

## **British Sea Power "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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