Beat Happening, Indian Summer

Breakfast in cemetery Boy tasting wild cherry Touch girl, apple blossom Just a boy playing possum

We'll come back for Indian summer We'll come back for Indian summer We'll come back for Indian summer And go our separate ways

What is that cheerful sound? Rain falling on the ground We'll wear a jolly crown Buckle up, we're wayward bound

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I touch your hem you say Let's stroll down Martin Way Pick plums, abandoned farm Who let norms come to harm?

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Cover me with rain
Walk me down the lane
I'll drink from your drain
We will never change
No matter what they say

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Motorbike to cemetery
Picnic on wild berries
French toast with molasses
Croquet and baked alaskas

We'll come back for Indian summer We'll come back for Indian summer We'll come back for Indian summer Cover me with rain