

Shivaree, Mexican Boyfriend

I wore the dress that you liked almost everyday
Boxed up all my baby dolls and gave them away
I wrote your name on the wall next to my bed
Any day that I saw you at all was circled in red

What they said was a man drifted over the line
Drove you away and a little girl out of her mind
And the rain fell down and washed off your face
Washed you away, left carnations and stone in your place

My first cigarette and my first pill
My first cup of coffee and my first chill
Now you'll never know my first kiss
Somebody else will
Cause you were the first one I saw
Holding that still