

Aerosmith, Taste Of India

God I love the sweet taste of India
Lingers on the tip of my tongue
Gotta love the sweet taste of India
Blame it on the beat of the drum

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Lingers on the tip of my tongue
Gotta know that whats gotten into ya
Any cat man do when it's done

Oh yeah she's got that kind of love incense
That lives in her back room
And when it mixes with the funk my friend
It turns into perfume

When you are born you're afraid of the darkness
And then you're afraid of the light
But I'm not afraid when I dance with my shadow

This time I'm gonna get it right
To think of what I'll get tonight
Just lookin' for a little taste, taste of India
She'll steal the smile right off your face

Her yin and yang
Is just the thing
She's unpredictable my friend

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It's like your first taste love of vindaloo
That sets your heart on fire
And if you let her stuff get into you
It will be all that you desire

When you make love to the sweet tantric priestess
You drink in the bliss of delight
But Im not afraid when I dance with her shadow

This time I'm gonna get it right
She's gonna whet my appetite
Just lookin' for a little taste, taste of India
She'll steal the smile right off your face

She a friend of mine
She a concubine
The sweetest wine
I gotta make her mine

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