Indian Summer

Joe Walsh

I was taken by surprise by the thunder
Sit and stared out at the rain
Taken back, I was younger
In a vacant lot dayAnd the fall brought an Indian summer
And plenty of places to play
I can still hear 'em calling (far away)
I can hear thunder (far away)Well the summers are hot and the winters get cold
Not a lot smarter, but another year old
Sometimes I'm still at the fishing holeAnd you never needed bait where we used to go
Just a safety pin hook on a bamboo pole
Take the big ones home; let the little ones go (far away)
And I can hear thunder
Walking down the alleyAnd it's not as easy as it used to be
Finding time to let my mind wander
I can still hear 'em calling
Indian summer

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