

## **The 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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