

No Red Indian

British Sea Power

Wah wah wah wah

In a place where no one goes I secede whilst next door low and behold

A girl is waiting pleasantly placing animals through my hair and hers

I have no complaints to restrain me, the ship has gone to places far gone

She will follow elegant strides, forget-me-nots, thunder in my guts

You are the custodian of your own stomach and all that's in it
Colonic irrigation dear followed by sex and beer

I am there while you are here, I am no Indian you are no fairy
This place will be a mess in a day, so why not go our separate ways

I am no red Indian