

Jude "Indian Lover"

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And if you wed another, I would have to kill you
Both in bed my lover I would rather
See you dead and under covers so then in front of the
world
And exposing for all others, skin in which I curled

I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover boy
Feel my joy

And if you touch a man then you can fully expect
I will abort my plan to woe you so circumspect
I'll cross the gates of hell and sell what is left then of
my soul
And in exchange, I'll lay away my dying role

I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover boy
Feel my joy

Aesthetic discipline and caked in mud
I would go down in the river wading in, controlling the
flow
Not eatin' a stitch of meat, nowhere, no leather on my
back
Until I knew which one was better, the love or the
lacking

If you go at last and leave me here
I will slowly run the gas into the invisible and fingering
the match
I'll strike one mortal final blow for every fool
dispatched
I'll retire in my burning inferno

I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover boy
Feel my joy

I'd be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover boy
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