

Andrew Peterson, Hosea

Every time I lay in the bed beside you, Hosea, Hosea, I hear the sound of the streets of the city. My
I stumbled and fell in the road on the way home, Hosea, Hosea. I lay in the brick street like a stray
I sang and I danced like I did as a young girl, Hosea, Hosea. I am a slave and a harlot no more. Yo