

Hannes Wader, Indian Summer

Summer days turning cold
Summer leaves turn to gold
Summer love gone to sea
Summer birds sound the cry
Restless wings beat the sky
In their flight from the winter's decree

Empty room where she slept
Near the shelf where she kept
Her dreams and her fears
Empty space where she lay
With her head turned away
As the dawn kissed the leaves with its tears

The threads of our lives have become so entwined
The weave of their fiber lies close 'round my mind
And the wonder of her standing there by the shore
Comes back to my mind as I pass by her door

Empty street where we walked
Empty bridge where we talked
In the dusk and the rain
Crimson clouds gone to gray
Mourned the death of the day
As the shadows went softly insane

Summer leaves gone to brown
Morning frost chills the town
With a crystalline shroud
Winter's long, icy hands
Freeze the life from the land
Summer's face getting lost in the crowd

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