

Indigo Meadow

The Black Angels

Lay your hands on my chest girl.
You've been a problem
since the moment I met you.
You always cause unreal friction
Put your pale hands
on my face, my love.

Be strong! I wish that you were.
You stand up, act like you love it.
Keep your hands on my chest girl.
Leave your pale face
on my neck, my love.

Always indigo, always indigo.
Always indigo, always indigo.
Everybody knows
you like a hell of a show.

Be gone I wish that you were.
You stand up, don't act so defeated.
Swing hard! You think that you could.
Beat your bare hands
on my chest, my love.

Be strong! I wish that you were.
Your aching eyes
are not my concern.
Be wrong! I wish that you were.
Keep my pale hands
on your chest, my love.

Always indigo, always indigo.
Always indigo, indigo meadow.
Everybody knows
you like a hell of a show.

Always indigo, always indigo.
Always indigo, indigo meadow.
Everybody knows
you like a hell of a show.
Always indigo, always indigo.