

Teresa

Peter Bradley Adams

I watch her walk before me
Her children in her arms
The proof of all her choices
I see the weight in her eyes
She's learned to talk to angels
That's how she survives
They come to her at night

Oh saint Teresa
I know you're tired
So lay with me and rest a while

There's no way for me to love her
There's no way for me to stop
So I wait the night to meet her
In a dream that I have lost
I watch her walk before me
She leaves me with a smile
And I'm frozen by the spirit
By the light in her eyes

Oh saint Teresa
I know you're tired
So lay with me and rest a while