

Indian Summer

Al Stewart

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