

# 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