

# 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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Any cat man do when it's done

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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