

Frank Sinatra "Indian Summer"

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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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That is broken by a word that somebody left unspoken
You're the ghost of a romance in June going astray
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Farewell to you, Indian summer
You old Indian summer

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