

Indy

Santana

Oh, we're lost in translation
Transient love
Then you pulled up in and over
It was over, yeah
I found a personal salvation
In your omniscient eyes
Did it hurt when you fell?
Probably not, I could tell You're like Kali, Durga, Rahda, Sita, Saraswati, Parvati
I would love to lay you
Way up in the Himalayas yeah
No, no no no need to be modest, baby
You appear to be a goddess, babe
Sweet, unholy thoughts of you
Let us pray Oh, heavenly father, wherever you are
Could this be mine, all mine, all mine? Yeah yeah, oh
Yeah Your body is a temple
It just might be the temple of doom
Got an Indiana Jones for ya, baby
There's no tellin' what I might do You're like Kali, Durga, Rahda, Sita, Saraswati
I would love to lay ya
Way up in the Himalayas yeah
No need to be modest baby
Appear to be a goddess baby
Sweet unholy thoughts of you
Let us pray yeah
Oh, heavenly father, wherever you are
Could this be mine, all mine, all mine? Oh yeah

Songwriters

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