

K's Choice, Virgin State Of Mind

There's a chair, in my head,
On which I used to sit
Took a pencil and I wrote
The following on it:
Now there's a key,
Where my wonderful mouth used to be

Dig it up, and throw it at me
Dig it up, throw it at me

Where can I run to?
Where can I hide?
Who will I turn to,
Now I'm in a virgin state of mind?

Got a knife to disengage,
The voids that I can't bear,
To cut out words I've got written,
on my chair, like:

Do you think I'm sexy?
Do you think I really care?

Can I burn the mazes I grow?
Can I? I don't think so.

Can I burn the mazes I grow?
Can I? I don't think so.

Where can I run to?
Where can I hide?
Who will I turn to, now I'm in a virgin state of mind?
Virgin state of mind.
Virgin state of mind.
Virgin state of mind.