

Maria Spanish Rose

Jackson C. Frank

She was a rose in Spanish clothes
Had her hair hung down, all shiny brown
I asked her name as the sun did wane
She said 'Maria, I'll be around'
She said 'Maria, I'll be around'

And that's when cold said I was old
That I had no reason to sing this song
But I was fooled, my heart was unschooled
And Maria came along
In a bomber jacket, chewing gum
On an ancient cycle, in the streets of town
She rode her Harley, I wore a gun
No one ever said a thing about what we'd done
This old poet and his girl so young
Were blind to time, refused to run
Came full circle in Mexico
In the night by the stars and the moon glow

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