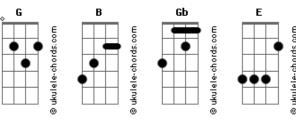


## **Gene Clark - The Virgin**

Intro: B Gb E B Gb E B She went off to the city To find what she was looking for Gb To identify, to really try To find herself some hope With the summer sun for laughing Then the winter rain did pour She was lovelier from learning And from living, loving more From her dancing loving young soul E B And the gypsies in her dream To the pulse of stark acceptance When the winds begun 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

## **Acordes**



```
The presence of protection seemed E B
To fade, as did her doubt
That she now was no exception
Nor was the love who pushed her out
Though the streets cried out, "go, homesick"
Virtue strength of mind would ring
                 Gb
In the melodies of meaning
The sad song she learned to sing
(BGbEBGbEB)
Now her teachers and philosophers \bar{}
     E
And the poet's silver throat
Are the vessels which on wisdom's
    E B
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
(B Gb E B Gb E B)
```