

Caroline Herring "Abuelita"

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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

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

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

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