

Joe Dassin

"Indian Summer"

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You know, I've never been as happy as I was that morning
We were walking along the beach a little like this one
It was that rare kind of autumn day
That you only find in North America
Over there, they call it Indian summer
But it was just "our summer"
And I can see you now in your long dress
Looking like a beautiful watercolor
And I can remember what I told you that morning
A year ago, a thousand years ago

Think of me when this is just a memory
Will you still be loving me
When this summer is gone?
All my life, the taste of you will fill my life
Even when this summer is gone

Today, I'm far away from that autumn morning
But it's almost as if I was there. I'm thinking of you
Where are you? What are you doing? Do I still exist for you?
I'm like a wave drawn by the moon
Slipping back on the sand, remembering the high tides
Remembering the happiness and the sun shining over the sea
The thousand years ago or was it just last year

Think of me when this is just a memory
Will you still be loving me
When this summer is gone?
All my life, the taste of you will fill my life
Even when this summer is gone

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