

Indian Summer

Gavin DeGraw

Summer is lost now, the frost, it's closin' in
To the cold gospel dollar, a poor man walks in sin
I can't get no entrance, the doors all in rows
I pray into the distance, let me out' these heavy clothes I beg, Indian summer, I need some return
So hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned
Down on the pavement, the laws are learned
So hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned When a sister called up, said how long you've broken
down?
I said there too much ice around here to find no solid ground
While I just squeeze a season from this paper bag
I pray to the burnin' tires and wrap my feet in rags Singin', Indian summer, I need some return
So hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned
Down on the pavement, the laws are learned
It's so hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned The skies are empty, the street is sweatin' tears
Communion at the station, for a million grindin' years
Well, I'm ridin' out this century with the harvest engine sing
From the church of mercenaries to a naked virgin spring I'm singin', Indian summer, I need some return
So hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned
Down on the pavement, the laws are learned
It's so hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned
So hard to get warm where, it's so easy to get burned Indian summer, to a naked virgin spring

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