

Drinking the Wild Virgin

by Jerry Ratch

I really think we ought to be drinking
The Wild Virgin again
I remember having a beer once
And feeling like a minor god, yes
Just like you did

So, now, listen to me: if she snores all night
That's one thing
But if she screws the lights out of the sky first
That's another

It's time to move on from this goofy horn-blowing monkey
If she was playing chicken with your soul
This is just further evidence
That the Sixties may have been a massive failure

Listen to me: There will be cake

And at the end of life I'll balance my checkbook
So you can bend over and kiss the soul
Goodbye already
How much damn time do you need
To find the gas pedal of life?

Stink. Stink is more important than anything
Go ahead, create a stink. Create a big stink
Look, I already saw God sobbing in a wheelchair
His legs didn't work, and He had no hair
So, there
But I really think we ought to be drinking
The Wild Virgin again
Really

