

The Marshall Tucker Band

"Like a Virgin"

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Fifteen years old, thought I was in love
I was never told, sex is like drugs
Too much'll drive you crazy -- in fact
the brother was so good, had me comin back
Took my virginity, like he took my heart
I had to find the Lyte, he left me in the dark
All alone, no one to be with
And the brothers they ask me why I riff
I got hard, grew a shell upon my back
I had to get a grip, to keep my life intact
I had to let em know, Lyte is not fragile
Cause if they think this, brothers can get - foul
They'll use, bruise and abuse
Dump your ass and be sure to choose
the next fresh fish that steps into the place
If they desire, they forgot your face
Lovin them and leavin them, that was their reasonin
Thinkin he was pleasin you, when he was just TEASIN
you
Summer was over, back in school
He said come over, that would be cool
I said OK, it's been a year now
Some even asked why, some even asked how
could you wait that long, for me to be with it
Some said yo Hobbes, you're never gonna get it
But then the time came, you and I both came
Things would soon change, never would they be the
same
Before this afternoon, took place
I was in love, I walked around in space
I'd rush home from school just to speak to you
Talk for an hour, maybe even two
We'd just laugh though, nothing serious
I guess back then, you were just curious
to see what I was like, just to touch my flesh
I could be wrong though, that's my first guess

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You was in your house, I was in mine
As long as we were chattin on the line, it was fine

All alone, yet talkin on the phone
If you got bored you felt your bone
and as bad as I am, I talked you through every stroke --
Lyte ain't no joke!
You've been beggin for some time, for me to come visit
You never got mad though, if I wasn't widdit
But this day was different, I was feelin in the mood
for some slow type of groove or some soul food
In other words sex, yeah that's better
I threw on the Jordache, the Izog sweater
That was in style then, come on don't laugh
Sergio's, Lee's, you wore those in the past
Anyway I arrived, twenty past five
He'd been hypin himself, sayin he was quite live
I said here's your chance, show me some romance
We begin to slow dance, off with his pants
BOOM it was over, damn that was quick
Too bad little homey had a widdle widdle *HORN*
The only one I've seen, cause yo he was the first
But since I've had others, damn he was the worst
I was in love though, that didn't matter
Nothin you could say, could ever shatter
my world, take it away, just a young little girl
Oh well
He stepped, jet, family moved
Leavin me in the mood for some soul food
Damn I felt hurt, just like a jerk
Would somebody PLEASE just mush my face in dirt
so I can hide, from the whole fuckin world
WHAT THE FUCK IS LOVE, such a naive girl!
Suppose I got pregnant, damn I'd be lost
My mom woulda kicked me out to live with Jack Frost
I guess I'm lucky though, lonely for sure
Waitin for the fucker to come knockin at my door
I didn't hold my breath though, I might be dead
Yo 45, next time I'll use my head

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