**Rosie**
Nancy McCallion

No one knows where old Rosie goes
No one knows where she gone
No one kn   ¡ows where old Rosie goes
But she gone she gone she gone

She got her name off a priest from Spain and that name is Rosie Garcia
She could pray in Spanish she could pray in Latin
 and in English she could say “pleased to meet you”
She had her first boy when she was fifteen and she called him Miguel Garcia
He falls asleep flat on the floor after drinking a pint of tequila

She had her next boy when she was nineteen and she called him Robert Jose
He had a job for a while in town before he went away
He married that girl who said she was Spanish but looked just like Rosie’s sister
And he said he dated her seventeen times before he finally kissed her

Well Rosie she’s seen her share of dying and stirred her share of beans
Her people believe in observable justice but that ain’t what Rosie’s seen
The young girls they lay their plastic wreath down where somebody once rolled a truck
But Rosie’s too old to fall on her knees to the patron saints of luck