

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

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

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

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

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

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

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