

# Abuelita

Caroline Herring

I should have known why I loved  
Driving through the cactus fields  
Or wearing white leather gloves  
Admiring the virgin  
As she stands upon the moon  
Waltzing behind a second line  
Or harmonizing on gospel tunes

Abuelita underneath the trees  
Of Costa Rica and her dark shored seas  
They won't tell me about you  
They don't want me to see  
Abuelita you're just like me

I do not have your mind  
Nor your body  
Nor your circumstance in time  
But I feel something rising  
Up through me like a song  
It's fragile and lovely  
It's powerful and strong

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Of Costa Rica and her dark shored seas  
They won't tell me about you  
They don't want me to see  
Abuelita you're just like me

Oh grandmother  
Did you have to say  
Sometimes life  
Well it just turns out that way  
Waiting for a boy  
Waiting for a train  
Waiting on something to  
Make you feel again

All of the girls  
Lined up the stairs  
Dressed like queens and princesses  
With jewels in their hair  
Wrapped up in old furs  
You gave to us that night  
We were the midnight fireworks  
We blazed in a New Year sky

Abuelita underneath the trees  
Of Costa Rica and her dark shored seas  
They won't tell me about you  
They don't want me to see  
Abuelita you're just like me  
I'm just like thee