

Virgin State Of Mine
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

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