

Indian Summer

Glenn Miller

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!