Bad Indian

The Gun Club

You blew me out
South and Texas too
I made love to California
To get away from youNew York city made you a
Hungry girl
You should have catch me
In the end of the worldI 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 tasteSome describe, that primal drive
To consume what's theirs
And seek what's mineI don't believe them
And I don't believe you
I suspect everything you do'Cause you are like a Bad Indian
Bad IndianDo your war danceNow you're stripped
By the things you do
Your ass is glass
And I can see through youGo find somebody
Who ain't been so hard
Give me an overdose of the drug
That you areYou are like a ghost
With crazy hands and mouth
A necklace made of eyeballsYou are just a Bad Indian
Bad Indian, Bad Indian, Bad Indian

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