**El Viejo Rico (The Rich Old Man)**  
*lyrics/McCallion  music/Zavala*  
  
You must not come tomorrow night I will not be here  
This night is dark, this season will be long  
And I fear hard times are reaching out for me  
And you alone, you can not keep me warm  
  
And so she said that she would go to that house in New Mexico  
to knead the dough and watch the pot all day  
And so she said that she would go to that house in New Mexico  
If there was something else to be done I would do it Manito  
  
He found her note and went quickly into town  
And in the market there he did find his love  
She turned away, the young man did beseech her  
I can’t believe this thing you are thinking of  
  
I can’t believe that you would go to that house in New Mexico  
to that old man with his gold tooth and his gun  
I can’t believe that you would go to that house in New Mexico  
playing love, and yet loving no one  
  
And she would not receive his kisses or caresses  
nor look upon him fully in the face  
Yet two days past had she not pressed herself against him  
And pleaded for his touch and his embrace  
  
And now she’s said that she would go to that house in New Mexico  
There must be one thing better to do than this  
I do not want that you should go to that house in New Mexico  
You must take him if you would take the things that are his  
  
She turned away and went the road back out of town  
Left him alone with his cracked hands and fine face  
And she went off to meet her viejo rico  
to sort his beans, stoke his fire and grind his mace  
  
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