

Virgin State Of Mind

K's Choice

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, 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