

## **Holy Mother "Indian Summer"**

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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  
Ooh, you've got me indian summer

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