Chumbawamba, Mothful

No virgin me
For I have sinned
I sold my soul
For sex and gin
Go call a priest
All meek and mind
And tell him, "Mary
Is no more a child."
It's raining stones
It's raining bile
From the luxury
Of your denial
So I don't deny
I don't make do
I'll press alarms
Place bets on truth
I'm so up and down
And I love what's no allowed
I was lost, now I see:
And now I'm growing old disgracefully
Whatever happened to Mary?
I'll spit on floors
Get drunk on love
Wear next to nothing
In the pouring rain
Be a bad example
And do it all again
I'll be uncareful
I'll cause such scenes
And I'll never talk
Of used-to-be's
Tattoo my face
I won't go grey
Be a dancing queen
I'm growing old disgracefully
I'm so up and down
And I love what's not allowed
I was lost, now I see:
And now I'm growing old disgracefully
Whatever happened to Mary?