

# 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

