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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