

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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And I will sing along
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I'd run across the river just to hold you tonight