

There was a girl named Goins
Who had many strifes and run-ins.
She had a great time,
Her living sublime,
But she couldn't find herself a husband.

He liked to have a great time.
A wife he had in mind
To find for himself
And no one else,
A woman who'd love him all the time.

He fell in love with Goins
Though he later learned about her run-ins.
For them she would sometimes
Go back in memory and opine
Of the good times and strife and run-ins.

The man Goins did not marry.
She felt with her heart he had tarried,
Leading her along,
Same old song,
When it's time to stop running and marry.

He did however marry someone else.
Goins he could not see with himself.
"Too many men,"
He said again and again.
"She'll always have them in her memory."

Goins the man did not need.
His conclusion she'd never heed.
She stayed all alone
Memories and stolen moments
Of other's husbands she learned to eat.

The moral of the story is this:
Don't let your old men miss
For you the chance to turn about,
Clear from your mind and your mouth
The times you had with them.

Every man is looking for a virgin,
One who will know only him,

**As Adam knew Eve,
She'll make him believe
She's focused on being with him.**

**Hear, girls, and take heart,
A virgin's not dumb, but smart.
She waits for the one
Who'll be true in the end,
Men wait for who is waiting for them,
Be a virgin forevermore in your heart.**