**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

Copyright 1996 McCallion/Zavala from This Is My Round, The Mollys