

Katy Kerlan was my first kiss  
I was only 5 years-old and she hit me with her purse  
I had braces on my legs and I almost fell down  
And from that day moving forward I've been petrified of blondes

Oh Patricia, she was my first love  
She sat 8 rows behind me and I couldn't breathe  
I gave her Pink Floyd - Animals when we were in 6th grade  
And it was on her turntable when I met her on Sunday

Her mom was gone, we were listening to Dogs  
She reached down my pants and discovered I was bald  
And when I touched her down there she was blossoming and soft  
And the next day in school she ignored me in the hall

Shelly and Amber gave me my first taste  
I went down on them both at Amber's parents' place  
We were drunk as skunks and high on Darvon  
And they gave me a bath and I stumbled on home

Mary Anne was my first fuck  
She slide down between my legs and oh my god she could suck  
I went with her friend first but I couldn't get it in  
And when she caught me with Mary Anne her heart was broken

Mary Anne got cold and abruptly broke it off  
For a guy with sweatpants and a pickup truck  
I begged her not to dump me and I pleaded no  
But her body language told me it was time for me to go

The guy with the truck picked me up and brought me home  
I sat down at my piano and my spirit was low  
But I pulled myself together and I played a few notes  
Now I was the one who got their heart broke

I met a girl named Deborah, she lived on the canal  
She made me eggs in the morning, she was such a sweet gal  
And we went to Red Lobster and we went to Tangier's  
She had motherly love, she was warm and she cared  
She was a beautiful girl and she had a big heart  
But I drifted away because there wasn't that spark

Oh the complicated mess of sex and love  
When you give that first stinger, you're the one who gets stung  
And when you lose control and how good it feels to cum  
And when you pant like a dog getting into someone

Oh rejection, how it hurts so much  
When you can't love the one you've been longing to touch  
And they're onto something else and it don't feel right  
And you wonder if they're coming together all night

Get your own trash, the cycle's on and on  
And nobody's right and nobody's wrong  
All her shakes, sometimes we were drawn  
It's a complicated place, this planet we're on