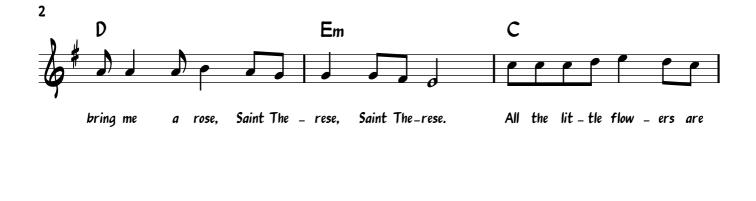
St. Therese







I saw her at the market yesterday I said hello, but she looked the other way She wore a coat of black and two old shoes and my eyes were light with the devil's dues. I gave her a whistle and three hundred cries And there I found a rose as white as lye. You can wash with water every day but that dirt will stain your hide in that same old way That way...

Now two devils danced on a barrel of lime You know they're devils, Mama, but you took a bad time It was a slipped up jig with iron feet That fled like a coward when lovers meet But there in the garden I can see you fine Your hand full of roses smell better than wine To scatter your flowers for the one you love As tender as the lightning in the sky above Above... above...