

Indian Summer

Holy Mother

Rain is falling
My face is burning
Time to worship the sun
Standing still but
My wheels are turning
Time to polish my gun

Walk the mile
For my native brother
Carving names on the wall
Temperment of my canine calling
Can't find right from wrong

And winter starts to fall
Against the canyon walls

Dance to the rain and sunshine
Sang to the beat of my brother
Danced through the rain and sunshine
It's indian summer

By the avenue of the desert
Lay the weaker to rest
Took me in as a stranger once
But now I dance with the dead

And winter starts to fall
Against the canyon walls

Dance to the rain and sunshine
Sang to the beat of my brother
Danced through the rain and sunshine
It's indian summer

And winter starts to fall
Against the canyon walls

Dance to the rain and sunshine
Sang to the beat of my brother
Dance to the rain and sunshine
It's indian, indian, indian
Oooh, you've got me indian summer