

INDIAN SUMMER SONGTEXT

Every time that I see ya,
A lightening bolt fills the room,
The underbelly of Paris,
She sings her favorite tune,
She'll drink you under the table,
She'll show you a trick or two,
But every time that I left her,
I missed the things she would do

She was the one, for me
She opened my eyes to see,
She was the one, for me
Well alright

It was a cold September,
Before the Indian summer,
That's the thing I remember,
When she gave me her number,
Went from station to station,
On a train 'cross the nation
And the rain of November,
That's the time that we ended

She was the one, for me
Well alright

Vodka with Coca Cola,
Cocaine tucked in her shoes,
Cigarettes over coffee,
Her halo slipped to a noose,
Take a slow boat to China,
You fly a rag 'round the moon,
She could take it or leave it,
I knew it had to end soon

She was the one, for me
She opened my eyes to see,
She was the one, for me
Well alright

It was a cold September,
Before the Indian summer,
That's the thing I remember,
When she gave me her number,
Went from station to station,
On a train 'cross the nation,
And the rain of November,
That's the time that we ended

She was the one, for me
She opened my eyes to see,
She was the one, for me
Well alright, alright, alright, yeah