

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 curledI would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover boy
Feel my joyAnd 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 roleI would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover boy
Feel my joyAesthetic 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 lackingIf 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 infernoI would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover
I would be your Indian lover boy
Feel my joyI'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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UNIVERSAL MUSIC-MGB SONGS;CHRISTODAL MUSIC

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