

Melissa Etheridge, St. Theresa

She down on the corner, just a little crime
When I make my money got to get my dime
She 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. Theresa, 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, sleeping like a child

Way down in the hollow, leavin' so soon
Oh, St. Theresa, 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. Theresa, just a little crime
When I make my money, got to get my dime

Way down in the hollow, leavin' so soon
Oh, St. Theresa, 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 Theresa, feel it rise in me
Every stone a story, like a rosary