

## **Gun Club**

### **"Bad Indian"**

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You blew me out  
South and Texas too  
I made love to California  
To get away from you  
New York city made you a  
Hungry girl  
You should have catch me  
In the end of the world  
I don't believe you  
What are you doing down here?  
You need something in a shoe  
Or are you just a Bad Indian?  
Bad Indians  
They love the land they hate  
Eat your flesh and then forget the taste  
Some describe, that primal drive  
To consume what's theirs  
And seek what's mine  
I don't believe them  
And I don't believe you  
I suspect everything you do

'Cause you are like a Bad Indian

Bad Indian

Do your war dance

Now you're stripped

By the things you do

Your ass is glass

And I can see through you

Go find somebody

Who ain't been so hard

Give me an overdose of the drug

That you are

You are like a ghost

With crazy hands and mouth

A necklace made of eyeballs

You are just a Bad Indian

Bad Indian, Bad Indian, Bad Indian

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