

VS: I | V | IV | IV |:

PRE: V7 | IV |: x 3 |

CH: vi-V-IV-IV |: x1 | V | IV |

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 a 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

Chorus