

Mark Evans

"Sweet Rishi Boy"

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Sweet Rishi Boy
My handsome indian boy
Deep, dark beautiful eyes and baby skin don't need a
lift

Hot muchacho
You come but soon you go
Your sexy Dheli ways spells out
City cat millionaire

Is it the spice, that you've sprinkled on my bed spread
Can't help to wonder how king fisher came and fished
me
Our love song, the one that Ali wrote
Pops my stereo left and right
See! now I'm losing air

Oh, babe... why are you so fine
Oh, babe... babe... babe...

Oh, babe... oh want you to be mine
Oh, babe... babe... babe...

Sweet Rishi Boy
What's with the telephone
I'm only a call away
Sadistic play's eating me away

I'm always home
Having these naughty thoughts
Of you hustling with your charms
All over the world
Is it your smile, all them pearls lined up in your mouth
Your flashly lips kissing my forehead, hits like curry
Play your guitar, strum it like it's my bod (

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