

I would be your Indian Lover Boy

B **Em Am Em Am**

Feel my joy

And if you touch a man
Than you can fully expect
I will abort my plan to woo 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

B
Ascetic discipline
And caked in mud

C (barred)

I would go down to the river
Wading in, controlling the flood

B
Not even a stitch on me
No where
No stitch leather on my back

C (barred)
Until I knew which one was better

D (barred)

The love or the lacking

Em...

And if you go at last and leave me here
I will slowly run the gas entombed
And then invisible
And fingering the match
I ll strike one mortal final blow
For every fool dispatched
I ll retire in my pyring inferno

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