

# Joan Osborne, St. Teresa

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, sleeping 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