

Reverend Horton Heat "Native Tongue Of Love"

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Midnight blue sky,
Misty bedroom eyes,
Lips of red red wine,
Kisses, all them mine.

The native tongue of love,
The native tongue of love,
Instinct knows the meaning of,
The native tongue of love!

Striped venetian blind,
Stripes of moonlight shine,
The act of holding hands,
Silence understands.

The native tongue of love,
The native tongue of love,
We know what we're speaking of,
The native tongue of love!

A simple hug becomes a kiss,
Both eyes closed we never miss,

A thousand Lines say lots of stuff,
Your kiss means far more then enough.

The native tongue of love,
The native tongue of love,
Instinct knows the meaning of,
The native tongue of love!

The native tongue of love,
The native tongue of love,
We know what we're speaking of,
The native tongue of love!

The native tongue of love

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