

Indian Summer

Stereophonics

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
Then 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,
Fly it right '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

Songwriters

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