

# Indian Lover

Jude

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  
Feel my joy

Songwriters

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