

The Beautiful South, Virgin

And I think that I wish I was virgin
And I smile and I think of you
And my first, very first entry
Clumsy and romantic
My special mix in you
Clumsy like the first step
Clumsy like the first conker off the tree
And romantic, like the wind that cuts your hair
And romantic, like the glass that holds your drink
Clumsy and romantic
My special mix in you

And I think that I wish I was young
And I smile and I think of you
And my first, very first true kiss
Defensive and so coy
Defensive like the jacket that holds your weight
Defensive like the hat that holds you hair
And coy like the first kiss, the kiss that first made you coy
And coy like the tears, the tears that made you coy

So gentle, so gentle it made you strong
It made you strong, like the first kiss
Clumsy and romantic, so gentle it made you strong
Clumsy and romantic, the kiss that made you strong