

Joe Walsh, Indian Summer

I was taken by surprise by the thunder

Sit and stared out at the rain

Taken back, I was younger

In a vacant lot day

And 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 hole

And 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 alley

And 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