

Indian Summer

Frank Sinatra

Summer, you old Indian Summer
You're the tear that comes after June-time's laughter
You see so many dreams that don't come true
Dreams we fashioned when Summertime was new

You are here to watch over
Some heart that is broken by a word that somebody left unspoken
You're the ghost of a romance in June going astray
Fading too soon, that's why I say
"Farewell to you, Indian Summer"

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