what I've been needin', feel it rise in me  
She say...  
"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 called up in the sky  
You called 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