

Indian Summer

Stereophonics

Every time that I see her,
A lightning bolt fills the room,
The underbelly of Paris,
She sings her favourite tune.

She'll drink you under the table,
She show you a trick or two,
But every time that I left her,
I miss the things she would do.

She was the one, for me,
She opened my eyes, to see,
She was the one, for me,
Well alright.

It was cold September,
Before the Indian Summer,
That's the thing I remember,
When she gave me a number.

Went from station to station,
On a train 'cross the nation,
And the rain of November,
That's the time that we ended.

She was the one, for me,
Oh alright.

Vodka with coca-cola,
Cocaine tucked in her shoes,
Cigarettes over coffee,
Her halo slipped to a noose.

Take the slow boat to China,
You fly it right 'round the moon,
She could take it or leave it,
I knew it had to end soon.

She was the one, for me,
She opened my eyes, to see,
She was the one, for me,
Well alright.

It was a cold September,
Before the Indian Summer,
That's the thing I remember,
When she gave me her number.

Went from station to station,
On a train 'cross the nation,
And the rain of November,
That's the time that we ended.

She was the one, for me,
Oh alright, alright, alright, alright, yeah.