

Jeevas, The "Virginia"

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Oh sweet Virginia, yeah she is a witch.
I worship and adore her, dream of her lips.
She's clutching a sacred heart;
I can hear her calling me from afar.
Oh but what can i see here?
The flames are getting higher; it's some kind of a devil
And he's smoking a briar...

She's got me like a ball and chain
Virginia, she's in my brain

So many times, you know, i tried to kiss her;
And every time it felt like she could have been my
sister.
She climbs on a witch's broom
Then she's sayin, "point me at the moon".
Don't say i missed it, i can't resist it,
Don't say she's not the one
God made her my mistress

She's got me like a ball and chain
Virginia she's in my brain

Everybody wants to know that girl,
After midnight in Virginia's world

The man on the moon, the man on the moon,
He loves his children
The man on the moon, the man on the moon,
He calls to Virginia
The man on the moon, the man on the moon,
Loves Virginia...ah

Virginia is a witch! Virginia is a witch!
Her mother is a witch! Beware! Virginia is a witch!

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