

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