

Psychedelic Furs, The "India"

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India, you're my love song
India, you're my love song in the flowers
You can have me in the flowers
We will dance alone and live our useless lives
India, stupid on the carpet floor
India, stupid on the carpet floor
We dance upon the carpet floor
And reel around
India, India, India, India
India, I'm American, ha ha ha
India, Caroline is really great
She serves the muck upon a tray
And little rich boy, don't you cry
You kiss me in the anodyne
See the ceiling raining spit
The beach is backwards, isn't it?
India, don't you cry
India, see the ceiling raining tears
You will cry a thousand tears
All the women form a line
Put your face upon a line

This is for the discotheque

This is stupid, I object

And I love you, and I love you

And please me, please me, please me

Please me, please me, please me

Please me, please me, please me

India, India, India, India

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