**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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