

The Gumo

"Bad Indian"

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You blew me out of the south
And Texas too
I made love to California to get away from you

New York has made you, a hungry girl
Now, you catch up with me at 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

Someone 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 like a Bad Indian

