

(Dennis Brennan & Kevin Barry)

Down on this row there ain't much to do
So I close my eyes and dream about you
You and that guy I met once or twice
That's alright honey I just hope he's treating you nice
Things here ain't so bad, I've made some friends
They make me laugh but I can't pretend
When the night gets cold, and I get blue
Honey I just wanna hold onto you

CHORUS

Oh Theresa, Theresa my dear
I stand accused and I'm guilty I fear
We've lived our lives in a corner called Hell
Now you're out there and I'm in this cell
And if you can't be here by midnight
If all of your connections fail
Say a prayer for me, finger your rosary
For I will have left this jail
I will see the cell door open
I will hear the tolling bells
And if you can't be here by midnight
Darling I'm wishing, I'm wishing you well
Everyday I recall how I got to this place
I woke up one night with a gun in my face
I saw a badge, I saw blue
That boy couldn't have been more than 22
I heard you scream, I grabbed his gun
You broke free and he started to run
Back of the head and it wasn't clean
Meanest thing that I ever seen