

Virginia!
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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 sniffing nose
I know what she knows
You're old the second you're done trying

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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