

Britannia High

"No Red Indian"

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In a place where no one knows
I secede whilst next door low and behold
A girl is waiting pleasantly placing
Animals through my hair and hers
I have no complaints to restrain me
The ship has gone to places far gone
She will follow, elegant strides
Forget-me-nots, thunder in my guts
You are the custodian of your own stomach
And all that's in it
Colonic irrigation, dear,
Followed by sex and beer
I am there while you are here
I am no Indian you are no fairy
This place will be a mess in a day
So why not go our separate ways?
I am no red Indian

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