

# Al Stewart, Indian Summer

Indian summer, the shops are shuttered and the crowds are gone  
The souvenir sellers are moving on  
Like summer lovers  
Indian summer  
The earth is cracked beneath the midday sun  
You've dragged your shadow round these streets too long  
There is no cover  
Come stay, we'll live gazebo lives  
And let the world outside pass us by  
Right here in our Arabian Nights  
Until the Northern Lights cross the sky  
There is no other  
Indian summer, the storm that drove you here is far behind  
What keeps you waiting on this beach tonight  
It's long been over  
Come stay, we'll live gazebo lives  
And let the world outside pass us by  
Right here in our Arabian Nights  
Until the Northern Lights cross the sky  
There is no other  
Come stay  
Right here