

# 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!