

Feathered Indians by Tyler Childers

Capo 5

[Intro]

D A G x2

[Verse 1]

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

[Interlude]

D A G

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus]

Hold me close, my dear
Sing your whisperin' 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

 G G G D
I'd run across the river just to hold you tonight

[Interlude]

D A G x2

[Verse 3]

 D A
Well, my heart is sweatin' bullets from the circles it has raced

 G
Like a little feathered Indian calling out the clouds for rain

 D A
I go runnin' through the thicket, I go careless through the thorns

 G
just to hold her for a minute, though it'd leave me wanting more

[Chorus]

A7 G
Hold me close, my dear

A7 G
Sing your whisperin' song

A7 G
softly in my ear

 A7 G
and I will sing along

 Bm A G
Honey, tell me how your love runs true

 Bm A G
and how I can always count on you

A
to be there when the bullets fly

 G G G D
I'd run across the river just to hold you tonight

[Outro]

D A G x2

Bm