**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