

## **Violent String Ensemble "Centerfold"**

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Does she walk? Does she talk?  
Does she come complete?  
My homeroom homeroom angel  
Always pulled me from my seat  
She was pure like snowflakes  
No one could ever stain  
The memory of my angel  
Could never cause me pain  
Years go by I'm looking through a girly magazine  
And there's my homeroom angel  
On the pages in-between

\* My blood runs cold  
My memory has just been sold  
My angel is the centerfold  
Angel is the centerfold  
My blood runs cold  
My memory has just been sold  
Angel is the centerfold

Slipped me notes under the desk  
While I was thinkin' about her dress  
I was shy I turned away  
Before she caught my eye  
I was shakin' in my shoes  
Whenever she flashed those baby-blues  
Something had a hold on me  
When angel passed close by  
Those soft fuzzy sweaters  
Too magical to touch  
To see her in that negligee  
Is really just too much

\* Repeat

It's okay I understand  
This ain't no never-never land  
I hope that when this issue's gone  
I'll see you when your clothes are on  
Take your care, Yes we will  
We'll take your car and drive it  
We'll take it to a motel room

And take 'em off in private  
A part of me has just been ripped  
The pages from my mind are stripped  
Oh no, I can't deny it  
Oh yea, I guess I gotta buy it!

\* Repeat

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