

Indian Summer

Brooks & Dunn

The tall weeds laid flat down
On the hard flat Kansas ground
And a sad song in her head
Kept goin' 'round She barely even knew his name
But she liked the way he played the game
Everybody cheered when he scored that
Last touchdown Indian summer, the wonder
The hunger and the sound of distant thunder
Indian summer Tangled in a moment of truth
Bottle of wine in a motel room
Blue haze circled 'round
The cold gray moon While the wind chased the leaves outside
Passion found a place to hide
Late September heat couldn't be denied Oh, Indian summer, the wonder
The hunger and the sound of distant thunder
Indian summer She never even finished school
People like to talk, they can be so cruel
Her California was a place to start brand new So she left that dust bowl town
Sometimes when the lone wind howls
I wonder where we'd be
If I never scored that last touchdown Summer, the wonder
The hunger and the sound of distant thunder
Indian summer
Oh, oh

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