

# Stereophonics, Indian Summer

Every time that I see her,  
A lightning bolt fills the room,  
The underbelly of Paris,  
She sings her favorite tune,  
She'll drink you under the table,  
She'll show you a trick or two,  
But every time that I left her,  
I missed the things she would do.

She was the one - for me,  
She opened my eyes - to see,  
She was the one - for me,  
Well alright.

It was a cold September,  
Before the Indian summer,  
That's the thing I remember,  
Then she gave me her number,  
Went from station to station,  
On a train 'cross the nation  
And the rain of November,  
That's the time that we ended,  
She was the one - for me,  
Well alright.

Vodka with Coca Cola,  
Cocaine tucked in her shoes,  
Cigarettes over coffee,  
Her halo slipped to a noose,  
Take a slow boat to China,  
You fly a rag 'round the moon,  
She could take it or leave it,  
I knew it had to end soon.

She was the one - for me,  
She opened my eyes - to see,  
She was the one - for me,  
Well alright.

It was a cold September,  
Before the Indian summer,  
That's the thing I remember,  
When she gave me her number,  
Went from station to station,  
On a train 'cross the nation,  
And the rain of November,  
That's the time that we ended,  
She was the one - for me,  
Well alright, alright, alright, yeah