

# ZZ Top, My Mind Is Gone

I have to go to my parole-boy  
To remember just who I am  
One thing else I don't enjoy is  
Forgetting her monogram  
She electrifies my physical mass  
She Really Turns Me On

My mind is gone  
My mind is gone

She quite simply wrecks me  
She just tears me apart  
She screws me up and skewers me  
She made it quite an art  
She guts me like a hollow-point  
She really turns me on

My mind is gone  
My mind is gone

Yeah, Billy  
I know what you mean

It's the smell of the dress  
That made my mind a mess  
It's her chokin' throat  
Really gets my goat-tee and amen  
Yes, indeed  
She makes my head and heart bleed  
Been so long since I knocked some off

My mind is gone  
My mind is gone  
My mind is gone  
My mind is gone

Tell me about it