Sweet Rishi boy my handsome Indian boy deep, dark beautiful eyes and baby skin don't need a lift

Hot muchacho you come but soon you go your sexy Dheli ways spells out city cat millionaire

Is it the spice, that you've sprinkled on my bed spread Can't help to wonder how king fisher came and fished me Our love song, the one that Ali wrote pops my stereo left and right See! now I'm losing air

Oh, babe... why are you so fine

Oh, babe... babe... babe...

Oh, babe... oh want you to be mine

Oh, babe... babe...

Sweet Rishi boy what's with the telephone I'm only a call away sadistic play's eating me away

I'm always home
having these naughty thoughts
of you hustling with your charms
all over the world

Is it your smile, all them pearls lined up in your mouth your flashy lips kissing my forehead, hits like curry play your guitar, strum it like it's my bod (