The Virgin

Gene Clark

She went off to the city
To find what she was looking for
To identify, to really try
To find herself some hope
With the summer sun for laughing
And the winter rain did pour
She was lovelier from learning
And from living, loving more
From her dancing love and young soul
And the gypsies in her dream
To the pulse of stark acceptance
When the winds began to freeze
With no curfews left to hold her
And no walls to shield her pain
Finding out that facts were older
And that life forms are insane.
The presence of protection seemed
To fade, as did her doubt
That she now was no exception
Nor was the love who pushed her outThough the streets cried out,
Go, homesick
Virtues strength of mind would ring
In the maladies of meaning
The sad song she learned to sing.
Now, her teachers and philosophers
And the poet's silver throat
Are the vessels which on wisdom's karmic ocean she will float.
Was this her revolution,
Just a child in love's crusade,
With the question in her innocence
Through the lies her eyes betrayed?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/