

Bluegrass

Cap'n Jazz

Virginia!
Virginia!
I've got my eyes plied on Virginia
She toils the spoiled in me
Rises the boil in me
I ask her what makes her so old

Turns cold
Tells me I'm bold
Whispers the words,
"I'm done trying"
Lying about crying, I try replying
Drip sniffling nose
I know what she knows
You're old the second you're done trying

Virginia!
Virginia!

Basement shows in our ugly kid scene
Old hands grab but don't understand
Boys kissing boys kissing boys kissing boys
It's come time for me to take what's mine