

# Rosita

Bob Scholte

It was rain for a year drop for drop and tear for tear  
On the girl who wouldn't stand out in a crowd  
She was born to the son of a mini van salesman  
On an early August morning under clouds Sweet romance, like her dreams  
Came in Spinster Magazine  
Her romeo was on page 33 He buys her diamond rings, he's always listening  
He tells her everything  
All those things that a girl would ever want to hear  
But that's not truly love Rosita dear On a plane bags are packed with the bell jar on her lap  
And a half devoured Harlequin novella  
You are much much too young to be leaving with no one  
But Fabio in tight jeans He'll give her Mexico tied up in a bow  
And all the girls she knows green with envy  
Wishing they met one as cavalier  
But that's not truly love Rosita dear Ooo there was a time you gave  
Your heart and soul away  
Now, all that you give is up  
Don't lose the love you save He'll give her Mexico tied up in a bow  
And all the girls she knows green with envy  
Wishing they met one as cavalier  
But that's not truly love Rosita Romantic dinner date he'll never show up late  
And all the girls you hate are green with envy  
Wishing they met one as cavalier  
But that's not truly love Rosita dear But that's not truly love Rosita, no  
But that's not truly love Rosita dear  
But that's not truly love Rosita dear

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