

## Feathered Indians

Tyler Childers

Well my buckle makes impressions  
On the inside of her thigh  
There are little feathered Indians  
Where we tussled through the night  
If I'd known she was religious  
Then I wouldn't have came stoned  
To the house of such an angel  
Too fucked up to get back home

Lookin' over West Virginia  
Smoking Spirits on the roof  
She asked ain't anybody told ya  
That them things are bad for you  
I said many folks have warned me  
There's been several people try  
But up till now, there ain't been nothing  
That I couldn't leave behind

Hold me close my dear  
Sing your whispering song  
Softly in my ear  
And I will sing along  
Honey tell me how your love runs true  
And how I can always count on you  
To be there when the bullets fly  
I'd run across the river just to hold you tonight

Well my heart is sweating bullets  
From the circles it has raced  
Like a little feathered Indian  
Callin' out the clouds for rain  
I'd go runnin' through the thicket  
I'd go careless through the thorns  
Just to hold her for a minute  
Though it'd leave me wanting more

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