**El Primero Beso**  
*McCallion/Zavala*  
  
The girl at her qincinera  
The boy in Italian shoes  
In three years they were married  
As if they couldn’t choose  
She went to work for a hundred a week  
And he worked in the mines  
And when the copper prices dropped  
He joined the fighting lines  
  
Dance girl dance  
And tap your pretty toes  
Tonight’s su primero beso  
Round and round she goes  
  
He took her hand so lightly  
So reverent and shy  
And she could think of nothing  
The moment he was by  
And in the darkening parking lot  
She drank her first champagne  
And couldn’t know she’d never feel  
The same way again  
  
She gave a novena of heavy drink  
When she heard about the boy  
From the two pale men in uniform  
Who knocked upon the door  
They said he died for freedom  
But that’s not what she said  
Freedom to work for piecemeal pay  
It’s just as well he’s dead  
  
Dance girl dance  
The hour is close to one  
Tonight’s su primero beso  
You’re the lucky one  
  
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